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FOR THE GARDEN**

**WIN A CAR**  
See page 38

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**LYNDA BIRD JOHNSON AND HER FIANCE—Story, page 5**



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#### OUR COVER

● Lynda Bird Johnson (23), elder daughter of the U.S. President and Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson, with her fiancé, Marine Captain Charles Robb (28), a White House aide. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James Robb, of Milwaukee. "We were worried that he would never settle down," said his father, an airlines sales executive. They will marry in December at the White House; Captain Robb is due to leave for duty in Vietnam in February. Actor George Hamilton (Lynda's long-time companion) sent her a congratulatory telegram. (Story page 5.)

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● Dr. Stella Dalton, pictured right, psychiatrist in charge of the N.S.W. Health Department hospital for alcoholics and drug addicts, describes LSD . . .

# "An awesomely dangerous drug"



By KAY KEAVNEY

**T**HREE months ago we had only one patient on LSD," said Dr. Stella Dalton. "Today the picture is very different. We have many young patients who have taken trips."

She looked out on the charming gardens at Wistaria House, the remarkable N.S.W. Health Department hospital for alcoholics and drug addicts at Parramatta.

"Some of them have gone on from drugs like methedrine," Dr. Dalton continued, "and they just don't realise the dangers. With morphine, for instance, if you take one shot, there's no harm done."

"But LSD is an awesomely dangerous drug, which opens up a road into the unconscious. The experience can be ecstasy—or agony."

"And later, much later, the whole experience can come back without warning. This happened to one patient of mine five years after he had taken the only dose he ever had."

"Also, there is a complete break with reality. You can set fire to yourself or throw yourself under a bus, confident nothing can harm you." The words were level and unemotional. They seemed doubly chilling, there with green lawns and bright flowers at our back, and spoken by a beautiful and elegant young woman.

### Well qualified

Psychiatrist Stella Dalton's eyes are deeply blue, her hair of a smoky fairness. Her formidable qualifications are summed up in her degrees—M.A., M.D., D.P.M., R.C.P. & S. Along with the experience that enabled her to create and run the addiction unit, they were won in many countries.

Youngest of a family of three, she was born in Europe. Her father was in the British Army. Her mother's family were diplomats. She travelled widely as a child, being educated mainly by tutors, catch-as-catch-can.

"I was practically illiterate until I was 12," she said.

She was 12 when her mother had a serious accident. Looking back, she thinks this probably first roused her interest in medicine, but she was unaware of it at the time.

In any case, she decided soon afterward to try for her Leaving Certificate. She put a spurt on, and it took her about three months. She



DR. STELLA DALTON and social worker David Duncan in the spacious front garden of Wistaria House, Parramatta, N.S.W.

started at university at the age of 15.

The venerable University of Edinburgh accepted the child as an experiment. It was spectacularly successful. Stella Dalton, at 18, had her M.A.

She was attracted to the diplomatic service, traditional in her mother's family. But for the British Diplomatic Corps, the minimum age was 21, so she joined UNESCO, working in Fundamental Education, designed to help underprivileged peoples.

"Meeting some of those delegates to the UN," she told me, half-laughing, "got me interested in psychology. While still working for UNESCO, I studied for my licence at the Sorbonne and the Institute of Psychology. Out of this I developed an interest in psychoanalysis, and that was when I began to study Medicine."

For the next seven years Stella Dalton was again a student, at medical schools in Paris and Lausanne, Switzerland. At the same time she fitted in bacteriology.

With an M.D. under her belt, she went back to England to train as a psychiatrist, and duly secured her Diploma of Psychological Medicine.

At outpatients' clinics in London's East End she first began treating drug addicts and alcoholics, and found a life's work.

to go. We met in the grounds, in the open air, anywhere we could find.

"Early on I'd seen this house, which we now call Wistaria House—what else could it be called with all that beautiful wisteria outside?—and coveted it."

"It was the Superintendent's House, right across the river from the Centre itself. By April last year we were meeting here twice a week. It had been renovated, but it wasn't heated or furnished."

"We opened it as a day hospital in July, with a staff of one occupational therapist and one psychiatrist—myself. I was on call 24 hours a day, seven days a week. As a matter of fact, I still am!"

"By the end of November we had male and female inpatients and a nursing staff, our social worker, David Duncan, and a psychologist working half time."

"From the start the patients set up their own rules, made their own laws. This place is very much patient-run. They do the cleaning, and even the nursing, under supervision."

"They decide who will be admitted and what will be done to those who break the rules. They'll stand by during the terrible drying-out period to give all the help they can. They'll go out and bring in a patient who has slipped back."

"Mostly, you see, these are people who have shirked responsibility all their lives. Here, they take responsibility for themselves and for each other."

(David Duncan, Glasgow-born social-worker, cut in: "Probably this is the nearest approach to democracy in this sad world.")

Dr. Dalton again: "We can serve about 50 patients, day or night patients, male and female. We're financed by the State Government, under the Health Department, so no one should be afraid to seek treatment here for financial reasons. It's free if you have no money."

"About a quarter of our patients go to work every day, and so they're asked to contribute \$10 a week toward their upkeep."

"We have very good liaison with local business houses. Early on we offered to give private treatment to any of their employees with a drink or drug problem. In return industry here has offered our patients jobs."

"We work well, too, with organisations like the

church, Salvation Army, Alcoholics and Narcotics Anonymous, and with the Drug Squad—and, by the way, we can't speak too highly of the Drug Squad's work."

"We have community meetings, occupational therapy, individual and group therapy, sessions in which the patients' friends and relatives take part."

"We have sessions for our three specific groups—main liners (young addicts and medical addicts), alcoholics, and middle-aged addicts, especially housewives taking barbiturates and bromides."

"And that," said Dr. Dalton emphatically, "is an enormous problem all over the world, but very much so in Australia—this matter of housewives becoming addicted to sedatives. It's almost a way of life in Australia."

### Women addicts

"It's accepted that women take these things, it's respectable, as it wouldn't be for a woman to drink too much. It's the other half of the male alcoholic problem."

(David Duncan graphically put it this way: "The men go to the pub, the women go to the chemist's shop.")

When Wistaria House opened, the bulk of patients were male alcoholics and housewife addicts, both in the age-group 30-50.

"Now," said Dr. Dalton, "we're getting many young people, between the ages of 17 and 25, often with a history of addiction stretching back to the early teens."

"Experience here shows that the problem is growing. Or perhaps publicity has shown those in trouble where to come for help. The new Poisons Act, which will outlaw LSD and the amphetamines, is aimed to nip the problem in the bud."

"Narcotics and marihuana are already banned, though it's a pity these two have been linked. Marihuana is less dangerous than alcohol."

"These days, with increased communication, children can learn about drugs, and that their idols use them, so they seek them out as an experiment, an experience."

"For some the experience will end," she said very quietly, "in degradation or death."

For troubled people, young and old, the deeply committed staff of Wistaria House means hope, of rehabilitation, and a return to the land of the living.



# ITS BITE IS DEADLY

- Show your child this picture of a tiny, colorful octopus species, with the warning: Don't touch!



PICTURE BY KEITH GILLET, WAVERLEY, N.S.W.

**T**HE prettily marked ringed octopus is very small — usually it is only 1½ inches across the body, and the picture above is larger than the largest known specimen — but tests have shown that it has a poison more deadly than almost any other living creature. It is thought to have been the species that recently caused the death of a 23-year-old soldier at Camp Cove, just inside Sydney Heads. This species is common in rock pools in southern Australian waters, and its bright coloring increases the danger: children pick it up to show friends, and when it becomes angry its dark bands change to an

iridescent blue-purple, making it even more attractive. The poison causes numbness, nausea, and then paralysis. A number of victims have recovered, having received presumably only a small amount of poison; one who survived had to be given artificial respiration for three hours. Now that the danger is known, children especially should be warned never to touch any small octopus. The Commonwealth Serum Laboratories in Victoria has tested the poison but so far found no antidote. The octopus is *Hapalochlaena maculosa*. A similar kind, *Hapalochlaena lunulatis*, has caused a death at Darwin in recent years.



An unhappy accident raised the cost of the Coltman family's move from England by caravan and cargo-boat—but there are no regrets now.

# NINE IN A CARAVAN

● Once upon a time there was a family in England—mother, father, and seven children—who decided to travel to Australia. They saved \$6250 and began in what should have been the cheapest way. When they landed in Sydney they had only \$5.

This is the story of what happened to them, why it cost so much, and what it should have cost.



THE COLTMANS, now settled at Green Valley, just out of Sydney. Mum holds David and Dad has Meriss. The other boys are (from left) Phillip, Stephen, and Kenneth, and girls, Onida and Lorraine (in front).

By JENNY BOYAN

THE trip, which was to have taken them by caravan from Holland to Singapore and then by cargo-ship to Australia, was planned by George and Hilda Coltman, who are now living at Green Valley, near Sydney.

With Stephen, 15, Phillip, 13, Lorraine, 10, Onida, 9, Kenneth, 8, Meriss, 6, and David, 2, they left England on August 23, 1966, and arrived on November 23—12 weeks for a 15,000-mile journey.

Mr. Coltman was ineligible for an assisted passage, because he held an Australian passport, although he had not been home since he left more than 30 years ago.

Born in Warwick, Queensland, he went to England with his father before World War II. He was a painter and decorator. In the war he served with the British forces and is now on a British pension.

He met his wife-to-be soon after the war. "And he's been trying to get me to come to Australia ever since," said Mrs. Coltman. Preparations started two years before they set out.

"Hilda decided to go to work so that we could afford the trip and still have plenty over for our new life in Australia," said Mr. Coltman.

The whole trip should have cost them less than \$1000 (apart from the caravan), but they ran into bad trouble in Lebanon.

They had left Beirut and were on the road to Damascus when the radiator exploded, scalding Mrs. Coltman and badly injuring David. It was the day after his second birthday, and he had second-degree burns over most of his body.

"He spent two weeks in hospital in Beirut, and it cost us a fortune," said Mr. Coltman.

"When they discharged him he was still in a bad state. He was heavily bandaged. His burns were still weeping and he couldn't walk. The British Consul forbade us to go any farther by road, as there was inadequate medical assistance between Beirut and Singapore.

"We could not wait in Beirut until David was better, as our visas had almost expired.

"There was a boat coming in, bound for Australia. We could get on it, but first we had to change our money into American dollars. The bank was bankrupt and we had to change our money on the open market, which meant we lost quite a bit.

"The boat fare cost almost our last penny. We arrived in Sydney with \$5. We were directed to the People's Palace, the hostel run by the Salvation Army, and stayed there for about three weeks until we found temporary accommodation in Bel-

more. We are now settled quite happily in this Housing Commission home.

"That accident in Lebanon was really where all our money went. We had other minor mishaps, with costs we hadn't bargained for, but they were only small.

"Our first mishap was in Manchester. The springs went—we were overloaded. So we had to unload a lot of gear and ship it to Australia."

"You should have seen us running around at eight o'clock in the morning looking for a shipping agent," said Mrs. Coltman. "We sent off our sewing-machine, projector, tape-recorder, record-player, and 20 cases of clothing. We sent everything unlocked—we wanted to be on our way.

"The freight charges were £40 sterling (\$100 Australian), including insurance, and we didn't lose a thing."

The Coltmans all agree that the trip was worth it.

They left England with warnings from

"We're determined to get back and finish the overland journey one day."

well-meaning friends ringing in their ears. "You'll have language problems. You won't be able to get visas. You'll come down with terrible diseases from the drinking water. The children will get bored and drive you mad."

They had planned their route carefully with maps of every country. Mr. Coltman said he found that the petrol companies published the best.

"We got full comprehensive insurance for the caravan, with cover notes for every country we intended visiting. We were charged £34 sterling (\$85 Australian), which we thought very reasonable. The only country we couldn't get a cover for was Bulgaria.

"Three months before the trip, Hilda and I flew down to London and visited the consul of each country to inquire about visas, and we were advised to get them at each border post. A visa lasts three months, and if by chance it had run out before we got there we would have to wait 12 months for another.

"We followed their advice. We had no trouble and it cost us less.

"No matter where we went we always found somebody who spoke English. But language made no difference in many parts—it is no barrier to friendship and courtesy.

"We carried all our supplies in the caravan—butter, bacon, meat, vegetables, fruit, powdered milk, practically everything tinned. We took about £250 (\$625) worth of food. All we bought on the way was bread, eggs, and, occasionally, vegetables.

"We were never roughing it—we had nine camp beds, nine sleeping-bags, and 39 blankets. We lived in luxury. The caravan slept four comfortably, and we used tents.

"Throughout the overland trip we stayed at camping sites, and they were wonderful. They cost us about 15/- (\$2).

"We had allowed for £120 worth of petrol at 5/- (65c) a gallon, but it was generally cheaper than this, and as we got closer to the Middle East it cost about 1/9 (23c)."

There were some unexpected charges. Mr. Coltman found that he often had to pay more than his wife for a visa. She was carrying a British passport.

"At one border post I had to pay £8

(\$20) for just myself, but my wife only 10/- (\$1.25)," he said.

Mr. Coltman was surprised to find that many border officials preferred the British passport to the Australian. At the Bulgarian border he found out why.

He handed the official the two passports, with his wife's on top. "British, good." He turned to Mr. Coltman: "Why you in Vietnam?"

Then he opened the passport and saw Mr. Coltman's photograph with the seven children. "You good father, you no trouble. You get going."

There were similar experiences at the Yugoslav, Lebanese, and Syrian borders.

"We spent only 48 hours in Bulgaria and it was depressing. We felt as though we were being watched all the time. On the road to Sofia we were stopped by a policeman, who informed us we had crossed the white line," Mr. Coltman said.

"We told him there was no white line, so he informed us we had overtaken a car. But there were no cars on the road. He ignored this and fined us about 10/-.

"We got another fright outside Sofia. There were vineyards on the side of the road. We stopped and my wife hopped out and took a bunch of grapes. She looked up and saw two motor-cycles approaching, the riders wearing white helmets with the letters KAT (standing for motor police).

"She was terrified—she dropped the grapes and ran to the caravan and we drove off quickly.

"That night we camped outside Sofia. Along came two young men on motor-bikes, one with an Australian accent, the other British. They approached my wife and said, 'We picked up what you dropped on the road and they were delicious.'

"We asked why they were wearing police helmets and discovered that in Bulgaria it is the law to wear a crash helmet on a motor-bike. If you haven't one they will sell you a police helmet at the border, and you get a refund at the other border.

"But we had no real trouble. We weren't searched once. At the Yugoslav border we saw them taking the lining out of the roof of a bus to look for drugs, smuggled goods, or people escaping from the country, or so we were told.

"We weren't sick once and we drank the water everywhere we went. At the campsites there were plenty of filtered springs. The caravan carried 15 gallons of water.

"In countries like Turkey and Syria, Hilda got into trouble for wearing shorts, even though she was in the caravan. In fact, she was told bluntly by a policeman in Syria that if she didn't cover her legs she would be heavily fined."

"I got into trouble in Lebanon for this, too," said Mrs. Coltman. "I was riding in shorts, because of the heat, when the radiator exploded. I didn't bother to change—my main thought was to get David to hospital quickly.

"The minute the sisters at the hospital saw me they scolded me no end for wearing shorts on the Lord's day. I was trying to give them David, saying, 'My son, he's burnt. Take my son. Look after him.' But they were too busy telling me off."

They found an English-speaking sister, who took David and looked after him. "But not until we paid the hospital fees in advance," added Mr. Coltman.

"The little nun who spoke English was marvellous," said Mrs. Coltman. "She sat by his bed night and day for 14 days in case he should ask for anything."

Mr. Coltman went on, "This was the worst time of the whole trip. We camped up on the Hill of Arriah, where the radiator had exploded. We were worried about David, and the mosquitoes were terrible.

"But the people in Beirut were very kind. And the Australian Trade Commissioner was helpful in getting us a passage. The shipping agent even waived his commission on the tickets."

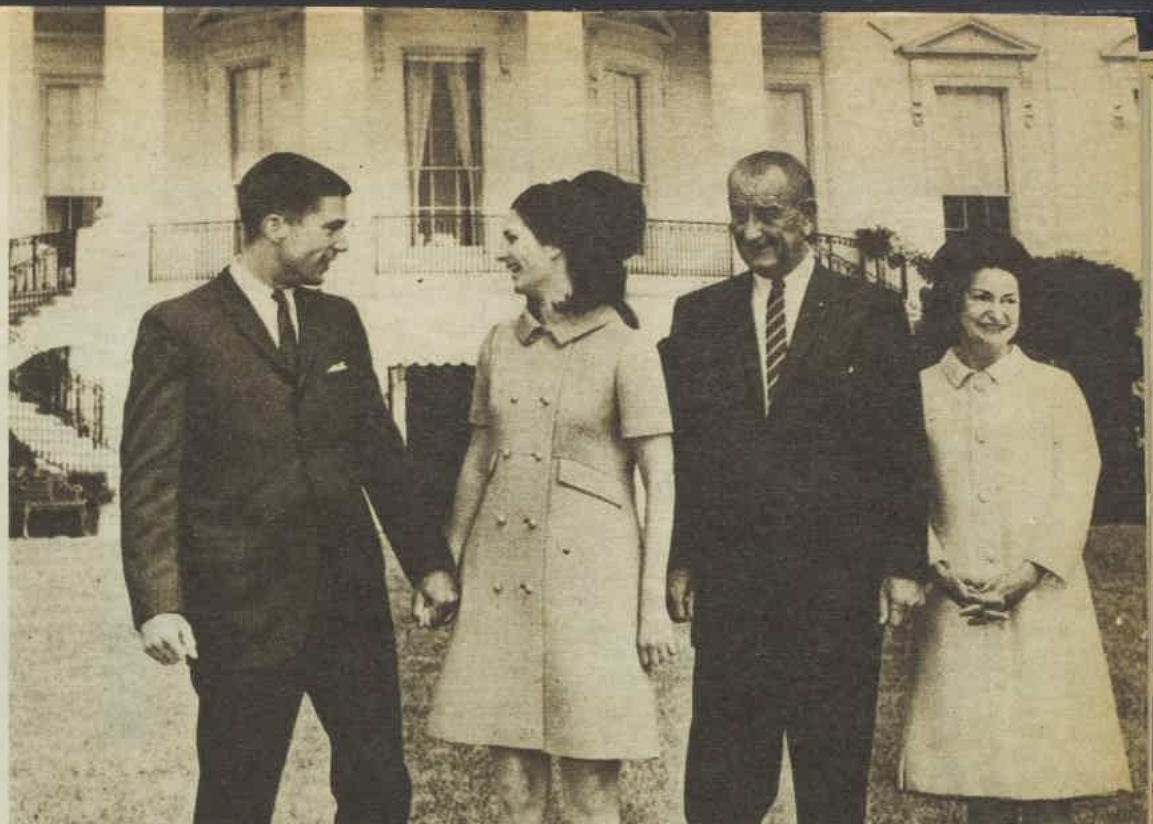
Mr. Coltman added, "We're determined to get back and finish the overland journey one day."



"... I was advised," says our reporter, "that Lynda Bird Johnson had been forced to abandon the planned tour of Australia because of a **CONFLICTING ENGAGEMENT**."

"How true!"

By ROBERT FELDMAN,  
of our New York staff



**A**N anxious nation, not to mention a worried father, greeted with relief the news that Lynda Bird Johnson, after one broken engagement and a spectacular romance with Hollywood movie star George Hamilton, had finally found Mr. Right.

A President's daughter can afford to be fussy, and this one was. Suddenly her blazing, two-year, intercontinental romance with the actor who looks like a collar ad was over—exactly why will remain a matter of conjecture.

Then out of nowhere—well, out of the White House Orderly Room—came this rank outsider, a young Marine captain with a face as ordinary-American as apple pie.

Captain Charles Spittal Robb soon proved himself a worthy successor of the Marines who stormed the beaches of Iwo Jima, the shores of Tripoli, and Halls of Montezuma.

After a whirlwind courtship measured in weeks, Robb went to the President in mid-August to ask for, and receive, LBJ's blessing. He notified his own parents in Milwaukee, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Robb.

The public announcement was then delayed to allow the Press time to "kill off" Hamilton and publish a few pictures of Lynda Bird and her new beau at the beach together.

Their wedding is set for early in December, and will take place in the East Room, the "Great Hall" of the White House. It will be the first White House wedding of a member of a President's family in 53 years.

In this century only two big weddings have been performed there — that of Theodore Roosevelt's daughter Alice (Longworth) in 1906, and Woodrow Wilson's daughter Eleanor (McAdoo) in 1914.

It will be a "private affair," like sister Luci's to Patrick Nugent last year — only 700-odd guests, that's all.

So tight has been the second-floor security at the White House that not even gossip columnists knew what was brewing; the first public tidings came only a fortnight before the betrothal announcement, when the White House Press office discreetly confirmed the break with Hamilton and let it slip that the President's daughter and her Marine were weekending together at his cottage on a beach in Delaware.

Mindful of the long succession of Lynda Bird's swains, journalists heavily discounted the new suitor.

Australia also inadvertently served as a red herring to put the news media off the scent.

In July Lynda Bird had agreed to tour

Australia as compere in the "U.S.A. Today" fashion parades to take place at Georges in Melbourne and David Jones', Sydney, in October and November. The official announcement was held up for a month, during which our New York office was assured that the tour was nevertheless "98 percent certain."

At length, however, I was advised that Lynda Bird had been forced to abandon the planned tour "because of a conflicting engagement."

How true!

Lynda Bird is 23, Chuck Robb is 28. They share a love of bridge, and they first met about a year ago when he was assigned to the Marine barracks in Washington and detached to the White House as a social aide.

## But the two-year romance with the other young man "did her the world of good"

Marine aides at the White House perform various ceremonial duties, including escorting women and dancing with them on the social occasions.

Robb graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1961 with a baccalaureate in Business Administration, and immediately joined the Marine Corps. When he was assigned to the White House he told his parents of his disappointment, saying he had hoped to go to Vietnam.

His father works for an airline, and during Chuck's youth the family were frequently on the move. Chuck went to six different grammar schools. At high school he played in the football team.

He is 6ft. 14in. tall and weighs 12st. 12lb. Lynda Bird is nearly 5ft. 10in. tall.

Chuck's maternal grandfather, Robert Wickliffe Woolley, was publicity chairman for the Democratic Party in 1916 and

helped run Woodrow Wilson's campaign for re-election. He coined the slogan "He Kept Us Out of the War." (But America entered the war in 1917.)

Apart from Hamilton, all of Lynda Bird's beaux were "all-American" types.

She was engaged to an old Texas friend, Naval Ensign Bernard Rosenbach, for 11 months in 1964, and it looked as if Lynda might beat her younger sister to the altar. But the move into the White House, and other circumstances, came between them and the engagement was broken off.

With her Secret Service guard constantly on the watch, it became difficult for Lynda Bird to meet young men casually. She was virtually a prisoner in her sorority house at the University of Texas at Austin, from which she graduated last year. Six

another guard car following. Later the fellow could use his own car and achieve some measure of privacy. The "chaperons" were always just behind, though. The boys were discreetly investigated, of course. Now all that is thankfully over.

Lynda Bird wryly commented once that, after her marriage, she planned to write a book entitled "Three For a Honeymoon."

Her two-year romance with Hamilton did her a world of good, socially and aesthetically. He introduced her to the "jet set" and she acquired a sophistication and social ease that had been notably lacking before. Under the actor's prodding, she changed her dress and make-up style.

Her parents never admired Hamilton much. The President reportedly called him "Charley," with some derision, and it was said he drew the line at his daughter marrying the actor. But there was a marked pick-up in Lynda's spirit.

Once Lady Bird told a reporter, "Lynda is gayer and having more fun than ever before. Luci has always been a happy little girl, but spontaneous gaiety never came easily to Lynda."

The news about Captain Robb came as a surprise to Hamilton, apparently. But he sportingly sent Lynda a telegram of congratulations. "If she is happy, then I certainly am happy for her, too," he said.

After the wedding the newlyweds will have a long honeymoon a *trois*. Then in March "Captain Chuck" (as the U.S. Press has labelled him) will get his wish at last—an assignment to Vietnam, where he may command a rifle company. Lynda Bird will go back to writing for "McCall's" magazine.

Lynda received the congratulations of another familiar White House visitor just after the announcement—Bob Hope.

Hope told reporters that he was sure Lynda Bird would make a beautiful bride. "And when they get back from their honeymoon, she and General Robb will be a very happy couple."

MARINE CORPS Captain Charles ("Chuck") Robb with his fiancée and prospective parents-in-law on the White House lawn on the day the engagement was announced. They are to be married in a military ceremony at the White House early in December.





## Paris Originals are fun to wear when TOOTAL runs riot with colour

Want to send him spinning? Let Tootal help you. With the most smashing colours under the sun. With textures that show off straight shapes. And a bonus of easy care. (What other fabrics stay so crisp and uncrushed?) Wait till you see them. But hurry! Tootal fabrics go so quickly.

Left to right: CARIBBEAN Terylene/Linen, 42" \$2.75 yard (Vogue 1630). CRUSTI, 36" \$1.60 yard (Vogue 1602). GRENADA, 45" \$2.00 yard (McCall 8403).

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**TOOTAL**  
FASHION FABRICS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 4, 1967

C234



# Make a SPEECH?

It's easy, say those who've learned how



● Under the admiring gaze of her husband (left) Mrs. Darrell Gibson, mother of two teenage girls, reads congratulatory telegrams at the Charter Dinner launching the Balgowlah Toastmistress Club. ABOVE: Members after the dinner, from left, Mrs. Gwen Carlton, Mrs. Jackie Keeling, Miss Del Fricker, Mrs. Robin Gaines, Mrs. Barbara Jones.



DO you sit at the back at meetings, burning to have your say, but completely tongue-tied?

Have you been called on to propose a toast or give public thanks for something, and had not an earthly notion how to proceed?

Do you still blush when you recall having to meet your husband's colleagues en masse — or even worse — their wives — and felt like an inarticulate idiot?

Many people have had similar problems of communication, have solved them — and had a lot of fun while they were at it — by joining a Toastmistress Club.

Toastmistress was modelled on the Toastmaster clubs, which have given men all over the world training in self-development and the art of verbal communication.

The two organisations are quite separate but have a family closeness. They often share each other's functions.

Lots of Toastmistresses are the wives of Toastmasters, just as lots are single women, of all ages in all walks of life.

Since the parent body of Toastmistress started, in the U.S. in 1938, the idea has spread round the world. All the clubs, through International Toastmistress, form an international band of some 33,000 women. Some of them are blind. Some are disabled.

In 1961, Sydneysider Dorothy Forge, a singularly shy woman, began reflecting on what membership of Toastmaster had done for her husband. It seemed to Dorothy that women stood in even greater need of such training.

She called together a few friends at her house, contacted the American parent body, and so the first Australian Toastmistress Club, called the Australian Club, got under way.

Clare Applebaum was first president, and Dorothy was recently elected current president.

"In a mere six years the clubs have sprung up all over Australia," Dorothy told me. "Any 16 women may apply for permission to organise a club."

"Thirty members is the maximum, so that everyone gets a chance to participate in all kinds of training. For the same reason, the office-bearers are changed every six months."

"Some clubs meet in the morning, some at night, some over lunch — whichever is most convenient."

"The Toastmistress motto is 'To love our language and use it with grace and facility.' We try to develop the total personality, beginning with simple situations and gradually working up toward leadership roles. We foster open discussion on all kinds of subjects."

"We try to develop our appreciation of the way great writers and poets have used the language, and to improve our grammar and speaking voices."

"And we try to learn to listen critically."

"At every meeting, one member has the job of evaluating the whole program and everybody's part in it. This helps the members to improve — and take criticism graciously — and also trains the Evaluator in critical analysis — and the exercise of tact!"

It all sounds very serious,

but if you talk to any of the members of Toastmistress, they tell you with sparkling eyes that it's lots of fun.

"We love it," said Margaret-Ann O'Sullivan, young mother of three little boys, wife of a Manly chemist, and member of the new Toastmistress Club, at Balgowlah, N.S.W.

I met her at the Charter Dinner, when the Club (having gradually gathered its statutory minimum of 16) was formally launched. Before that, though, the members had been very active, working on their training and working toward their Charter.

Margaret-Ann had been a

"I dithered for a while and then I joined."

"I was hopeless at first! But you can't be self-conscious when everyone else is with you and more or less in the same boat. In three months — well, you saw me tonight standing up in front of all these people and saying a few words."

"Three months ago I couldn't have even stood and talked to you like this. I'd have looked round desperately for Michael to do my talking for me. I was — a vegetable!"

And with a brilliant smile she hurried off to perform some official function with all the aplomb in the world.

Member Del Fricker's

## Toastmistress has given them poise, interest, fun, friends

member for about three months.

"For me," she said, "it started last Christmas, when my husband and I were asked to all sorts of festivities, and I found I was a dead loss conversationally. I'd become — well, a vegetable!"

"I'd been married seven years and I'd come to lean socially on Michael, my husband. I decided I had to do something about it, but how?"

"I heard about Toastmistress — all about it — not just how it developed the art of mixing and of speaking in public, but the literary side and the way it fostered international understanding."

"It meant making new friends, too, interested in the same things I was and with the same problems."

problem had been rather different. Del — or to give her her full title, Sergeant-3rd Class Adelle Fricker, of the N.S.W. Women Police — was decidedly a public figure.

All Australia knew of the role she'd played in the capture of armed murderers Ryan and Walker. This year she got the British Empire Medal for exceptional bravery.

And the skies fell on Del. Newspapers, television channels, and magazines besieged her for interviews. Ever since, someone is always asking her to address meetings or open fetes.

Being both uncommonly obliging and a perfectionist, Del wanted to do the job properly.

Last April, she read a little piece in the Sydney

suburban paper the "Manly Daily," headed "Members Sought For Speakers' Clubs." Soon she met Jackie Keeling, of Seaforth, young mother of four, devoted worker for school and charitable organisations, who was trying to form a Toastmistress Club in the Balgowlah area.

Jackie certainly succeeded. At that Charter Dinner I attended, in the presence of visiting Toastmistresses and Toastmasters and wives and husbands, she was installed as first President.

Nobody at the tables was happier or prouder than Jackie's husband, Bill.

Each of the members present had her own tale to tell. Iris Duncan, wife of telephone technician Douglas, is also a worker for Homes for the Aged.

"One night at a meeting I was suddenly called on to speak. It was on an issue I felt strongly about, but the words just wouldn't come. I've never forgotten that and never stopped regretting it."

"As a matter of fact, though I can't go into details, not being able to speak that night cost me an opportunity I valued and will never get again."

Robin James, of Bal-

organisations like the VIEW clubs and Meals on Wheels.

"But I've learnt so much more," she told me. "And we've found out that everybody has talents, some they don't even know about until this kind of training brings them out."

"We're such a varied group, too — as I suppose all the clubs are."

The members had already shown their paces during the

By KAY KEAVNEY

dinner, when most of them were called on to perform some public function — to welcome the guests or toast the Queen or give votes of thanks.

The most charming and amusing part of the evening was called Table Topics, when a number of members (along with some visiting Toastmasters) were called on, without warning, to speak for 60 seconds on a topic chosen by the current Table Topic Mistress.

Gwen Carlton, of Manly, mother of two, chose light and witty topics, in keeping with the spirit of the evening.

And the fledgeling Balgowlah members responded in kind. If they were scared to death, it certainly didn't show.

"Of course we were all nervous," said President Jackie. "But it's amazing what practice will do for the shyest person."

"Table Topics are part of all our meetings, so that we get used to thinking on our feet. Then, of course, when you're standing up there, you get this feeling that everyone's with you, and that does wonders."

"And, by the way," Jackie added, "for the past two years, Australian Toastmistresses have won the International Speech Contest — which goes to show that the training is worth while."

Those wanting to join or form Toastmistress should (if they live in Sydney) telephone 46-2413. Those living elsewhere should write to Mrs. E. H. Stokes, 15 Highfield Road, Lindfield, N.S.W. 2070.



# LOVE-IN AT WOBURN ABBEY

● Flower children, in their flower-power gear, moved into the grounds of the Duke of Bedford's stately English home for a three-day love-in during Bank Holiday weekend.



IT was going to be all sweetness and light, rose petals and tinkling bells, and the gentle murmur of the flower people sitting in the sun.

In fact, 25,000 aspiring hippies who had paid £1 a head (30/- for the whole weekend) to join the Festival lay in the sun and listened to blaring music from bands like "Who" and "The Gass."

Some of them danced, weaving their hands in and out with floral grace, with expressions of complete oblivion.

A couple of girls found they could put more expression into their dancing if they sat on the shoulders of their boyfriends.

There were flowers for everyone — paper ones selling at 5/- each, and bells galore — 10/- a tinkle from hawkers who stood on the outskirts crying, "Come on, buy a bell, and go to hell."

And there were Mr. Whippys to refresh hot hippies, and mini teasets for the cup that cheers, and Carnaby Street stores selling instant flower-power gear.

There was even (for those who found the joys of meditation had begun to pall) a tent labelled "Little Vegas," where slot and poker machines clanked cheerfully.

And there were mountains of rubbish — empty soft-drink cans (no liquor was on sale at the love-in), cartons, and paper bags.

The flower children didn't seem to care. They sat around quietly minding their own business.

Some filled in time painting flowers on each other's faces. Some listened to the music. Some sat and watched.

They were very beautiful, sitting in their flower-power gear — which seemed

to be almost anything so long as there were flowers and bells attached.

Several girls wore what looked suspiciously like their mothers' bedspreads. One groovy group turned up in their fathers' dressing-gowns.

One flower family had made a weekend of it—mother in long flowing gown of orange and lilac, father in an embroidered jacket, and the two little daughters in full-length floral dresses.

One rather aging gentleman with a bow tie and an elaborate headpiece of drink cans, empty cigarette packets, and paper flowers danced alone—with a look of extreme beatitude.

A San Francisco hippie, who had spent all weekend at the love-in, thought it was quite good, though it wasn't like the

love-ins in California. "There," he said, "they just start spontaneously after a party."

A group of teenagers in floral shirts, headbands, and flowers and bells

liked the idea, too.

"Love-ins make sense," they said. "One is free to do what one wants. Flowers symbolise happiness."

Everyone was happy. Some people were so happy they just lay down and went to sleep in the sun.

The Duke of Bedford was happy, too. He grossed ten percent of the £50,000 (\$125,000) gate for the Festival.

He said, "I went down twice." (He'd wisely held the affair two miles away from his house.) "I thought it was very beautiful. They were very gentle people."

The only person who wasn't happy was the clerical gentleman who turned up with a camera.

He looked very lost indeed. He was looking for the Flower Show.

By  
**ANNE WOODHAM,**  
in London

LEFT: Flower child in a Joseph coat of many colors and an Italian gentleman, centre, in a startling hat of cans, cigarette packets, and paper flowers.



FLOWER-POWER mother gives a drink to her flower child. The family — husband, wife, and two daughters — were at the love-in festival at Woburn Abbey for the three-day weekend.



TWO of the Beautiful People at the Festival who were there "because you can express yourself. You wouldn't be able to do it at home. You can let loose at a thing like this."



RELAXING flower-child fashion — with goggles decorated with cut-out flowers to keep out the glare. Flower children sleep, chat among themselves, or embrace gently.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 4, 1967





**DANCING FLOWER CHILDREN** at the love-in held in Woburn Abbey's parkland two miles from the Duke of Bedford's home. Flower dancing involves much weaving in and out of crowds, ecstatic expressions. No one really cares who his partner is — or even if he has one or not. For many, flower-power is strictly a weekend game, bells and flowers just tokens of a new fad.

PICTURES BY DAVID GRAVES





● Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Edwards, of Ryde, N.S.W., amid the treasures that transform their suburban home into a colorful "museum."

## Creating beauty is family habit

THE ability to create beautiful things has run in Mrs. E. L. Edwards' family for almost 200 years.

While her comfortably furnished Ryde (N.S.W.) home looks like many another suburban house, the rooms bright with flowers from the lovingly tended garden, it is virtually a museum.

Most of the treasures it guards were made by members of her family.

"My great-great-grandmother made this lace while she was in prison during the French Revolution," Mrs. Edwards said. In her hand she had a wisp of exquisite black lace.

"I also have a brooch made from the clasp of her bracelet," she said. "It's a family tradition for brides to wear it on their wedding day."

Since they were married 42 years ago, Mrs. Edwards and her husband—who is distantly related to her, "so

Her great-grandfather wasn't only a man of action. Mrs. Edwards has a collection of etchings and watercolors of the English countryside, simply signed "G. W. Evans," that show he was a gifted artist.

"Everything else belonging to Evans and his family was given to the Mitchell Library, Sydney," his great-granddaughter said, "except for a few pieces of hand-painted china."

These heirlooms have pride of place—with his watercolors—on the Edwards' living-room walls.

Mrs. Edwards has a flair for creating beautiful things, too. Her special talent is decorating ashtrays, bottles, and table-tops.

She uses cigar bands and labels, which she soaks off cigar boxes, cutting out each piece and sorting them into matching colors. Finally, she glues them in patterns ("I make them up out of my head") on glass.

"My mother started the cigar-band idea," she said. "I still have the table she made for me more than 42 years ago."

According to Mrs. Edwards, a German friend of her grandfather, interned here during World War I, literally sparked off the hobby.

"He smoked cigars, German ones with glorious bands, and my mother thought they'd make colorful decorations," she said.

Because of the difficulty she has in finding cigar bands, Mrs. Edwards said her hobby is a dying art.

"There aren't enough varieties to get all the colors I need for my designs."

Mr. Edwards laughed. "I've even started asking members of the Gladesville RSL Club to save bands for me. At first they looked at me as though I were mad."

Mrs. Edwards describes her husband, who retired last year, as her carpenter. He makes the stands for the ashtrays out of the cigar boxes.

# SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By  
*Mollie Lyons*

THERE'S always a spate of parties during race carnival time and I've heard of quite a few. Mr. and Mrs. Pat Levy are having a small one at their home at Woollahra after the first day of the Spring Meeting when their guest list will comprise mostly country and interstate visitors.

I WAS amused at the invitation Major and Mrs. Robert Berrick have issued to their friends for the second day of the Spring Meeting. They've told them to come for drinks at their home at Darling Point "ten minutes after the last race." The idea, Mrs. Berrick told me, was so that no one would go home first to change. "The party is really a 'come and lick your wounds' party," she explained.

SILVER still seems to be very popular on the fashion front. It was featured in our Vogue International Parade mid-week, and guests Mrs. Bob McInerney and Mrs. Robert Melville chose it for their glamorous outfits. Mrs. McInerney's was a full-length silver evening coat, and Mrs. Melville's, a two-piece sleeveless dinner dress fastening at the front.

MRS. SID ALBRIGHT told me that she and her husband spent two weeks on tenterhooks when they heard that their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Sid Albright, jun., were in the Philippines and might be coming down to Australia for a visit. They alerted their friends, prepared a room, and waited, only to hear that the travellers had had to go straight back to America.

WHAT an unusual name the Charles Davies-Schofields have chosen for their new baby daughter. It's Sian, and Mrs. Davies-Schofield tells me it is the Welsh version of Shan. Sian has a brother, David.

JUST back after a week in Samoa, the Peter Warrens enjoyed the leisurely pace of things and the lack of rush and bustle in Pago Pago, where they stayed. During their visit they flew to Western Samoa.

I LIKE Robert Barr's original idea of giving his fiancée, Caroline Lewis, a Manly Junior sailing boat as an engagement present to sail while he is out racing his own thirty-six foot sloop. Robert, an Economics graduate, and Caroline, who plan to marry late next year, celebrated their engagement recently at a small family dinner party which Caroline's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Lewis, gave at the Killara Golf Club.



JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. John Valewink after their marriage at St. Philip's Church, Sydney. The bride was Miss Barbara McGregor, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McGregor, of Beauty Point. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Valewink, of The Hague, Holland. Following the ceremony, a reception was held at the Wentworth Hotel.

TWO black-tie dinner parties — one on October 7 and the other on October 14 — will be "delayed" house-warmings in the Eli Melick's lovely new ten-month-old Vauluse home, and will also celebrate their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. The Melicks are hoping that Eli's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Melick, will be back in time from their five-month world trip to England and the Continent so they can be welcomed home.

AFTER their marriage at St. Michael's Church, Vauluse, on October 2, Bronwyn Smith and David Thomas will spend their honeymoon up north and then fly over to Port Moresby to settle in to the house they are building there. They hope to finish the house after Christmas. After two years in New Guinea they'll come back to Sydney and hope to go overseas.

MORE wedding news of which I heard this week was the approaching marriage of Belinda Huntley to Dr. John Mutton at St. Clement's Church, Mosman, on October 14, with a reception to follow at the Queen's Club. One pre-wedding function to which they are particularly looking forward is the formal dinner Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hordern will give for members of both Belinda and John's family (and also the bridal party) on September 30 at their Kirribilli home.

BELIEVE former Sydney resident Mrs. Bernard Anderson is back here again for a five-week visit to her mother, Mrs. Frederick Sullivan, of Edgecliff. Mrs. Anderson has been living in Battle Creek, Michigan, U.S.A., with her husband and son Michael. After her stay in Sydney she will join them in Bangkok, Thailand, where Mr. Anderson has taken a new appointment with a branch of the Battelle Research Institute.

THERE'LL be lots of nightlife in Coonabarabran over the holiday weekend, with two parties which a group of six young hosts plan to hold in the woolshed at "Ulindi." The first, on September 29, will be followed by a "recovery" party the following night. Two people who'll fly up from Sydney are Meredith Harris and Ian Hill. They'll stay with Fred Firth on his property "Balmerah," at Warkton, and return to Sydney on the Monday.

DATE for your diary . . . September 29 when the Younger Group of the Art Gallery of New South Wales has arranged a dinner dance at Moby Dick's Restaurant.



MARRIED. Mr. Barry Taffs and his bride, the former Miss Robyn Sherwood, leaving St. Swithun's Church, Pymble, after their marriage. A reception was held at Windsor Gardens by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sherwood, of St. Ives. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Taffs, of Pymble. The newlyweds will live at St. Ives.

By VALERIE CARR

distantly it doesn't matter"—have gradually pieced together their family history from old church registers and documents.

When their youngest daughter, Mrs. J. Brander, of Blacktown, N.S.W., visited England eight years ago she filled in the missing details.

For in the peaceful English town of Warwick the most famous member of Mrs. Edwards' family was born in 1775—explorer George William Evans, who, in 1813, confirmed and extended the discoveries of Blaxland, Wentworth, and Lawson in the Blue Mountains.

"Gregory Blaxland's party stopped at Mount York," Mrs. Edwards said, "but my great-grandfather crossed the main range and discovered the Bathurst Plains."



# INTERNATIONAL FASHIONS



● Jean Patou's lovely flame-colored evening dress worn by Australian model Nerida Piffin was applauded by guests as one of the prettiest gowns at the gala premiere at the Wentworth Hotel of our International Vogue Fashion Parades which we presented in conjunction with Farmer's. The Royal Blind Society will receive proceeds from the evening.

*AT LEFT:* The gowns chosen by Mrs. Patti Edwards (at left) and Mrs. Max Sturzen provided a striking contrast.

*AT RIGHT:* Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, president of the Black and White Committee, which works for the Royal Blind Society (at left), with Mr. and Mrs. John McCallum.

*BELOW:* Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Symonds arriving at the Wentworth Hotel for the parade.



*ABOVE:* Mr. and Mrs. Peter Baillieu (at left), who came down from "Milton Park," Boral, with Mrs. Bruce Rose.



*ABOVE:* One of the most glamorous gowns was worn by Mrs. Albert Bribosia, who with her husband listened to the pianist while they had pre-dinner drinks before the parade.



## •• NEXT WEEK ••

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more!



SCIENCE is their field, but these members of Sydney University decided to have a crack at the competition. Standing, from left, zoology lecturer Peter Stanbury (who said that whatever it was, it bit him), engineering research student Paul Lunsmann, zoology teaching fellow Carina Clarke. Seated, laboratory assistant Dennis Lavell. (A zoology honors student, David Tracy, is also helping, but is not pictured.)



AT RIGHT: Helen McKenzie, of Carlingford (left), and Lesley Davison, of Five Dock, were still puzzling over how to do their sculpture, "Necessity, the Mother of Invention," when photographed.

NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK



# SCULPTURE FROM JUNK

- It's made from reject engine parts, sheet-metal cut-offs, and other scrap

By BARBARA MARTYN

IN a backyard at Neutral Bay, a factory at Parramatta, a house garage at Castle Cove, and a corner of the Zoology Department at the University of Sydney, a variety of weird metal objects has slowly been taking shape over the past month.

They are only a sample of more than 100 such objects being lovingly formed by housewives, teachers, tradesmen, business and professional people, as well as numerous art students, throughout Sydney.

All are entrants in an "automotive sculpture" competition being organised as a feature of this year's Sydney Waratah Spring Festival.

The competition was the idea of the British Motor Corporation (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., who stockpiled its "automotive junk" (reject engine parts, sheet-metal cut-offs, and other waste material) in a corner of its large plant at Zetland (Sydney), then invited people to select what appealed to them and see what they could make of it. (In the way of sculpture, that is. Car building was strictly forbidden.)

The company offered a \$1000 open grand prize, \$200 second prize, and \$100 each for the best art student and apprentice.

The response was tremendous. People flocked to the plant, scoured the junk heap and carried off their "finds" to the privacy of their homes, where they could reassemble them artistically.

I couldn't contain my curiosity until the sculptures were brought to Hyde Park for judging and exhibition during the Waratah Festival Week (October 1-8), so I visited four of the entrants for a quick preview.

My first visit was to a quintet of university staff and students in the Zoology Department of the University of Sydney. They led me up the stairs and into the Macleay Museum, past cases filled with stuffed birds and animals, to a dimly lit corner.

There they unveiled a creation which would defy the descriptive powers of any zoologist, although it did

have a slightly equine look about it.

Anyway, they forestalled any long-winded arguments over its classification by calling it "Inertia Morphologica" (or an "inert organism" as I discovered from my dictionary).

Zoology lecturer Peter Stanbury pointed out some of its salient characteristics: a dashboard body line, window winder hoofs, and a grille-like rib structure.

All five—teaching fellow Carina Clarke (26), laboratory assistant Dennis Lavell (21), zoology honors student David Tracy (21), engineering research student Paul Lunsmann (27), and Peter (31)—firmly denied any previous leaning toward the arts and said they felt they would be unwise at this stage to discard their scientific careers for the art world.

"We are only in it for the fun of it," Peter summed up.

## "A hobby"

Richard Roberts, 30, of Neutral Bay, had a different attitude.

Mr. Roberts has made his career in art. He studied art at technical college and is employed by a large Sydney department store as a commercial artist. He also worked in the U.S. for six months as an artist.

As he works on drawings and paintings all week, he likes to do sculpturing at weekends for a change.

"If I could earn a living from my sculpturing, I would, but at present I can only describe it as a hobby," he told me.

He led me round to the back patio to show me his entry, which on his entry form was called "A Unilateral Declaration of Love." (I told him how much this title had intrigued me and he awaited my reaction with a grin.)

I was not disappointed when I came face to face (?) with an exotic, automotive bird of paradise on a grand scale. Mr. Roberts had cleverly painted his sculpture to emphasise the bird image.

"I have been working with bird forms a lot lately," he said. "I guess you could call it a 'figurative abstract.'"

Mr. Roberts said he had been doing a lot of sculpture in metal recently, and that



AMERICAN housewife Mrs. Ann Buzby, of Castle Cove, N.S.W., with her sculpture, "Impetus." She is a former teacher of sculpture and painting.



COMMERCIAL ARTIST Richard Roberts calls his creation "A Unilateral Declaration of Love."



was why the competition had appealed to him.

"I had only a vague idea of what I was going to do when I went to get the junk. But I did know I wanted to do it on a large scale, so I grabbed the biggest pieces I could find," he said.

He spent one week of his holidays and two full weekends on the sculpture, which now towers above him.

"My employers have offered to lend me a truck to get it to Hyde Park," he said.

Lesley Davison, of Five Dock, and Helen McKenzie, of Carlingford, two 20-year-old textile designers who work together for a carpet manufacturer, said they couldn't resist the challenge of trying to do something artistic with junk.

They both devote nearly all their spare time to attending art courses and lectures and preparing work for exhibition.

They hadn't yet decided what to do with their junk when I called, but were

working under the title of "Necessity, the Mother of Invention."

"It will be about four feet high, with some parts looking antique and others modern to give the idea of invention," Lesley said.

They were going to assemble it at Helen's father's factory at Parramatta, where they could use his welding equipment.

"Mightn't it confuse his employees?" I asked.

"It will be kept out of sight during the week and we will only work on it at weekends," Helen assured me.

Lesley said her family tended to think it all a bit of a joke. "But they thought my paintings were a joke until I started winning a few prizes, so now they are not so ready to laugh."

Mrs. Ann Buzby, an American housewife living at Castle Cove, said she had also been teased tremendously by family and friends for her entry in the competition.

"They ask if I am trying to build my own car, or ring to say they have heard I am a new supplier for spare parts and would I take their order."

But despite the teasing, Mrs. Buzby knows exactly what she is doing. Before she married she majored in sculpture and painting at Carnegie Technical College and taught for five years. She belongs to several art organisations and has exhibited her work in her hometown, Pittsburgh.

## In the garage

She had already assembled two small sculptures and may do a third one. (She is assembling them in the garage, from which she has already had to remove one car.)

"It was my car, and my husband said as long as there was enough room left for his car he didn't mind," she said with a laugh.

"Actually, he has been most encouraging. He likes me to spend my time on art

work, as he knows it gives me a great deal of pleasure."

Mrs. Buzby said her two children, Cynthia, 9, and Scotty, 6, were also very enthusiastic about her work and had brought their friends to have a look, too. "You could almost say we had a 'sculpt-in'."

Mrs. Buzby chose the general title of "Impetus" for her sculptures, to suggest "the movement of a car and the idea of progress."

She worked for one complete day on each of her sculptures, selecting interesting shapes and textures and trying to form something appealing with them.

She said she hadn't done much metal sculpture before, although she had learnt the techniques of arc welding and soldering. "I have mainly worked in ceramics, stone, and wood, but I thought trying to assemble this material would be interesting."

"Portraiture is my real love, however," she added.



“The body of the average person is middle-aged by the time it is 26 years old”

says THE COMMONWEALTH COUNCIL FOR NATIONAL FITNESS



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# This school "flicks" child's imagination

● Today's pre-school children between the ages of three and five, born into the TV age, have had their interests widened and their comprehension sharpened by TV till it matches that of pre-TV children from seven to eight years of age.

KAY KINANE, assistant director of ABC-Education, in charge of pre-school education programs, told me this when I delved into the world of early morning television.

"Play School," ABC's educational program for the three-to-five-year age groups, impressed me so much that I thought I'd try to have a look at it behind the scenes.

It was one of those things that happen occasionally — my curiosity was awakened at just the right moment.

I talked to Miss Kinane and to "Play School's" enthusiastic producer, Allan Kendall, and found myself attending the first ever "Play School" scriptwriters' conference.

I award my bouquet of the week to the people associated with the program, and to the scriptwriters who write it. They have to be brighter than usual, understand the child mind, and be full of ideas — ideas that must "flick" the child's imagination into flight.

One of the ways they do this is by telling the children stories straight, without pictures, the lack of pictures being the "flick."

According to Kay Kinane, the "flick" is all their imagination needs.

"TV and the stimulus of their exciting environment, and the many examples of technology in their daily lives, make them appreciate stories, words, and ideas of how things work, and why they work in a given way," she said.

"Previously education in these things was thought to be suitable only for children aged seven or eight.

"We have had a tremendous mail about the session since we started it in mid-1966, especially from fathers.

"A good example of ap-

By  
NAN MUSGROVE

Television

preciation came from the father of a five-year-old, who told us how the child savored the word 'camouflage,' after it had been explained to him what 'camouflage' was.

"Telling the time, too, has become a game that the three to fives enjoy when it is presented in play fashion.

"We find children appreciate being treated as equals, and are quite capable of digesting information about their own world."

The telling-the-time bit in "Play School" has been quite a triumph for ABC-Education. They always consult the Kindergarten Union about the content of pre-school programs, and kindergarten officials were doubtful whether such young children could learn to tell the time.

## Modelled on BBC

But the ABC, who modelled "Play School" on a similar BBC program which alternates with the Australian edition, thought they would try it.

Try it they did, and mothers now have little ones saying, "It's twelve o'clock."

Generally they stick to easy times — hours and half-hours.

The pre-school children don't have minute and hour hands, though. They have the "long, thin hand" and the "short, fat hand."

Every "Play School" program has 11 to 12 "education points" in it, to which the children are led by play.

For instance, there is always a poem of the week. This is repeated each day, with the same pictures.

No attempt is made to ask children to learn the poem. But mothers told me it was amazing how the children did learn it by the end of the week.

One of them told me about her four-year-old who recited a "Play School" poem about water when she saw a tap.

I heard a "Play School" poem about water, too. I was impressed with it. It showed water flowing over a waterfall, from a tap, in a creek, and its simple lines told how water was clear, and had no taste, and was good to drink.

Later in the program, the children were told how to model things with newspaper soaked in a dish of water.

I thought how busy mothers would bless the "presenter," who got a towel and spread it over his knees before he started.

Allan Kendall, who initiated the scriptwriters' conference, is the producer of the program, and is engrossed in it.

He appealed to writers' organisations for scripts, invited those interested to attend a script conference. He expected perhaps ten to 15 people.

When I arrived at 9.15 on a bleak morning, there were 75 scriptwriters waiting to hear Mr. Kendall speak.

They were an intriguing collection of people — 64 women and 11 men. They came in all shapes and sizes and all ages, ranging from about 18 to perhaps the mid-sixties.

One man flunked out of the conference after the first screening: shot through like that old-fashioned Bondi tram. He seemed alarmed at the demands of "Play School," more alarmed when I questioned him.



ANNE HADDY, well-known Sydney actress, who appears in ABC-TV's "Play School." At right, professional actor Alister Smart, in storytelling chair, describes "Play School" as being "really with it."



He'd seen enough, he said. He wasn't going to write a script and he wasn't going to answer any questions.

Others were excited about the program, regarding it as a challenge to their ability.

"Play School" has broken with a hallowed tradition of pre-school programs. Trained kindergartners are not used as compères. Instead, the ABC has teams of "presenters," who are professional actors and actresses.

They have nearly as hard a job as the scriptwriters. Completely forbidden is coyness, sugariness, or cuteness in presentation.

"We will not have the children patronised," Mr. Kendall said. "Children are aware of coyness and cuteness long before adults are, and sign off from it much quicker. Nothing loses their attention so fast as a dose of coyness."

"Children from three to five demand reality, things and subjects they can identify with their own living."

"Play School" has done wonders for my children," one young scriptwriting mother said. "It is the only TV program that I insist on them watching. I have a rule that they can't come in out of the sun and watch TV in the daytime, but I go and bring them away from their outdoor play to watch 'Play School.'"

## Australian TV — at its best

### "CONTRABANDITS,"

ABC-TV's new smuggling drama series (Fridays, 8 p.m.) about the work of officers of the Customs Department in Sydney, carried for me, as a professional viewer, an impact as powerful as an electric shock.

The shock hit me when I realised that "Contrabandits" (see color pictures overleaf) has the three essential requirements of TV drama — good story, good production, good acting.

I got another jolt when I realised I was thinking "Contrabandits" didn't seem like an Australian drama series but looked like an episode from an overseas series.

"Cage a Tame Tiger," the first episode, was a swift-moving, entertaining hour that left me looking forward to the next episode.

The contrabandits are members of Special Branch, CB Division of the Department of Customs and Excise. They fight smugglers.

Head of the contrabandits is Ted Hallam (Dennis Quilley), next come Bob Piper (John Bonney) and Jim Shurley (Ben Gabriel).

On paper, the main casting was all wrong to me. I typecast Dennis Quilley and

John Bonney as permanent inmates of TV's sweetness-and-light department.

All I'd seen Quilley do was compere and sing in Eric Jupp's "Magic of Music," Bonney smile winningly week after week as compere of commercial TV's "Marriage Game."

I didn't see either of them as deal-it-out TV he-men.

"Contrabandits," however, reveals a new Quilley — tough, peppery, efficient, and a good actor.

Bonney, who incidentally is an Australian (a naturalised one) of 17 years' standing, sheds that pretty smile to good effect. He looks like a good-looking tough you'd like to have on your side, and he acts like one.

Gabriel fits the picture like the competent actor he is, in the role of a surly, short-tempered officer.

The character delineation in the first episode was unobtrusively sharp. At the end you know that Gabriel is going to be more surly, less ethical in his methods than the other two; Piper is the most even-tempered but packs a mighty wallop; Hallam is going to ride his staff into the ground to get results.

"Contrabandits" isn't only good entertainment. It is an exciting example of the growing excellence and importance of Australian TV productions.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Graham Kennedy's new home

KNOWN to his close friends to have elegant taste in furnishings, Graham Kennedy is going "all out" on his home in Frankston, Vic.

"I intend to make it as charming as I can," Graham said when we talked in his suite in a luxury Melbourne hotel.

He has established himself at the hotel until the teams of painters, electricians, and workmen have finished renovations on his house.

The project is taking longer than usual, because Graham is having special wallpaper for the entrance

hall and living-room shipped from America.

"It's rather beautiful—a gold on gold stripe and a matching gold floral pattern to go on opposite walls. I suppose I should have had it air-mailed out," Graham said.

"I've been very lucky with furnishings. Most of the beautiful chunky furniture I had in Toorak blends in."

"I've got a gold leather chair and a gold velvet chair which look rather terrific in my new house. The carpet's a chocolate color, and the entire color scheme is brown, gold, and white."

As always, Graham's new furniture will be selected because it "looks beautiful and is comfortable."

"I like chairs to have a sat-in look, and when visitors are coming, instead of going round smoothing down all the covers, I tear round jumping on them and giving a few well-aimed kicks."

The kitchen? "There's a lot of work to be done there," Graham said. "I think it's most important for a bachelor to have a kitchen that's easy to keep clean. The best medium for this is natural wood, and I'm having that wherever I can."

Graham's favorite room in the house is the sunroom.

"The living-room and sunroom, which I intend to use as a dining area, are in an L-shape. The sunroom has a beautiful view no matter

where you're seated. You can look out over the bay, up to Seaford and to Oliver's Hill."

Lighting in the living and dining areas, and in most rooms, will be provided by strategically placed lamps instead of conventional overhead lights.

Graham said he was surprised that many people expected his new home to be large and luxurious.

"After all, there's only one of me and a big house would be ridiculous," he said. "As for it being weatherboard — well, I've always liked wooden houses. They seem to have more character and charm."

— Leonie Newberry

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## TOMMY HANLON'S

### Thought for the week

Momma once said, "Well, I thought this mini-skirt fad would be gone by now, but it's getting worse. Some of them remind me of pyjama tops, and I think some of the girls don't have the legs for them, only the nerve. I tell you, with today's styles, it's hard to tell whether mini-skirts are getting shorter or the girls in them are still growing. And if you want a really frightening thought: I walked by a tailor's shop today and in the window was a sign, 'We shorten mini-skirts.' There's only one consolation":

MOMMA'S MORAL: For once, something's going up higher than prices — SKIRTS!

READ TV TIMES FOR  
FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 4, 1967



# Crunch & crunch



## What a mouth-watering way to stay slim!

Forget about starvation diets! Stay slim this delicious way, with crisp, fresh Ryvita crispbread. Crunch! Eat hearty—there's lots more where this came from. Low on calories, high on nourishment and satisfaction.

Crunch! Eat as much as you like, without waistline worries. Enjoy Ryvita crispbread with any of these stay-slim toppings, or maybe with just a dab of butter. It's so tasty! **RYVITA CRISP RYE BREAD**







# CONTRABANDITS

● More and more Australian series are being screened on TV, elbowing out indifferent offerings from overseas. The latest, and what sounds like an exciting one, is "Contrabandits," ABC-TV's smuggling drama.

**Television**



**ABOVE:** Ted Hallam (Denis Quilley) with Mardi (Janet Kingsbury). **LEFT:** Mardi with team-mate Bob Piper (John Bonney) ready to search for contraband goods dropped in the water.



"CONTRABANDITS" means what it says — they are agents working against bandits who try to smuggle in illegal goods.

Top man in the show is handsome Denis Quilley, who has deserted Eric Jupp and the sweet music for a tougher, harder role—Ted Hallam, head of the contrabandits.

His team is Bob Piper (John Bonney), Jim Shurley (Ben Gabriel), Mardi (Janet Kingsbury), and Ross (Bob Had-dow).

Hallam's team investigates and combats smuggling on the Sydney waterfront and in the city.

Known, colloquially, as the contrabandits, the branch is officially the Special Branch, CB Division of the Department of Customs and Excise. The Department head, mentioned but never seen, is called "The Collector."

"Contrabandits" should be one of the "mustn't be missed" TV series — it has everything going for it.

Based on the actual activities of the Customs Special Branch, it has the approval of the Customs Department, which made a Special Branch Officer available to the ABC as a technical adviser, and checks all episodes for accuracy and authenticity.

"Contrabandits" has another star, Sydney Harbor, giving its best at all times.

It also has as executive producer Eric Taylor, who was one of the originators of the famous and entertaining "Maigret" series. It all sounds very promising.

— NAN MUSGROVE





# THE MAN IN THE FIVE-STOREY TOWER

● Perched high above Melbourne's busy Collins Street, young man-about-town Peter Janson can watch the world go by from his very own tower, on a hotel.



ABOVE: Mr. Janson's bedroom, under the dome, looks like a cedar wine-barrel with portholes. He had a sunken bath installed a few steps away from his big four-poster bed, because he likes the idea of "rolling straight out of bed into the bath." BELOW: A view of the living-room from its rosewood balcony, showing the spiral stairs.



**T**HE black-bearded Mr. Janson has a reputation for extravagant parties, knowing the right people, and being addicted to luxury.

He has a tremendous amount of ready charm, is public relations manager for a large motor firm, and besides all this, has some very definite ideas about living accommodation.

"I think one should either live in the heart of the city or way out in the country," he said. "I hate suburbia."

His search for something unusual, with plenty of atmosphere and right in the middle of Melbourne, was a long one. About six months ago he discovered the possibilities of the vacant five-storey tower which continues up some 50ft. above the Hotel Federal.

He happened to be passing the hotel one day, looked up, and noticed pigeons flying in and out of the tower. "It seemed such a waste," he says.

The hotel was built way back in 1888, and it appears that the tower had been pure decoration from that day on.

Mr. Janson quickly arranged a lease, and began the costly business of converting it into a fabulously elegant bachelor apartment.

To date, he estimates it has cost him about \$20,000, but this includes everything from the old-fashioned hat-stand in his round wine-barrel of a bedroom to having a shaft sunk right to the hotel basement for plumbing purposes.

Mr. Janson's tower begins on the hotel's seventh floor, and before you even step inside the door you realise that this is a home with a difference.

In answer to the bell, Mr. Janson's voice inquires name and business, then he presses a buzzer and the caller can open the door and walk in.

"Much easier than running down all those stairs," he said. "Particularly if you happen to be on my fourth floor."

At the moment the bottom-floor rooms are not ready. This floor will eventually have a couple of bedrooms, a study, and what Mr. Janson promises will be his well-stocked cellar.

Already the apartment is partly furnished, and the little rooms are quaintly shaped with odd corners and interesting alcoves.

Inside the tiny entrance hall is an enormous peach-colored mirror — "Gives one a much softer appearance, don't you think?"

There is a similar mirror, 18ft. square, in his bedroom near the top of the tower.

A magnificently restored rosewood staircase spirals from the bottom floor right to the top of the tower. Carpeting throughout is a rich, dark gold.

"I'd much rather this earthy-type carpet," Mr. Janson commented, "because it's so adaptable."

He was responsible for the white paint-

work, but admitted he was helped by a team of hard-working friends. The furniture is as unconventional as its owner.

To tell you something more about the effervescent Mr. Janson, we can begin with the fact that he was born in New Zealand.

After that his life appears to have been one of adventure and variety. Ask him about himself and he will talk about days as a diplomat in Tibet, being a captain in the British Army, and even about the time when he was a successful racing driver.

Now he is settling down.

For his tower home he collected much of the furniture by haunting auctions and sales, and says he loathes anything that is stark and modern. The overall effect is one of comfort.

After the bottom floor, each floor contains one circular room 26ft. across. Immediately above the entrance hall is the smoke-room.

It's easy to see why Mr. Janson decided on white paintwork — it lightens the rooms, adds size, and highlights the decor.

Centrepiece of the smoke-room is a red-padded bar, and behind it an old cedar dresser, which was bought for a few dollars and which houses fencing foils, pewter mugs, and a vast selection of bottles.

The dresser has been converted to contain a stainless-steel sink. Concealed behind the bar are a fridge and compact cooking facilities.

Large leather-covered chairs line the walls, and here and there are watercolors, oil paintings, and even an ancient plaster bust.

Mr. Janson had to rewire his new home, and, in keeping with the rest of the furnishings, has had magnificent chandeliers installed in the main rooms. By turning a wall knob, the lights can be brightened or dimmed to a mere candle flicker.

Blue-velvet chairs and muted brocade-covered couches overlooked by a magnificent rosewood balcony spell out the living-room on the second floor.

From the balcony hang red and gold banners, and against the walls are fearsome antique weapons.

The entrance to the roof garden is also on this floor, and from among the gay beach umbrellas and the many varieties of potted shrubs, plants, and trees there is a wonderful view of the city.

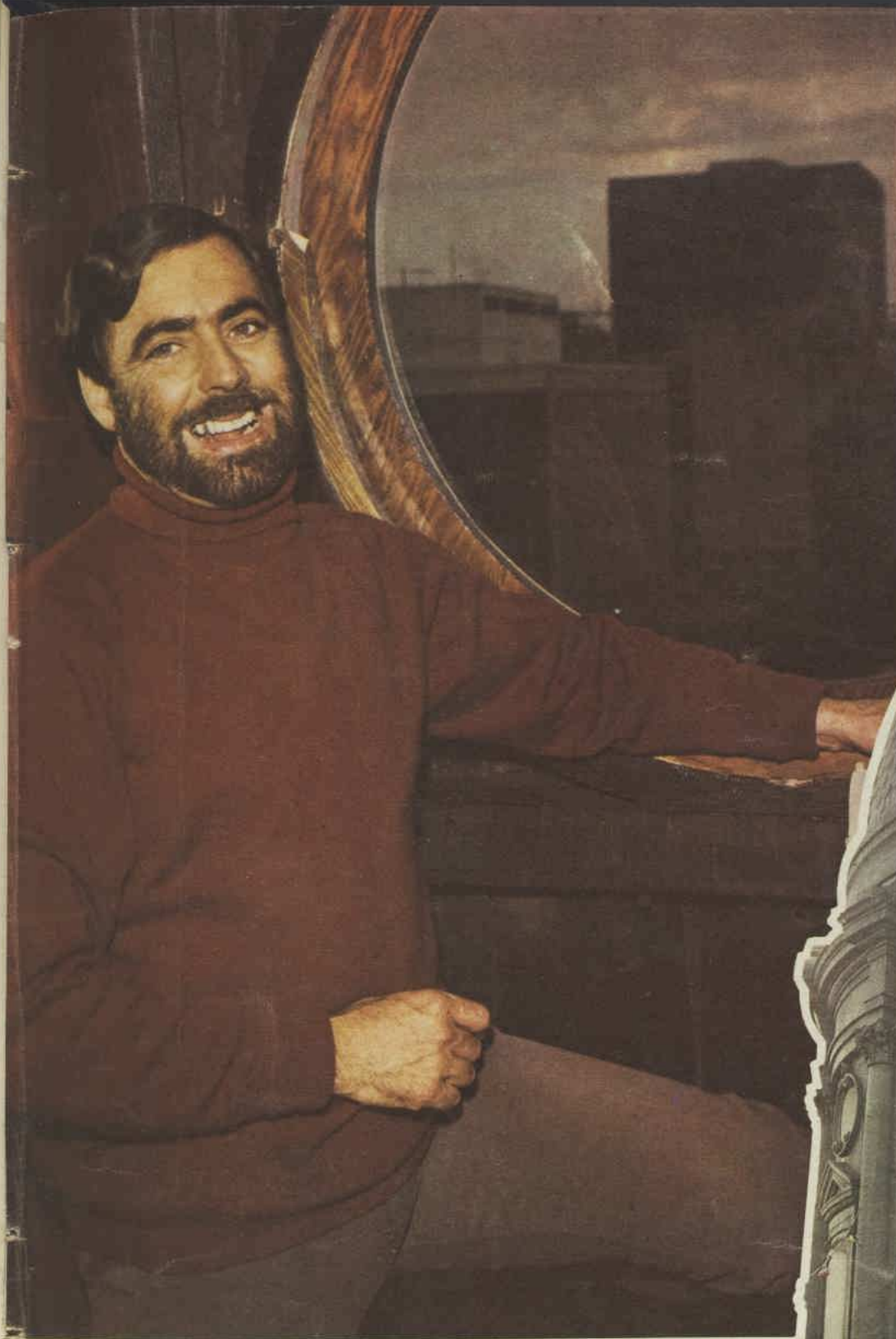
At each end of the long narrow garden are two minute apartments, which Mr. Janson refers to as "cottages" and which he intends to redecorate "as soon as I can get round to it."

The *piece de resistance* is the bedroom on the next floor up. Completely lined with cedar, it looks right up to the dome of the tower.

Views from all the rooms are magnificent, but from the bedroom, with windows

By JANE NUGENT





MR. PETER JANSON in his bedroom-with-a-view in the tower of the Federal Hotel in the heart of Melbourne. The tower used to be empty, and he has had it fitted out as a bachelor apartment. Picture below shows his roof garden, which is still in process of development.



looking over every part of Melbourne, they are quite breathtaking.

Perhaps the most surprising feature is the blue-tiled sunken bath, somewhat incongruous, with the rest of the decor.

As Mr. Janson likes the idea of rolling straight out of his four-poster bed and into the bath, he decided this was the only place to have it installed.

The porthole windows are hung with deep wine velvet curtains, and everything is reflected in that gigantic peach-tinted mirror.

"I must admit we had a few problems getting it up here in one piece," commented Mr. Janson, "but it's amazing how flexible glass can be."

At this point the staircase becomes very narrow as it leads to the top floor or, to be exact, a half-floor. This is really another balcony way up in the dome and used as a dressing-room.

Mr. Janson has certainly given the old tower a new lease of life, and already it is becoming known as a favorite haunt for members of the Melbourne jet set.



# OUR "U.S.A. TODAY"



● Red, white, and blue three-piece cotton suit by David Kidd (left). The below-hip jacket tops a sleeveless blouse with self-tie; navy skirt is pleated.

● These smash designs are highlights from our "U.S.A. Today" Fashion Collection featuring clothes from the top fashion houses in the United States. Chosen by Miss Eleanor Lambert, the leading co-ordinator of American fashion, the collection will be paraded by two New York mannequins, Christine Lee and Hedwig Bates, and ten top Australian models. The parades, held in conjunction with Georges, Melbourne, and David Jones, Sydney, are part of the stores' American promotion fortnight in October-November. They begin with an invitation gala opening at Georges on October 23. The Sydney gala night is Nov. 4.



● American mannequin Christine Lee (left), in a purple wool suit by Oscar de la Renta, walking her afghan hound Ziva near her New York home.





# PARADES



● Cool, summery yellow linen dress (left) with wide waistband panel brings the silhouette close to the figure. (By Marie McCarthy.)



● Printed chiffon evening pyjamas (right) by Pauline Trigere of New York. Chiffon flows over flesh-tone body-stocking into deep, wide panels, and there's a huge stole.



● New York's Donald Brooks interprets the caftan (left) as a billowy silk tent falling from a shirred neckline. Wide black bands are painted on a vivid white and yellow background.

● Pistachio three-piece costume (left), worn by American model Hedwig Bates, links belted suede shirt-jacket and swingy linen skirt with pale blue crepe blouse. (By Anne Klein for Mallory.)







*Breath of Beige • Breath of Tan • Breath of Peach • Breath of Pink • Breath of Ivory • Breath of Rose*

Page 22

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 4, 1967



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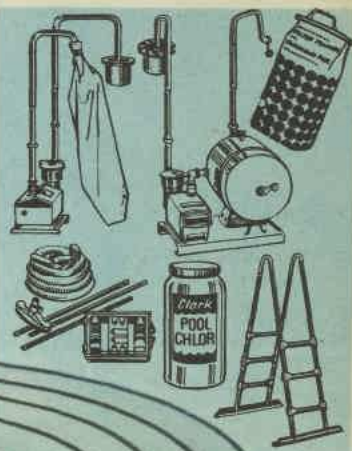
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# AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

● A weekly series by Bill Beatty

## OCTOBER 1

**1839** Latrobe reached Melbourne as Superintendent of the Port Phillip district.

Charles Joseph Latrobe (or La Trobe), a handsome cultured young Englishman of French descent, had actually arrived the day before at Sandridge and walked to Melbourne, where he spent the day with the Resident Magistrate. The latter informed him that he was not expected until the following day when a grand reception had been planned for his arrival.

Latrobe went quietly back to his ship, and next day was welcomed with public addresses and saluted with the firing of guns. That evening there were fireworks displays and many festivities.

**1844** Explorer Ludwig Leichhardt set out from Jimbour, Qld., for Port Essington. The station property was the last outpost on Leichhardt's 1844 expedition. Soon afterward trouble developed—two members of the party were lost, and much flour was wasted when Leichhardt tried to push his bullocks through thick scrub. He also had trouble with an Aboriginal in the party.

## OCTOBER 2

**1786** English newspaper indicates reason for the First Fleet. The Sussex "Weekly Advertiser" of this date wrote: "Whatever expense (and the highest calculation is not immoderate) the plan of sending the convicts may cost government, something must be done in the present alarming state of criminality in this country."

"A man ignorant of the fact is shocked to hear that in London prisons only there are always above 1000 prisoners ... and no sooner are 50 or 100 disposed of than there are as many ready to be committed at their room. The frequency of commitments is astonishing."

Nevertheless, the same newspaper wrote the following month that "The plan of transporting convicts to Botany Bay is considered a lunatic scheme." An eloquent example of the pitfalls of prophecy.

**1788** HMS Sirius left Port Jackson for Cape Town for provisions. Food was a major problem for Governor Phillip. The precious cargo of salt pork, flour, rice, and peas landed from the store-ships was sufficient only for a comparatively brief period.

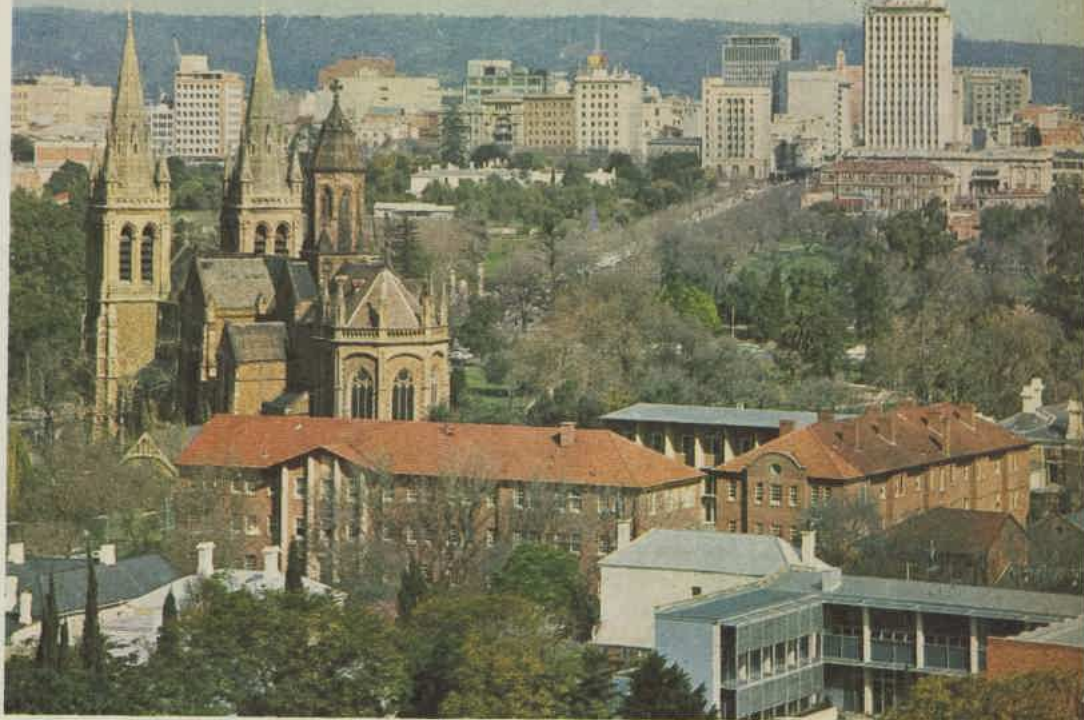
Phillip was sent to a country about whose resources neither he nor his Government knew anything. Few tools were supplied to cultivate the land and there were no inspectors or overseers. "I am without one botanist, or even an intelligent gardener in the colony," he wrote on September 28, 1788.

**1890** Business block in the centre of Sydney almost entirely destroyed by fire. The block contained by Castle-reagh and Pitt Streets, Hosking Place, and Martin Place became an inferno. Fire-fighters included 32 metropolitan firemen and 160 from volunteer brigades. Some 1000 artillerymen surrounded the area to maintain order and prevent looting. Damage was estimated at £1 million.

## OCTOBER 3

**1824** Explorers Hume and Hovell left Appin, N.S.W., to establish a settlement at Western Port, Vic., for which they were rewarded with land grants of some 1280 acres. They already had received land grants of similar size for previous explorations.

**1855** Official opening of Melbourne University. Any person reaching 15 could attend classes; no entrance examination was necessary. Only 16 men (the University then was for men only) came forward for admission. Of these, only three graduated as Bachelors of Arts.



● View of Adelaide from the top floor of the Hotel Australia. Buildings shown include St. Mark's College, University of Adelaide, in foreground, St. Peter's Cathedral, left foreground, and the AMP building (under construction), right. Picture by Vic Grimmett.

**1916** A Western Australian awarded £1000 and decoration by the British Government for designing a war tank.

The tank originated on a Western Australian wheat-field. In 1912, L. E. de Mole devised a machine for travelling over rough country and sent the plans to the British War Office, where they were filed and forgotten. In 1916, two Englishmen designed the tank as it is today, but the War Office made the award to De Mole in recognition of his design that inspired the idea.

The invention of a gas-mask at Melbourne University coincided with the British invention, but the latter went quickly into mass production, rendering the Australian one useless.

## OCTOBER 4

**1845** First civilian brass band in Australia formed at Launceston, Tasmania, by the St. Joseph's Total Abstinence Society, with John Agnew of the 96th Regiment as its band-master. It is still in existence.

When famous Irish exile John Mitchel was transported to Tasmania and spent a night in the Launceston jail the band assembled outside the walls and played national airs throughout the evening. Perhaps its most important occasions were the celebrations of the cessation of transportation and the granting of self-government to Tasmania. The band performed for five days at various places, each member receiving a medal and a bun.

**1913** Arrival of the Australian fleet in Port Jackson. The history of Australian naval defence comprises three periods: the purely British period, ending with the naval agreement of 1887; the period of auxiliary squadrons and subsidies, ending with the conference of 1909 on Imperial defence; finally, the establishment of an Australian squadron (later fleet) as a separate but integral part of the Navy of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

## OCTOBER 5

**1833** Theatre Royal, Sydney, opened, marking the beginning of the history of the stage in Australia. The Theatre Royal accommodated nearly 1000 and was opened with the popular melodrama "The Miller and His Men" and a farce, "The Irishman in London."

Apparently the proprietor, Barnett Levey, did not run his theatre very strictly; in 1835, the "Sydney Gazette" was complaining that the Royal was not policed efficiently, that there was too much toleration of the "half-tipsy audience," and that the actors were in loud and continual dispute.

Five years later the Royal closed, by which time the Royal Victoria had been built in Pitt Street, Sydney. This well-planned theatre could accommodate 2000.

One artist who appeared at the old Theatre Royal was Eliza Winstanley, who made her debut at 15. She after-

wards went overseas and became the first Australian actress to make a world reputation; later she became well known as a novelist.

## OCTOBER 6

**1789** The Rose Hill Packet, first vessel built in Australia, launched. The ten-ton boat was popularly known as "The Lump" because of the large amount of timber that went into her construction. Launched a year after the First Fleet arrived, the Rose Hill Packet was built in Sydney Cove and was used for transporting stores between Sydney and Parramatta.

**1839** Death of William Light, founder of Adelaide. Appointed Surveyor-General of the new colony, he arrived on August 20, 1836, in the brig Rapid, which he himself navigated.

The South Australian Commissioners had entrusted him with the decision on the site of the settlement, and he at once began examining the country. When he fixed on the present site of Adelaide for the capital, he met with strong opposition but he stood firmly by his decision.

In January, 1839, Light returned to Adelaide after surveying the Para River. A spark set fire to the roof of his hut and practically all his papers, journals, sketches, and instruments were destroyed. From then until his death nine months later, his health suffered. Light was buried in Adelaide in the square that bears his name.

**1903** First sitting of the High Court of Australia.

## OCTOBER 7

**1848** The frigate Dalhousie, on a voyage from London to Sydney, foundered in a wild gale off Beachy Head. There was only one survivor out of 61.

**1858** Appalling report on the Rocks area of Sydney. Written by William Stanley Jevons, who was to become a famous economist at Manchester University, the report was one of a series entitled "The Social Cesspools of Sydney."

The writer referred to "several so-called streets" of the Rocks "with their small and comparatively ancient stone cottages, so unevenly and irregularly built that the doorstep of one residence sometimes approximates to the eaves of another."

"Where the erections are of wood, their dilapidated, filthy appearance is all the more striking. The interiors of these abodes usually consist of two dirty, bare, rusty-colored chambers of small size and yet too large for the scanty articles which constitute the furniture."

The report said that the streets were "the habitual resorts of vicious and filthy humanity, from which the malaria of crime and disease necessarily arises and taints the social atmosphere."





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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 4, 1967





A small girl with a big idea

# MITZOU-AND SUEDE



MITZOU with her husband, Jose Maria Izquierdo.

● She pleats it, tucks it, ruffles it, and embroiders it—even quilts it—and she keeps day skirts mini



CAFTAN by Mitzou, in turquoise suede hand-embroidered in gold, for evening or at-home.

**M**ITZOU, Madrid's mistress of suede and darling of design, doesn't confine her clientele to jet-set women socialites. Once she dressed a Beatle — Paul McCartney — in suede. Once Johnny Hallyday went to her boutique at midnight to buy a jacket.

At 30, Micheline Stephan Izquierdo is a tycoon in a strongly competitive European fashion world. She is 5ft. 3in. of dynamic energy, and in only seven years of success she can claim to match her impact on Spain with that of Balenciaga in Paris.

Her listed patrons are tops on the social register and include most important film names in the industry: American-born Aline Griffith, the Countess of Quintalla, Marquesa de Villaverde, Baroness von Thyssen, Maria Jose Alfonso, Mrs. Buster Keaton, France Nuyen, Claudia Cardinale, Natalie Wood, Claire Bloom, Melina Mercouri, Mary Michener.

In the men's department, Mitzou's clients include Anthony Mann, John Ireland, Rod Steiger, Tony Franciosa, Conrad Hilton, Robert Taylor, Guy Madison, and Jordan Christopher.

Mitzou models have been boosted in numerous top fashion magazines.

The Press has branded her with a dozen gimmicky titles, "the new BB," "a Beatle in suede," "the next best thing to Leslie Caron."

But the real Mitzou is a complete individualist.

She is a small girl with a big idea, and she has the intuition and determination of a good businesswoman, which makes the idea succeed.

Mitzou's idea today is to expand her markets. While

many flock to her boutiques in Calle Serrano in Madrid and in Majorca, Mitzou is not unaware of her possibilities abroad.

She has been exporting to England and America for four years. (Her coats, dresses, and jackets are sold at Harrods, in London, and in three shops in New York.)

Mitzou explained that she is anxious to establish her own boutiques abroad. When I met her she had just returned from Italy and she told me she would like to have a boutique in Rome.

"I am also looking for a place in London, but finding the right area is not easy. Also it is expensive, and we must have a good staff," she said.

I had heard before that she had bypassed Bond Street and Chelsea because "Bond Street is passe and Chelsea is too mod."

## Soft hats

She's also interested in Australia as a market. "Many Australians already buy from my shop in Majorca when they go there on holidays," she said.

Coats in Mitzou's Madrid boutique are priced from \$120 to more than \$300. Collection models are, of course, more expensive.

A garment that cost \$200 in Madrid would probably cost \$230 in Australia, but Mitzou says, "It is impossible to have a bargain in suede!"

Hats in buttery-soft suede and skin are sold for \$30 or much more. These are sold only in Madrid.

"Packing hats to send them abroad is so difficult. They always get a little damaged and I don't like that," said Mitzou.

She also makes a few small handbags. "They are really only for window-dressing," she said.

Mitzou's autumn collection, which I saw in Madrid, will go on sale simultaneously in England,

America, and Spain this month.

Mitzou designs four collections each year. Her latest emphasises a snappy, well-buttoned look in both her simple shifts and long-line jackets. All the way through the collection hats match buttons.

Everything is trim — right from the short pantalon suit with a classic Chinese jacket in powder-blue suede to the floor-length dolly dress in dark pink brown suede with its matching pink-and-brown-striped muff.

Generally, all the garments are brief — well above the knee.

The young Madrid designer was the first in Europe to develop the idea of making fashion flip on Russian styles. She was, in fact, a whole year ahead of everyone else. For David Lean's multi-million-dollar film, "Dr. Zhivago," Mitzou designed a collection for Julie Christie and Geraldine Chaplin. The idea caught on.

It is a delight to see what Mitzou can do with suede

in the workshops behind her Madrid boutique. Here she began to do to suede things no one dared before. She pleats it, ruffles it, embroiders it with beads.

It is tucked and quilted, and gently shaped into a suit, coat, culottes, pants, and sometimes a wedding gown.

Most of Mitzou's clothes are made to order, but some

By  
Liz McMurray

merchandise can be bought ready made in the boutiques by customers who have little time. The workshop staff must be ever ready to meet extraordinary demands for speed.

"There are almost 150 people working here, and somehow we usually manage to get the orders made," Mitzou said.

Mitzou herself is rarely idle. I first saw her early in the morning in a pair of gay, red culottes inspecting the models which were to be



A FITTER in Mitzou's boutique in Madrid tries a dark suede dress on Natalie Wood.

photographed for the new collection, answering telephones, consulting with her French assistant, Belinda, greeting personal friends who had just "dropped in," and playing hostess to representatives of fashion magazines.

In the afternoon she was still in her boutique, an impish figure in slacks and a shirt, conducting three interviews in an hour and answering a barrage of questions from customers.

The name Mitzou is, in fact, a French nickname meaning pixie. This Paris-born girl is not madly mod nor a pop-art fan. With her skirts just a little more than three inches above the knee and no apparent make-up, she could be mistaken for a tousle-headed student.

Ten years ago Mitzou married Jose Maria Izquierdo, of Barcelona, and together they opened a simple accessory shop in Madrid.

While Mitzou designed her own clothes and her mother was a designer for Schiaparelli, she had no training or experience. (Her mother can often be seen in Mitzou's boutique.)

Designing crazy hats was a hobby for Mitzou, and she began to exhibit her hats and accessories. There was a sudden flash for her in the American Press, and her tiny workshop suddenly grew too small.

Her present boutique has a quiet, elegant showroom decorated in soft grey and green.

Mitzou swears by Spanish leather. Her suede comes from Spanish goats and sheep, and it is treated six or seven times and dried for a year to prevent it fading. This treatment also allows the startling colors of lipstick, raspberry, pale powder, navy-blues, taffy-yellow, Kelly-green, and

the stripe combination that she plays with.

There is little leisure time for Mitzou, but she sometimes goes with her husband on expensive jaunts to buy for his neighboring antique shop. She spends holidays with her five-year-old daughter, Caroline, at St. Tropez or in one of the Izquierdos' three homes. They have one in the lake region skirting Madrid, another in Majorca, and an apartment in the city above their two shops.

Mitzou has great respect for designers Balenciaga and Chanel. She goes to the shows and buys for herself, but she is not influenced by the dictates of Paris: "It is too theatrical. To me the Spanish woman, even in a sweater and skirt, is always in good taste," she said.

## Autograph

Jose Izquierdo, a softly spoken young man, helps his wife on the business side of managing the boutique, and he often talks with the buyers when they come.

He, too, was busy the morning I saw the autumn collection, but he sat and chatted with me for a few minutes. He showed me his tie, which Natalie Wood had autographed while he, Mitzou, Natalie, and their friend Richard Gregson were holidaying in Italy recently.

Jose seemed discontented with the sale of Mitzou's goods abroad: "Some agents send us buyers aged 80 years. How can they possibly know what to select and what will sell to younger people?" he said, and threw his hands in the air in disgust.

"The matter which has held us back in expanding abroad is that we are often disappointed with the organisation of those who want to sell for us."





BOW CANDLESTICK (about 1760).



CHELSEA PLATE (about 1755).



DR. WALL WORCESTER PLATE (about 1770).

# A BIG AUCTION OF RARE TREASURES



COALBROOKDALE CREAM JUG AND COVER (about 1820).



Pictures by Ernie Nutt

**COLLECTOR:** The late Leslie Edwin Radloff was born in 1898. He was married and had two children and seven grandchildren.

**R**ECENTLY a most important and comprehensive collection of antiques, works of art, and *objets vertu* was transported to Sydney from Adelaide. It included rare porcelain pottery, glass, and enamels.

The collection is part of the estate of the late Leslie Radloff, of Millwood, S.A., and will be auctioned at James R. Lawson's, Sydney, on October 10, 11, 12 and 17, 18, 19. Apart from local interest, it will arrest world-wide attention, for it is considered to be the most remarkable sale of its kind to be held in the southern hemisphere.

Mr. Radloff, a native of the Barossa Valley, was born in 1898 and died last January. He left school to be an architect or chemist, but during World War I he went to

help his father in a joinery business — the Adelaide Joinery Works — where he remained as a master joiner all his life. It is more than 16 years since I was introduced to Leslie Radloff by a mutual friend, George Holman, an antique and art dealer of Adelaide, recently retired.

Mr. Radloff was a client of George Holman's and frequently visited his shop. Here his taste for fine things was cultivated. In talking to Leslie Radloff I soon discovered that he, like myself, was completely absorbed in a world of his own — he had become obsessed with the wish to acquire rare and beautiful things.

He had developed an incurable disease known as "collecting." He enjoyed every minute of it — along with another hobby, growing cacti.

In his home could be seen English 18th- and 19th-century porcelain dating from the earliest productions, represented by Chelsea (1743-69) and Bow (1744-75), and glass and enamels and bric-a-brac.

## "Until the early hours"

His walls were adorned with a rare collection of Baxter prints, Le Blonds, miniatures, samplers, and wax portraits. He had a unique collection of pomade pot lids as well as an art collection, chiefly contemporary and including some delightful oils by Adrian Feint.

On many occasions I enjoyed Mr. Radloff's hospitality. We discussed various facets of collecting. Sometimes we differed on an attribution of a piece of porcelain, glass, or enamel, and we would discuss it at length until the early hours of the morning.

Leslie Radloff was a philanthropic character, and he shared his interests with others. He frequently lent some of

his rare pieces for display at exhibition to raise money for charities, and at times his home was thrown open to the public so that they could see his veritable museum of beauty.

He was an active committee member of the Adelaide Collectors' Society, a group of devotees in quest for knowledge and enjoying the hunt for things of interest to them. His very presence must have been an inspiration to future collectors, both young and old, to whom he gave a guiding hand, leading them from the many pitfalls which await the novice. Some of his treasures will remain in Adelaide.

One reflects with awe and sorrow that a precious collection which has taken more than 40 years to gather is to go under the "hammer" in not quite so many hours as it took years to collect.

But there is a consolation: Leslie Radloff enjoyed every moment of his collecting, and during his lifetime he brought happiness to many whose interest lies in the arts and crafts. He was the custodian of the treasured items, preserving them for posterity.

Some 2000 or more pieces, which in a short while will be auctioned, will be shared and enjoyed by many new owners — new custodians.

Some of them are pictured on these pages: A well-modelled Bow candlestick (illustrated, top left), one of a pair made about 1760, displays the high rococo base which was fashionable at the time.

The earliest known English porcelain was made at Chelsea (1743-1769), and in the Radloff collection there are some examples of the red anchor period (about 1755) and a few pieces belonging to the gold anchor period (about 1760-1769).

The Chelsea plate (in top row, second from left), with

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 4, 1967





CHELSEA-DERBY BASKET (about 1780).



NAILSEA LOVERS' BOTTLE.



"KING OF PRUSSIA"  
MUG (dated 1757).



WORCESTER TEAPOT (about 1765-70).

### REGENCY VASE AND COVER (right).

moulded indented rim painted with birds and floral decoration in the Meissen manner, belongs to the red anchor period. Some floral sprigs have been used to camouflage some minor defects in the potting or glaze, and this is a typical characteristic of the period.

The third picture in the top row shows a sumptuous Dr. Wall Worcester plate, with scalloped rim and wavy edge, made about 1770. It is one of a pair which were originally in the Collie Collection sold at Christies in 1869.

The Chelsea-Derby basket (fourth from left in top row) is marked underneath in script with a (D) intersected by an anchor in gold, and dates about 1780.

A study of the paste or body through artificial light shows up a "duck-egg" green, and in the inner footrim there is a recedence of the glaze. The glaze shows a fine "orange pitting" and the bottom is marked with a fretted square in blue in imitation of the Chinese.

The foregoing paragraph will give an idea of the detail Leslie Radloff, the avid collector and connoisseur with more than 40 years of experience, would be looking for in examining this piece before purchase.

Novelty glass is in abundance in the collection.

The productions of both Bristol and Nailsea can be studied from the infinite variety of flasks and bottles made in all shapes and forms, such as the Nailsea double-neck example (illustrated in the top row, fifth from the left), quite often described as a lovers' bottle.

### By STANLEY LIPSCOMBE

The introduction in 1756 of transfer printing on pottery or porcelain — by means of a paper transfer, which in turn had received its color from an engraved color plate — was a revolutionary move in the potter's technique. Worcester, under the direction of Richard Holdship and an engraver, Robert Hancock, produced some of the finest examples of printed ware known to exist.

The "King of Prussia" cylindrical mug (pictured second from the right in top row), which is inscribed "R. H. Worcester" with an anchor (for Richard Holdship), dated 1757, is perhaps one of the most historical examples of transfer printing known to exist.

This mug commemorates the success of Fredrick, King of Prussia in the Seven Years' War, and one cannot over-emphasise its importance.

An important, and also beautiful, Worcester teapot of globular form (in top row at far right) was made about 1765 to 1770. The reserve panels painted in the "Japan" taste are classical example of the Georgian era.

A small Coalbrookdale cream jug and cover (illustrated opposite in the big picture), of unique form encrusted with "natural" flowers, marked underneath in script with C.D. in blue, and made about 1820, is a reminder of the famous Payne collection which was sold at Joel's in Melbourne some years ago.

Robert Bloor took control of the famous Derby works in 1811, and the crater-shaped vase and cover, illustrated at right — the body painted with a continuous band of flowers, and rich metallic gilding brightly burnished — depicts a delightful flamboyancy of taste which was prevalent in Regency times. The basic shape of this vase is taken from an ancient Roman bronze prototype.

Printed picture pot lids and plates, as well as pomade jars (originally made for meat and fish pastes, hair greases and other cosmetics), are included in the collection, and there are many pieces of Staffordshire cottage or chimney-ornaments, and some copper lustre-ware.

Beautifully colored hand bells, which were popular during the 19th century, form part of a unique section of interesting Victoriana, as does the unusual collection of rolling-pins. These latter were made usually to be sold cheaply at markets and fairs, and others were decorated with amorous pledges and verse for personal gifts.





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## TRAVELLER'S TALE



● The late Dr. Albert Schweitzer, above, and, far right, Sister Burchill with Dr. W. Muntz.



# IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF DR. SCHWEITZER

**F**LYNN of the Inland, Grenfell of Labrador, Schweitzer of Africa are among the greatest names of the 20th century, bringing to mind the highest concept of humanitarian service.

As one of "Flynn's mob" in the outback of Australia, later serving with Grenfell's mission to fishermen in Labrador, I met those famous men; and, with a fascination for faraway places, I often dreamed of visiting, perhaps working in, Dr. Albert Schweitzer's hospital at Lambarene, in Equatorial Africa.

The opportunity to realise this dream came when I was abroad last January, 16 months after Dr. Schweitzer's death at the age of 90.

In preparation for the unusual journey, I received helpful advice from the Friends of Lambarene organisation in London, was vaccinated against yellow fever, and was granted a transit visa through application to the French Consulate.

I took the comfortable overnight flight from Paris to the Congo, changing planes at Brazzaville. On arrival at Liberville airport I was disturbed to learn that the plane for Lambarene had left half an hour before, facing me with the unexpected choice of staying overnight in this strange Congo town or proceeding on my journey by native public transport.

I chose the latter.

It was steaming hot in the little Ford bus driven by a native in clean white shirt and trousers, and as the only European passenger I sat in the cabin next to him. The main road from Liberville to Lambarene cove's a distance of nearly 110 miles and terminates near the Ogooué River.

The roadway consists mainly of rough red-earth surfacing, bordered on each side by dense jungle. The driver took me about 50 miles, then made arrangements for me to continue the journey by police transport. The fare in the bus was equivalent to \$A6.50.

During the journey we were ferried across three wide rivers where native women washed clothes on stones at the water's edge, quite young children expertly paddled dugout canoes in the vicinity, and colorful native markets set up at ferrying points displayed European-type clothes, native handicrafts, and foodstuffs. I bought a few bananas; they were delicious and nearly 18 inches long. The journey took eight hours.

In the interior of the luxuriant green jungle playful monkeys swing from trees, herds of elephants roam;

twilight deepened. The distance seemed ever so much farther; I was feeling exhausted, I suppose after the long, hot, dusty trip amid unfamiliar surroundings.

When I arrived at a group of buildings on a rise not far from the river, it was wonderful to be greeted by a member of the nursing staff and taken to a small bedroom made ready for me in the staff quarters.

This remote outpost hospital, only eight degrees from the Equator, was founded by Dr. Albert Schweitzer on the principle that native patients recover more quickly in their own surroundings. The simple bungalow-type wards and the general atmosphere simulate the natives' village conditions and so are more suited to their way of life than a modern hospital with its many awesome practices.

However, before his death in 1965, Dr. Schweitzer agreed that the hospital needed modernising. I saw this being done: septic tanks installed; new improved buildings erected to cope with the ever-increasing number of patients and staff; water supply and drainage improved.

Dr. Schweitzer's successor, a young Swiss doctor named Walter Muntz, first came to Lambarene in 1961 and stayed two years. Subsequently, Dr. Schweitzer named him in his directions before his death, desiring him to carry on the hospital with the administrative aid of Schweitzer's only daughter, Mrs. Rhena Echert, a qualified pharmacist.

Thirty-two-year-old Dr. Muntz, good-looking, over 6ft. tall, with a quiet, retiring manner, had always wanted to work at Lambarene. He prepared himself for mission work from an early age, and when he read Dr. Schweitzer's account of Lambarene in the book "On the Edge of the Primeval Forest" he felt it was a personal call.

Dr. Muntz lives in the same tradition as the famous founder lived for 50 years — in a small wooden hut in the forest.

Dr. Schweitzer's own hut now stands empty, though exactly as he left it. One felt strangely moved by the poignant reminders of that noble earthly life: the familiar white

By  
**ELIZABETH BURCHILL**

*Australian nursing sister, author of "Labrador Memories" (1944), "Innaminka" (1960), and "New Guinea Nurse," to be published later this year. She served with the Australian Inland Mission, with a British medical unit caring for refugee children in Spain in the Civil War, and with Wilfred Grenfell's mission in Labrador; and nursed in Palestine and Egypt in World War II. Later she became a radio announcer at Shepparton, Vic., was in charge of infant welfare clinics at Darwin and on Thursday Island, and nursed in New Guinea. She went overseas again in 1965, for the International Nurses' Congress, and returned early this year. In private life she is Mrs. P. C. Shalless, living at Blackburn, Vic.*

the home of the much-feared gorilla and the deadly Gabon viper is also beyond the edge of the primeval forest. I saw no wild animals, but photographed graceful women walking with huge bundles on their heads, and a male hunter with a captured antelope swung from a pole carried on his shoulder.

At Lambarene, which is a trading village, I saw a number of native boys playing near the river. A native policeman with whom I had travelled instructed one of them to act as my guide to the hospital.

We walked about a mile and a half along a narrow, rough track as the

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## DRI-GLO NAPPIES

## IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF DR. SCHWEITZER

● Domestic animals and birds are allowed to wander over the famous doctor's grave, as he would have wished, and as they still do freely around the hospital.

From page 31

helmet hanging on the wall, black shoes near the simple iron bedstead.

The writing-desk near the window was made from wooden crates by his own hands, and a crude little wooden stool served for him as a chair. In the dining-room, his chair stands empty at its accustomed place at the centre of the long staff table, his name carved on the back.

In a corner stands the old piano he used to play after evening dinner.

I was surprised to learn that there are about 30 members on the European staff. The team was more than complete at the time of my arrival, so I contented myself with a brief stay before proceeding to South Africa, where I proposed to remain a few weeks before returning home to Australia.

Five doctors among the dedicated international staff assist Dr. Muntz. Dr. Friedman, a Hungarian, has been at the hospital for many years. During World War II he was interned in a German concentration camp and he still carries identification marks on his right forearm.

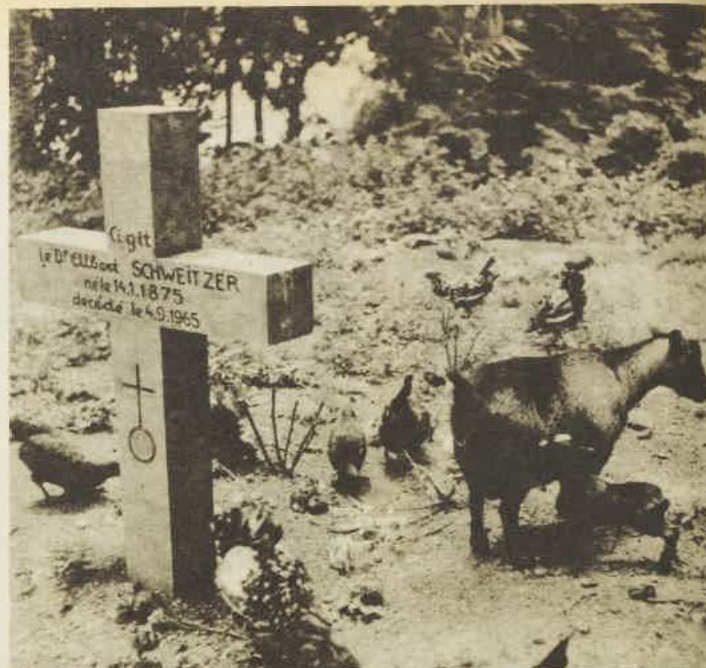
Dr. Takahashi, a Japanese, is in charge of the leper colony, which was built by money received by Dr. Schweitzer for his Nobel Peace Prize address in 1952. This is a quarter of a mile from the main hospital buildings and caters for 150 in-patients in various stages of the disease.

Fourteen nurses, of different ages and many nationalities, generally serve at Lambarene for two years before leaving the rigorous climate of the Congo for well-deserved leave down south.

Occasionally, romance flourishes amid the beautiful tropical nights. Last year a doctor and a nurse were married in the little mission church at Lambarene.

It is significant that there is no church building or chapel among the 72 hospital buildings. The simple Sunday morning service is held in the open air, under the shade of overhanging roofs, conducted by a senior member of the staff with the aid of African interpreters.

Dr. Schweitzer lies near the hospital in a simple grave where his earthly remains have become part of the jungle. At the base of the rough white concrete cross loving hands have placed bouquets of artificial flowers.



Many times I paused at the grave. Here one felt the nobility of the man, his great simplicity and endearing humility.

Animals of all description wander around the hospital. I saw goats, dogs, turkeys, ducks, and a lovely soft-eyed gazelle.

In keeping with Dr. Schweitzer's philosophy, "reverence for life," Africans are paid to bring sick or wounded animals to the hospital for treatment; afterward the animals are set free to return to the jungle.

One of the nurses spoke fondly of a baby gorilla which she reared with a young African baby she had taken into her care; she kept both for two years. Gazing at a photograph of the animal hanging on the wall of her

Guinea, patients and their relatives sit around small family fires outside the gauzed-in wards and cook their meals — usually manioc (the root of a tree which takes the place of bread), rice, and bananas. Fish is cooked in palm oil.

Almost everything for the Europeans has to be imported, essential food and medical supplies coming by way of a river steamer from the coast.

During a tour of inspection of the hospital I was much impressed with a small section catering for young children under two years who had lost one or both parents. Three baby inmates under twelve months old looked loved and well cared for, with shining black skin and luminous eyes.

Wearing pretty pink and blue cotton frocks, they sat happily in individual swings hung from the ceiling. Altogether the equipment of this section was like what one would see in any modern crèche abroad.

I had a long talk with Mademoiselle Ali, a sweet-faced Dutch woman who has been at Lambarene for nearly 30 years, first as nurse, latterly as secretary, helping to cope with the large amount of correspondence. Perhaps more than anyone else, she knew Dr. Schweitzer's thoughts and ideals. She made available to me his books and lectures, and in the course of conversation said,

"People who criticised said he was old and old-fashioned. He was not old-fashioned. He was very, very wise, a great philosopher; he had a wonderful mind for detail and built up this hospital to fit in with the people's surroundings. He knew more than anyone else that the people would not be content to return to their villages if it was otherwise."

Mlle Ali could remember the visit of only one other Australian nurse. Two years ago a young Australian dentist on a brief visit to Lambarene stayed on to attend to African patients' teeth, an unexpected service greatly appreciated by staff and patients.

There is no doubt that the personality of Dr. Schweitzer has left an indelible impression on those who carry on his work. His spirit seems to permeate the place, and the staff seem hard to recognise that he is no longer there.

Referring to the future, Dr. Muntz said, "I want to guide this hospital according to the spirit, if not always the methods, of Dr. Schweitzer."

He finds his work full of joy.



● Volunteers build a new ward at the Dr. Albert Schweitzer Hospital.

room, I listened fascinated as she told of these two young creatures responding to the same loving care, fed with bottles containing the same milk mixture and wearing nappies.

The kindly doctor himself reared baby gorillas, brought to the hospital by Africans who found them alone in the jungle. A few months before my arrival Dr. Schweitzer's pet goat gave birth on his grave.

Modern medicines, techniques, equipment, and drugs are used at the hospital. In-patients number 500, and a large number of natives queue daily at the out-patient department for advice and treatment.

There is a midwifery ward and dental surgery. A generator supplies electricity to the operating theatre, where successful major operations are performed. All other buildings are lit by kerosene lamps.

As in the remote areas of New



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# THE LOOK OF SPORTSCRAFT



By John Moore

# AMONG THE QUIET FOLKS

The peace of the  
old churchyard was  
suddenly broken for  
the sensitive child

THE child watched her father sharpening his scythe. Her eyes, turning to and fro, could hardly follow the swift movement of the whetstone. Her father had stood the scythe upside down so that its heel was level with his chin. His wrist flicked deftly as he stroked the blade with the stone. Long practice enabled him to do this without looking; he spoke over his shoulder toward the cottage behind him:

"I be going to have a day with them as can't answer back."

"Then take the brat with you, for goodness!"

"She'll be all right playing in the garden."

"She never do play. She just hangs around. Gets on my nerves."

It seemed to the child that the whetstone shrieked in imitation of her mother's voice.

"Why they wants half-term at Whitsun beats me. What for do we pay them teachers—"

"The likes of us don't have to pay 'em."

"Well, somebody do. And what do we get for it? They ain't taught her much, for goodness—"

"Not in front of Emily—"

"That kid ain't right. Ars't her what she was doing just now and she said, 'Thinking.' Well!"

"Emily," said her father, arresting his right hand in the middle of a stroke; and because her mother had fallen silent, too, it was as if the whole world went still suddenly. "Like to come along o' me, have a day among the Quiet Folks?"

She knew what he meant. It was what he always said when the Vicar asked him to mow the long grass in the churchyard: "A day among the Quiet Folks," who didn't gossip nor chatter nor nag, nag, nag.

He took her hand and slung the scythe over his shoulder, and they went down the short village street between the thatched houses, through the lych-gate, into the silent acre of grass and of graves.

For a while she was content to watch the green swath falling. It was still dewy, and sweet smelling; she heaped it up to make mounds, which she burrowed in, and pretended she was some kind of animal that lived in such mounds. Every few minutes her father paused and made the stone sing against the blade; its keen edge when he started again made a swish so soft it was like a sigh. Here and there were clumps of nettles—'ettles as he called them: They troublesome 'ettles, how they do grow.

When the scythe met them it made a rougher, rasping sound. Old mossy tombstones appeared where the nettles had stood, and he trimmed the herbage neatly round them. Sometimes he bent down and tried to read the words on a tombstone; and he would talk to himself: "Annie Elizabeth, 1757, R.I.P. You bin quiet these two hundred years." Then he would straighten himself, and re-light his pipe, and stand looking up at the tall church spire. Emily had a sense of his easiness as he stood there, and they smiled at each other, which they never did at home.

But soon she grew tired of watching him, and of the game with the grass mounds, and she crept away, through the soft, tickling grass and the moon-daisies that stood higher than her waist. She remembered something her father had said about the Quiet Folks "pushing up the daisies," and she fancied the flowers were taller wherever there was a stone. She tried to imagine how the dead people pushed them up, but she couldn't understand it, how they could do such a thing when they were dead.

She explained it to herself in terms of magic—the Quiet Folks wished, and the daisies grew. The idea pleased her, and she began to feel familiar with the Quiet Folks and close to them. She

To page 42





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delicious luncheon too.



# COMPACT

## BABY WON'T PLAY POSSUM

PLAYING possum is pretending to be dead—but this three-month-old Australian possum is very much alive.

It—the newcomer's sex hasn't yet been established—was born to Fred and Freda Possum recently at the London Zoo.

The birth has created great excitement. It is only the second time in the zoo's history that a baby possum has been born there. The first was in 1938.

"We're all thrilled," said Mr. H. W. Styles, head keeper of the pavilion for small mammals, where the possums are housed.

"Before they came to us, Fred and Freda had to be kept apart because they fought.

### ● Fighters

"Sometimes possums fight like mad—and sometimes they breed like fury. Fred and Freda apparently do both."

Young possums usually spend the first four months of their lives tucked up in mother's pouch. But not this youngster.

It has been seen several times peeping out of the possum nest-box and investigating the branches in the enclosure.

Already almost the same size as its mother, the young possum is feeding on a regular diet of bananas, apples, dates, carrots, and cabbage.

The youngster is doing well, reports the zoo, and the head keeper keeps a close watch on his newcomer.

The possum family is kept in a special enclosure, where the heat maintains a steady 78 degrees Fahrenheit.

In this newly built wing, all the nocturnal animals are kept in specially lit pens to allow visitors to view them.

OK, so  
what goes up  
must come down . . .

HOW does a plane "land" in a crowded big city plaza surrounded by soaring buildings? . . . But, down HERE?

Shoppers and office workers in the heart of Sydney recently turned up to find a four-seater plane with a 36ft. wingspan in just such a situation. An executive flight service with offices above the plaza had put one of its latest models on display. The wings were removed to get it into position.

## Penfriendship guided Guides together

■ The story of a Norwegian girl and an Australian girl who met after ten years as penfriends (it was in our August 23 issue) was of great interest to Mrs. Marion Fisher, of Panania, N.S.W.

"I had the same wonderful experience on March 12, last year," she wrote, "but after a much longer period of writing. To be exact, 21 years!

"It all started during World War II when, as a little girl, I lived with my parents in the middle of an industrial area, 20 miles from London. The German pilots used to follow the river to the city, which meant the towns at its mouth experienced very severe air-raids.

"One night in June, 1944, we heard a 'doodlebug' approaching our district. These were guided missiles which had a horrible whine. We heard it coming over and all of a sudden its motor stopped and everything was

silent as we waited to know where it would fall.

"It came down only a few yards from our house. Our air-raid shelter was destroyed, the roof of the house fell in, the walls were damaged, and the whole house was eventually destroyed.

### HOMELESS

"Luckily, we were in a room built on to the back of the house, which was untouched.

"Homeless, with only the clothes we wore, we reported next day to an emergency centre for help.

"Then, members of the 1st Ganmain, N.S.W., Girl Guides sent gifts and money to the Guide troop to which

I belonged. My penfriendship started when I wrote to one, Elsie Cooper, to thank her.

"When my husband and I and our three daughters migrated to Australia, Elsie, her husband, Tom, and their two sons and daughter were on the wharf waiting to meet us.

"The intricate arrangements I had made by letter as to how we would recognise each other were quite unnecessary. When the ship docked I looked down and picked them out straight away.

### BIG THRILL

"I could never describe the feeling I had when I came face to face with Elsie. She was exactly as I had pictured her.

"And it was a thrill to visit Ganmain and see all the places Elsie had described to me over the years in her letters.

"Our friendship is back to letter-writing, but we do see each other occasionally and at least we proved that the unexpected can happen, even if it does take 21 years!"

### GREEN: WEAR, IF YOU DARE!

Green is one of this year's most popular colors—so the entire female population had better take care. According to superstition, green is sheer bad luck.

The jinx attached to the wearing of this color stems from old beliefs held by the Celts of Ireland and Scotland.

Green is the proverbial color of the "Little People"—pixies, fairies, elves, etc.—and anyone bold enough to wear the color comes under their power.

According to the Celtic belief, a bride wearing green is liable to be spirited away by fairies to their underground abode, since the fairies are somewhat touchy about a human appropriating their color. (A rather embarrassing situation for the poor bridegroom!)

This is all very fine, but what happens to the good old Irish on St. Patrick's Day?



● Baby peeks from behind Mum.

## BICYCLE TURNS 150

THE bicycle is 150 years old this year. A German forester, Freiherr Drais, invented what he called the "velociped." This was primitive by the standards of today's cyclists. It had no rubber tyres and no pedals. Pioneer cyclists had to get started by pushing off from the ground with one foot. In 1853, another German, Moritz Fischer, invented pedals. And, in 1888, an Irish veterinary named Dunlop introduced inflatable tyres. World production of bicycles today comes to about 25 million a year.



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## HOW MANY CIGARETTES AGO DID YOU DECIDE TO GIVE UP SMOKING?



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This TAR GARD holder contains a concealed tar precipitation device which traps and stores most of the impurities inherent in cigarette smoke, while allowing you to safely enjoy filter or non-filter cigarettes. The tar precipitator doesn't need changing, new cartridges or replacements. And it works without changing the coolness and flavour of your favourite cigarette.

TAR GARD comes in a dainty, elegant, gold-embossed pouch which fits snugly into pocket or handbag. Each pouch contains two holders, one black, the other clear.

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## AMOCO-DAVIS CUP CONTEST

# WRITE ABOUT WOMAN DRIVER TO WIN A CAR



THE MAIN PRIZE—there are many other awards.

● Win a brand-new Ford Cortina in our wonderful Amoco-Davis Cup Contest, which is open to all our readers.

ALL you have to do to enter the contest is write us a letter — not more than 400 words — telling a story about a woman driver.

It can be a brief account of an ordinary car trip with a woman driver, a story about a woman's job, perhaps as a professional driver of a taxi or taxi-truck, or as a messenger on a motor-scooter.

Perhaps a mother who writes of herself as the family chauffeur could take off the prize.

Men, too, are eligible for the contest.

They are always telling funny and sometimes critical stories about women drivers, good and bad ones.

Here's a chance to capitalise on these stories. Remember, we want to hear about one woman driver not women drivers in general!

The Grand Champion prizewinner will be given first-class return air tickets

for two to Brisbane, as well as first-class accommodation in Brisbane for two, and \$100 spending money, during the Davis Cup Challenge Round matches.

He or she will personally be presented with the main prize — the Ford Cortina — at a special ceremony during the Challenge Round matches between December 26, 27, and 28.

If for any reason the winner is unable to travel to Brisbane, he or she can nominate a "stand-in."

We expect all kinds of wonderful, humorous, sad, and dramatic stories from all kinds of people.

The best entry from each State will also win a prize.

The State winners will receive an expenses-paid holiday for two to Brisbane for the Davis Cup matches, as well as \$100 spending money.

The runner-up and third-prize winner in each State will receive \$100 and \$50 respectively.

If the first-prize State winner in Queensland comes

from Brisbane he or she may take a trip to any other capital instead.

If the Grand Champion also comes from Brisbane, similarly he or she may take the all-expenses-paid three-day trip to any other capital city at another time.

Start sending in your entries immediately, as we will give five weekly progress prizes of \$20 or a pair of Davis Cup tickets.

The closing date for entries is November 6.

The results and winners' names will be announced on December 13.

This contest is open to all except employees and their relatives of Amoco, The Australian Women's Weekly, and their associated publications and advertising agencies.

Address each entry to "Amoco-Davis Cup" Contest, c/- Box 7052, G.P.O. Sydney, N.S.W. 2001.

Don't forget to mark each entry clearly with your name and address and postcode.

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Further details are given on page 44



# HELP YOUR CHILD LEARN TO LEARN

AS a mother and a schoolteacher I am constantly aware of the problems that face today's youngsters in their efforts to prepare themselves for the future in a rapidly changing social and technological world.

Children need some constructive help to overcome the obstacles they meet during those formative years when they are undertaking their basic training — we'll call it education — to cope with the life when they reach adulthood.

The need to learn how to learn can be expressed in simple terms.

During the school life of a child, knowledge is gathered and teachers expect it to be remembered. Examinations are given to test the ability to retain knowledge and also the ability to apply, analyse, and combine this knowledge.

However, rarely does teacher or parent attempt to help children approach these problems in a practical way.

Many children read to gain knowledge, but they do not always know the best way to commit what they read to memory.

Have you, as a parent and an adult, found that you recall something more easily if you write it down?

Have you suggested to your children that more will be remembered if notes are made while the book is being read? If you haven't done so, do it now.

How many students know how to pick out the important points in their reading?

## Ability to condense information is vital

Perhaps the ability to summarise and condense information is one of the most vital factors in successful learning. This ability requires training and practice, but once acquired it makes learning easier and more rewarding.

Even with these abilities, students do not necessarily succeed. It is often lack of motivation which inhibits success.

Certainly those who possess intelligence and ability will find success easier; but many "average" students achieve greater success because they have a psychological advantage. They have the motivation to reach a set goal. This goal must be attainable within a reasonable time.

Too many senior students have not made a decision on a future career. Many lack even the immediate target of succeeding at school. Many who desire to attend university or technical college do not have a more long-term ambition.

Students need motivation to achieve success; they need to have a purpose. What

By  
**JOAN MCPHEE**

*Mrs. McPhee, mother of primary school-age children, teaches commercial principles, economics, and accounting to Form V and Form VI students at the Malvern Girls' High School in Victoria. She graduated as a Bachelor of Commerce from the University of Melbourne and completed an Approved Course of Teacher Training at the Secondary Teachers' College in Melbourne.*

have you done as a parent to help them?

A microscope given to a youngster could provide the first link in a chain which may lead to a scientist or doctor in the family. What kind of gifts do you buy for your children?

Teachers and parents can help with this problem of motivation. Information concerning the opportunities for careers, the skills and training required, is available in many forms — books on careers, libraries, university handbooks, technical college prospectuses, visits to schools by speakers on specialist careers, the Department of Labor and National Service, and the opportunity for students to talk about careers with those who are currently pursuing them.

Some schools provide this assistance, but if your school does not, then it's up to you. Motivation can sometimes be provided in the schoolroom with modern teaching methods, but parents can play an important part also.

Have you given your son or daughter the opportunity to learn about available careers, taken them to Open Day at the universities, encouraged them to read widely, visited exhibitions similar to a recent one organised in Victoria by the Science Teachers' Association, talked to young people already working?

If you haven't done any of these things for your children, why don't you do something now? These are some of the ingredients which will enable children to approach learning more successfully. Even though the education system largely depends on examinations to measure success, other skills are needed.

Children need to learn to pass examinations. Do you realise that there are positive steps they can take? First, however, it is appropriate to look at pre-examination preparation and study habits generally.

Where does your child study? The bedroom, with a good light and a suitable table and chair, is probably the best place.

Most schools set out homework timetables. Do you make sure your children follow them to ensure that study time is spent completing the work set?

If reading is to be done, notes should be taken at the

same time. It is easier to remember information this way.

Everyone finds that time is an enemy — students never have sufficient time to study for examinations; parents never have sufficient time to carry out all the activities they wish; but this is mainly due to lack of organisation.

If a regular routine is established, needed books are at hand, notes are sorted out, and concentration is a reality, then less time is wasted and work can be approached more positively.

## "Key points" to begin a train of thought

Pre-examination study must include the summarising of notes taken in class and from textbooks. If this summary is further reduced to "key points," then these, once committed to memory, can begin a train of thought which will enable a student to expand a remembered phrase into an intelligible essay or discussion.

Even in more practical subjects a system should be devised to ensure that study time is used to best advantage. In mathematics, theory must be applied. It is only by doing problems that work can be learnt and later recalled.

Examinations themselves frequently cause great anxiety; but if study has been systematic and regular there should be no need for this. The knowledge has been acquired. The only problem that remains is to approach the examination systematically also.

You can help your children with some of the following practical commonsense suggestions:

- During the "reading time" in an examination room, the student should work out the amount of time which should be spent on each question. When the "green light" is given to begin, the question which seems the easiest should be done first.

- All questions should be read carefully to make sure the answer is given to the question asked by the examiner, and not something else that has been mistakenly read into it.

- Try to plan each answer in rough outline, as this will enable clearer and more effective answers.

- Remember that examiners cannot read minds and must be told as grammatically as possible all that is relevant in answer to the question. Define terms used and avoid abbreviations, but if these are used always list the abbreviation and its meaning with the answer.

Perhaps the most important thing you can do for your children is to encourage them to think, and think clearly. Even this will be insufficient, however, unless they are also taught to express themselves properly.

Parents have the greatest influence on children, and this is reinforced by teachers.

What are you doing to help your children learn to learn?

## Our 'Camelot' contest

• Look back over your life — and think of the occasion when you most had reason to think of a man as your Sir Galahad.

He might have been old, young, your husband, a total stranger, or the boy next door. The situation could have been homely, grand, funny, near-tragic. What matters is that, like knights of old in the film "Camelot," he came to the rescue of a lady in distress.

Write and tell us about the incident in not more than 500 words. Entries close on October 16. Prizes are: First Prize \$100, Second Prize \$50, Third Prize \$25.

There are also six "Camelot" wardrobes — one for the best entry from each State. Each wardrobe consists of one

negligee, one nightie, two slips, and two panties in a special range created from the "Camelot" designs in "Camelot" colors.

In addition, each State winner will be sent tickets for the opening night of "Camelot" in that State.

Write clearly, giving full address, including State, and send your entries to "Camelot Contest," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

(The Editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into.)

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press and allied companies and Warner Brothers and members of their families are not eligible to enter. Nor are the employees of other newspapers or members of their families.)

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So don't be a bra-misfit. After all, you wouldn't "misfit" your feet by buying shoes without a fitting, would you? Besides, 10 minutes with a Berlei trained fitter is not so long when you remember your Gothic will be with you for quite a while.

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## Berlei Gothic fitted bras



## "I dunno but I'm gunna"

TO the claim that "Yeah, but" is the most-used Australian phrase, I would like to say "I dunno so much." This may have slipped a bit "like," because at one time it was usually the first indication of disagreement, "you know." Then there is sometimes "I dunno like, but I think," or "I woodeno, but they reckon..." Oh, well.

\$2 to "Woodeno Like" (name supplied), Innisfail, Qld.

IN our house the favorite phrase is "I was just gunna." Whenever any of the family (including Dad) are reminded of a chore they haven't done, or of something that needs fixing, the answer is always: "I was just gunna do it."

\$2 to "Patience" (name supplied), Mount Gambier, S.A.

IT is my opinion that the phrase most used by Australians is "It's all right." Whether you ask about a new car, the latest show, or a new job, more often than not the answer is "It's all right." If you happen to ask about members of the family, it's "They're all right."

\$2 to Miss Margaret J. Thorpe, Rockhampton, Qld.

I RECKON the most-used phrase is "I reckon." Just listen to how many times these two words are used by a great number of people. I had not realised I used it so much myself until I was made aware of it by a friend.

\$2 to Mrs. E. Moss, Parkdale, Vic.

AUSTRALIANS have a reputation overseas for putting up with the second-best. Near enough, it seems, is good enough. So I nominate "That'll do" as one overworked phrase.

\$2 to Mrs. J. Vivian, St. Ives, N.S.W.

"IN" at the moment are "This is true" and "That's for sure." Just as overworked in their day were "You can say that again," "You're telling me," and "Some acid." This last was for something very modish. I well remember the stern reprimand I received as a child for saying OK, called by my parents "a vulgar Americanism."

\$2 to Mrs. A. S. King, Terrigal, N.S.W.

WHILE agreeing that "Yeah, but" must be about the most common phrase in use, this brings to mind another one used by the same people, who, after beginning their disagreement with you by saying "Yeah, but," end up with "Of course, that's only my opinion." Apparently an Australian just doesn't like to appear antagonistic.

\$2 to D.K. (name supplied), Newcastle, N.S.W.

WITHOUT doubt the most trite phrase used by folk whose first query has been answered, is "Well, look

\$2 to "Self First" (name supplied), Kilsyth, Vic.



## LETTER BOX

### Other people are human

I THINK one reason why there is such slaughter on the roads every year is that we have lost our concern for human life and have ceased to regard people as human beings. It helps to remember at times that all the people we pass on the highway or see in the supermarket have homes, television sets, relatives, and likes and dislikes. This helps us to visualise them as individuals—not simply as a mass of humans.

\$2 to "Wanderer" (name supplied), Leppington, N.S.W.

### She'll wake up!

FAMOUS last words: My 16-year-old daughter, who hates housework and will do anything to get out of it, came home from work, flopped down on the nearest chair, and said, "I'm sick of work, Mum. I think I'll get married so I can sit down all day and do nothing."

\$2 to Mrs. D. J. Adam, Howard, Qld.

### A bite between friends

ONE of my grandsons was bitten by a playmate, and after attending to the bite his mother told him that the next time he was bitten he was to hit the offender. To her surprise the little chap wailed all the louder, saying, between sobs, "I don't want to hit him, Mum, he's my best friend."

\$2 to Mrs. B. Thomas, Oatley, N.S.W.

### Don't kick the cat

WHEN will people realise there is no point in complaining about the prices of articles to shop assistants? They have nothing to do with the pricing of things, and it simply makes them upset and uncomfortable when customers persist in arguing. If you feel you are being overcharged, take your complaint to the management and let the assistants get on with their job of serving other customers.

\$2 to Mrs. V. J. Halliday, Cloncurry, Qld.

### A dog's life

DO any readers own dogs who boast better living conditions than these? Ours has the luxury of its own special heater, which is left on all night. It sleeps in a car case on a raised platform covered with rubber foam, and has several blankets, and we're contemplating buying it a pillow. It shares our porridge for breakfast, and has a drink and dog biscuit when we partake of coffee and cake. Even TV viewing is shared with our canine companion, as it has its own rug in the lounge-room.

\$2 to "Spoilt Dog" (name supplied), Cheltenham, Vic.

## Ross Campbell writes...

### SCRAMBLED WOGS

MRS. HOPKINS answered the phone, then went back to the living-room.

"That's Mrs. Johnson," she said. "She says Wendy's got the mumps, and she wants to know if Diane can come and see her. Do you remember if Diane has had the mumps?"

"No, I don't," said Mr. Hopkins. "Didn't she have mumps that time we couldn't go to Yamba in the holidays?"

"No, it was Gary who was sick that time. I remember he was disappointed because he was looking forward to the fishing."

"Still, I'm sure Diane has had mumps. Yes, it was when she couldn't go in the play at school, and we lent her wings to Nora Bunding to play the Fairy Queen."

Diane came into the room. Her mother said: "You did have mumps that time you couldn't go in the play, didn't you?"

"I don't know, Mum. I think I had spots, though."

"That sounds more like measles," said her father.

"No, I'm certain she had mumps. I can remember her face swollen up. I'll chance it and let her go to see Wendy."



Mrs. Hopkins was going back to the phone when her husband called out: "Wait on! I don't think I've had mumps myself. I don't want to catch them."

"Surely you know if you've had mumps!"

"I seem to remember my mother saying I was the only one in the family that never had them."

So Diane was not allowed to visit Wendy Johnson.

When Mr. Hopkins' mother was told about it she said: "What non-

sense! Of course Reg had mumps. They all had mumps the same Christmas. I'm almost sure."

This confusion over medical records is a common difficulty. It happens especially in households like the Hopkins' with a number of children (they have four). The years become a blur of chicken-pox, tonsillitis, rashes, allergies, wogs, dog's disease, etc.

Broken arms and legs are easier to remember. Even Mrs. Hopkins has a clear recollection of the time Wally broke his arm by falling off a fence at school.

"Mr. McDonald, his teacher, took him to the hospital in his car," she told me. "It was when Wally was in fourth class and he used to get Sturt and Stuart mixed up."

But broken arms and legs are rare, except in skiing families.

The only people I know who have done something about the problem are the Fretwells. Mrs. Fretwell keeps a Disease Diary. She can tell you in an instant that Gloria had jaundice in April, 1962, and Barry had tinea in the summer of 1964.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Fretwell does not talk about anything except diseases. Which tends to give her Diary a bad name.

## TUNE IN, DROP OUT



Scientists at Adelaide University have fitted small radio transmitters to nine goannas on Kangaroo Island in order to study their drinking habits.

*Gertie the Goanna is a noted alcoholic, Making jungle juice from eucalyptus leaves, And many is the revel and the merry midnight frolic*

*With the kangaroos and possums as she weaves In and out the shadows of the moonlight on the mulga—*

*Oh, Gertie with her inhibitions shed Is a sight for sober study, though she isn't ever vulgar,*

*But she sometimes passes out when playing dead.*

*Gertie the Goanna is swearing off the liquor, She camouflaged herself and climbed a tree, She's a wake-up to the boffins and they needn't think they'll trick her, She has given up the drink for LSD.*

—Dorothy Drain

### Colander goes mod

WHY not call a spade a spade? When I asked for a colander in a large store, the girl assistant shook her head. As I turned away from the counter I spied the exact article I wanted. It was bowl-shaped, aluminium, with holes all over it. In short, a colander. I bought it, and the girl gave me a docket which showed the words "Food-strainer." Obviously, I am not with it.

\$2 to "Cookie" (name supplied), Calliope, Qld.



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observed the different monuments which marked their habitations, and before long a large white angel engaged her attention. Its wings were spread wide as if it were about to fly, or perhaps as if it had only just landed. It was the tallest thing in the churchyard, and Emily made a beeline toward it. The grave, she soon saw, was quite a new one, and there were flowers on it, as well as a holly wreath with a label which said, In loving memory of Auntie. The name on the headstone caught Emily's eye, and it was one you couldn't forget if you had ever heard it: Penelope Prendergast.

At once she remembered Mrs. Prendergast who had lived in the big house at the top of the village, and Mrs. Prendergast's corgi dog which she dragged round on a lead, jerking the lead viciously to hurt its neck every time it looked at a lamp-post. She remembered the terror of meeting Mrs. Prendergast, who looked like an old witch and who hated all children because she thought they might damage the flowers in her garden, when they crept in to look for lost balls. Even if you hadn't done anything wrong she would stop you and stare at you in her peaky way and say:

"Whose little girl are you?" "Emily Radford."

"Well, your mother wouldn't like you going about with your knees all filthy. You've been climbing over walls, I daresay. Going where you shouldn't. Go home and clean yourself. Tell Mrs. Radford I said so."

Once Emily did tell her, and her mother said: "The old witch."

Emily now remembered the hearse going by, on a Saturday morning in March. She remembered it because of the

## AMONG THE QUIET FOLKS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

flowers—they were piled up all over the coffin so that it seemed as if Mrs. Prendergast was taking her whole garden with her on her last ride, in case the boys should do harm to it! Behind the hearse, in a big car, sat two sharp-faced women in black. They both held handkerchiefs and dabbed at their eyes. Emily's mother, leaning over the garden-gate, had said, "Crocodile tears..." They comes into sixty thousand."

She had a mop in her hand, and she spun it round and sent the dirty water flying as if to show that she didn't care twopence about Mrs. Prendergast in her coffin. "Well, she won't trouble no one no more," said Emily's mother, as the bare-headed men carried the coffin through the lych-gate.

With difficulty and some bewilderment, crouching in the shadow of the angel's wings, Emily now read the inscription upon the stone. (The angel, barefooted, stood upon this stone. It had toenails just like a human being.) The inscription ran:

IN FOND REMEMBRANCE OF PENELOPE PRENDERGAST, OF THIS PARISH, WHOSE CHRISTIAN PIETY, KINDLINESS AND COMPASSION FOR BOTH MAN AND BEAST, AS WELL AS HER BENEFACTIONS TO THE SICK AND THE POOR, WERE AN EXAMPLE TO ALL WHO KNEW HER. SHE FELL ASLEEP ON THE 15TH OF MARCH 1964 AGED 73 YEARS. R.I.P.

Emily read it three times,

and was deeply troubled by it, for she kept seeing Mrs. Prendergast jerking her dog's head and waving her stick at little boys playing ball-games near her gate. As she strove to get the sense of the inscription she became aware—as she was often aware—of the terrifying nature of the grown-up world, with all its contradictions and perplexities. In sudden fear of it she withdrew herself as a snail draws back its horns into its shell. She shut her mind alike to the words on the headstone and to the memory of the old woman with the dog.

SHE fell into a daydream, wondering why there were no moon-daisies round Mrs. Prendergast's tomb. Perhaps she hadn't wished, down there under the earth; perhaps she couldn't; more likely she wouldn't, out of sheer ill-temper. Idly glancing about her, Emily was struck by something unfriendly, even menacing, in the attitude of the angel. It looked as if it were about to pounce, to swoop down on Emily because she trespassed there. Its face, which was pointed and peaky, reminded her of Mrs. Prendergast's, and she was indeed persuaded that it was a likeness of Mrs. Prendergast turned into an angel.

Warily she began to crawl backwards, on her knees, because she was reluctant to turn her back on it. Thus she retreated until she was in the long grass; and feeling fairly safe there, but not quite safe, she got up and ran until she came to the very edge of the churchyard. There she happened to stub

her shins against a very small tombstone which was hidden by the grasses; and being out of breath from running, she lay down before it.

She was listening to the corncrake sound of her father's whetstone, and watching a bumblebee furry with pollen burrowing into a flower, and forgetting about Mrs. Prendergast, when she realised, with the utmost dismay, that the name on the little tombstone was her own. All the letters weren't there, for it was an old stone, smoothed by the weather: but she could make out E M—then there was a blank space—L and part of a Y. For a moment this terrified her; then she assured herself that there were other people with the same name—no less than three girls at school were called Emily—so she crept nearer to the stone, wriggling on her tummy until she was lying along the narrow hump just in front of it.

She parted the grasses and now she could read quite easily what it said on the stone, for the slanting sun etched each letter with a black shadow. Here lyeth, she read, EM LY beloved child of John and Jane Nott, who died of the smallpox at her Aunt Catchmay's in Glosier on Christmas Day 1720 in the 8th yr. of her age...

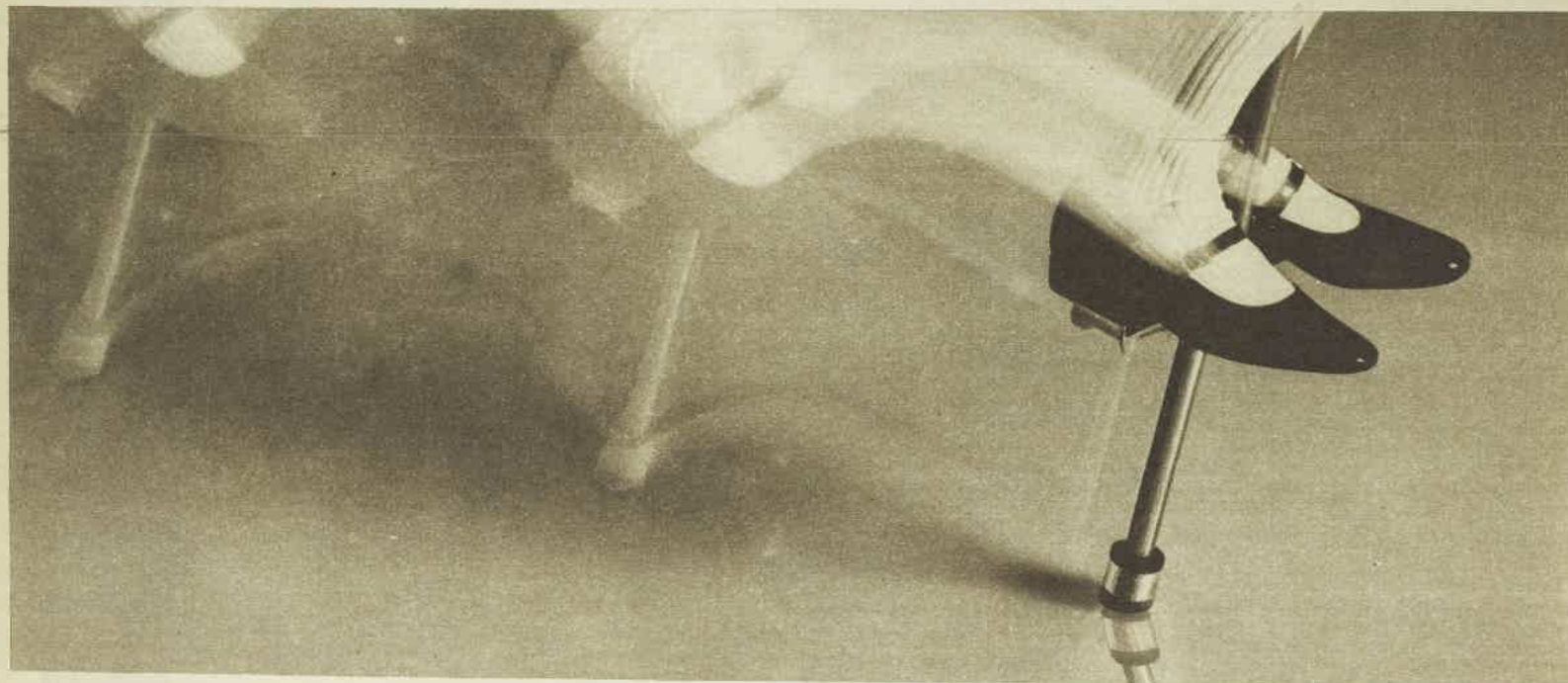
There was some more writing after that, but the moss at the bottom of the stone had covered up several of the letters. She spelt them out as best she could:

AFT R LIF'S FITFU  
FEV SHE SL PS  
WELL.

Emily began to feel it was important that she should make out the meaning of the words. They tantalised her;

To page 43

## Only one kind of floor can take this in its stride.



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**Johnson WAX**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 4, 1967



discovered, with much awe ... and she went a little ... and of course ... which was nearly oppo-

The Australian  
Women's Weekly Presents ...  
**THE GARDENER'S GUIDE TO  
AUSTRALIAN NATIVE PLANTS**



Women's Weekly — October 24, 1967



## A HERITAGE WORTH PRESERVING

Native plants, beautiful and unique, are not hard to grow once you come to understand their simple needs.



● *Bauera rubioides*, the dog-rose.

AUSTRALIAN native plants are different from those in most other parts of the world. On this ancient continent, time has had longer to modify them.

Some must withstand drought, heat, or cold, and grow in the hungry soils of our sunbaked, rocky hillsides. These have austere foliage, often as grey as the rolling hills they inhabit, but their flowers are beautiful and unique.

Others are at home in the cool, moist gullies or rain forests, and are extravagantly green and lush. Most have great adaptability.

This wealth of unique plants is our heritage, and not many years ago the land abounded with native flowers.

There were areas in easy reach where one could enjoy carpets of starry-pink boronia, the air spiced with its aroma. Clumps of flannel flowers, blue sun orchids, and countless other gems added variety to the sunny hillsides, while valley walks were arched with golden pultenias above dainty bauera, golden pea, and *Boronia pinnata*, interlaced with soft ferns.

But, with progress, bulldozers devour bushland for housing estates and industry and, sadly, our native plant population dwindles year by year.

On the cover: Western Australian wild-flower *Helipterum manglesii* (inset shows close-up) in glorious profusion.

Realising that many of these treasures could become extinct, native plant protection societies and other interested groups have already set aside some areas for the preservation of native plants.

We can help by planting them in our gardens, not necessarily in areas entirely dedicated to natives, but blended with other shrubs.

Many gardeners who won't consider growing natives believe them to be temperamental, but they are easy and pleasant company when you understand their needs—or how little they do need. Many have been killed with kindness.

This booklet aims to give a better understanding of these plants and help you to grow them successfully.

KNOWING the name of a plant is the first step — botanical or common name, it doesn't matter greatly, but the common name is often a local one and may not give reliable identification.

For example, "eggs and bacon" is the common name of nearly every red and yellow pea flower in the bush.

Bottlebrush usually means *Callistemon* in the eastern States of Australia, but means *Banksia* in the west.

Botanical names may sound cumbersome, but they mean something, and there are reasons for them.

Plant classification is interesting, and anything but willy-nilly. It is so systematic that a trained botanist, seeing a flower for the first time, could accurately identify

it because all plants first are catalogued and grouped according to their physical make-up.

The broad groupings are divisions, subdivisions, classes, orders, then a more detailed grouping, first into family, then genus, and species.

The GENUS NAME is the botanical one, often in everyday use. For example, in *Boronia pinnata*, *boronia* is the genus.

All boronias will have the same pattern in their make-up, but belonging to the

the aroma is always the same tangy type. Crush a *diosma* leaf—and you have a strong boronia aroma.

All members of the rutaceae family have precise similarities in flower make-up. One: The ovary is always above the flower. Another: Amazing evenness of structure, such as the same number of sepals as petals, and either the same number or exactly twice as many stamens as petals.

Examples: *Boronia* 4 petals, 8 stamens. *Eriostemon* 5 petals, 10 stamens.

As an example of the difference between families, take the flower of a leptospermum or teatree, which is something like a boronia at first appearance but belongs to the myrtaceae or myrtle family.

Compare them. The ovary housing the seeds in the boronia or *eriostemon* is above the flower (petals, base of stamen). In the teatree it is below. The stamens are raised on a characteristic rim, and their numbers are irregular, with no relation to the number of petals.

Both families have oil glands in the foliage, but in the myrtaceae, which includes also eucalyptus, melaleuca, and many others, the aroma is sharper, often lemon-like, but certainly different from the rutaceae group.

Of course, you can enjoy growing plants without knowing about plant families, but an awareness of this does make plants easier to identify and remember, and often growing conditions will apply to an entire plant family.

To emphasise the family link, plants listed in this booklet are grouped in families, not alphabetically. Some explanation, derivation, or reason for the name is usually given.



● *Actinotis helianthii*, flannel flowers.

By ALLAN SEALE

genus will be species each with some variation in characteristic. *B. pinnata* is the boronia with the pin-like (pinnate) foliage. The native rose, *B. serrulata*, is the one with serrated foliage, and so on.

A FAMILY is a group of closely related GENUS, a term often used loosely, as people are inclined to refer to a plant as, say, "a member of the boronia family."

But boronia is the genus, which belongs to a large family known as RUTACEAE. As well as boronia it embraces the *eriostemons*, *philotheca*, *phiballium*, etc., and a few immigrant garden shrubs such as *murraya* from Asia, and *diosma* from South Africa.

The family name, rutaceae, originated from rue, an old-fashioned aromatic herb. Oil glands in the foliage carry its spicy aroma, a common family characteristic.

The oil glands can be seen as translucent spots when a leaf is held to the light—and



## MIMOSEAE — the wattles

**M**IMOSEAE (from European *mimosa*) are a family comprised mainly of acacias or wattles, and *albizzia*.

Once it was grouped under leguminosae, which included peas, cassias, etc. But the only significant character in common was that all formed true pods, or legumes.

Apart from differences in their minute calyx, mimosae have numerous stamens, and always more than ten. Each ball-like flower is actually a tightly packed cluster of tiny flowers, complete with petals, calyx, and stamens. Acacia stamens are free (separate), *albizzia* fused together at the base.

Acacia is the name of an ancient Egyptian species renowned for the long-lasting qualities of its timber. Our acacias often have poor-quality timber, but some (such as *A. melanoxylon*, the blackwood) are valued for their durable, attractive

timber. Posts cut from *A. acuminata* last in the soil indefinitely.

The name wattle originated from its use in the early settlement to make what were known as wattle and daub huts, although it seems the *calicoma*, an unrelated plant, was the main one used. This plant is commonly known as creek wattle. It has acacia-like, creamy flowers, and grows profusely along creeks of the eastern coast.

There are some 400 species of acacia in Australia. Most are very adaptable. They are among the world's most beautiful trees, and, when prejudices about borers or hay fever are surmounted, surely will be grown more freely. (The comparatively heavy pollen of wattle may be less likely to affect hay fever or asthma sufferers than pollen from other plants.)

Acacia seed germinates readily in nature after a fire has passed over it, so burn a layer of dry leaves or grass over the sown seed. Or plunge it into near-boiling water and leave until cool, then sow immediately. Spring sowing is best.

Some attractive smaller growers include (reason for names given in brackets):

*A. acinacea* (dagger-like), gold-dust wattle. (3-6ft.) Attractive shrub; short, broad, pointed leaves, showered with bright yellow flowers in spring. Native to South Australia, Victoria, New South Wales.

*A. brachybotrya*, grey mulga. (6ft.) Short, stubby, silvery foliage. Flowers in small clusters among foliage, winter/late spring. Very drought resistant. Western N.S.W., Vic., S.A.

*Acacia brownii*. (3ft.) Bushy shrub with large golden flowers, short, needle-like foliage. Needs regular moisture. Coastal N.S.W.

*A. buxifolia* (with foliage like a *buxus*). (6-8ft.) Compact growers with short, thick foliage; golden bloom all spring. Eastern States.

*A. calamifolia*, wallowa. (6-12ft.) Graceful, often sparse tree with slender foliage. Generously clad with bright yellow flowers, midwinter to early spring. Drought resistant, prefers light soil. S.A., eastern States.

*A. cardiophylla* (heart-shaped leaves), Wyalong wattle. (10-12ft.) Beautiful, quick growing; small, finely divided leaves, massed small golden flowers in spring. Graceful, hardy shrub. Western N.S.W.

*A. drummondii* (after J. Drummond, Western Australia's first Government Botanist). Spectacular smaller-growing wattle, with fine, fern-like foliage. In spring, branches are laden with vivid gold, downy fingers of bloom. Best in light, loamy soil, not too acid. From W.A.

*A. elongata*. (10ft.) Has elongated foliage. Abundance of deep golden flowers in spring. Best in moist position. N.S.W., Qld.

*A. farnesiana* (referring to Farnese Gardens in Rome), thorny wattle. (8-12ft.) Occurs naturally in most temperate parts of the world. Foliage fine, flowers large, deep gold with a heavy perfume, which is extracted commercially. Its  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thorns and bushy growth make a formidable hedge.

*A. howitti*, sticky wattle. (10ft.) Short, dark green foliage, new growth sticky to touch. Pale yellow flower-heads, late spring. Shapely small tree. East Gippsland.

*A. myrtilifolia* (myrtle leaved), myrtle wattle. (6ft.) Prominent oval leaves about 2in. long, upright in regular formation on upright growth. Showy yellow flowers, spring. Attractive, adaptable. Most parts of Australia.

*A. nervosa*, rib wattle. (3ft.) Foliage resembles *A. myrtilifolia*; large, golden-yellow, sweetly perfumed flowers in winter. Best in warm areas. From W.A.

*A. podalyriaefolia* (foliage like *podalyria*, a silver-leaved shrub), Queensland or silver wattle. (8-12ft.) Popular, quick growing, beautiful silvery, oval foliage; generous clusters of large, golden-yellow bloom.



● *Acacia decurrens*, the black wattle.

winter. One of first to flower. Hardy in all but coldest districts. May die out after 5 or 6 years, but quick to establish. Qld., N.S.W.

*A. pulchella* (beautiful). (4-6ft.) Compact, spreading, fine-foliaged shrub with large, showy, golden flowers. Prickly spines at base of foliage. From W.A.

*A. oxycedrus*. (6-10ft.) Stiff, lance-like leaves 2-4in. long, sharp pointed. Long fingers of creamy yellow flower along stems, late winter, early spring. Grows naturally in poor sandstone. East coast.

*A. rubida*, red-stem wattle. (10ft.) Similar to golden wattle of east coast — broad foliage 2-3in. long, clusters of smaller flowers. Leaves and stems reddish in winter. Vic., N.S.W.

*A. spectabilis*, Mudgee wattle. (10ft.) Ideal garden specimen, quick growing, usually conical in early years. Foliage fern-like, graceful. Generous sprays of golden yellow. August/September. Hardy. N.S.W., Qld.

*A. vestita*, weeping boree wattle. (10ft.) Gracefully pendant growth; downy leaves about  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long, pointed. Long sprays of bloom, mid-spring/mid-summer. N.S.W.

*A. vomeriformis*. (2ft.) Low-growing, attractive in rock gardens; small, prickly foliage, flowers along the branches, all spring. Vic., N.S.W., Tas., S.A.

Taller wattles: see page 4

NATIVE PLANTS BOOK — Page 3



● *Acacia longifolia*, the Sydney golden wattle.

The Australian Women's Weekly — October 4, 1967



## Mimoseae — continued from page 3

### The taller wattles — from 12 to 100ft.

**A. acuminata, raspberry jam wattle.** (30ft.) Handsome tree with long, narrow foliage, spikes golden yellow flowers, August. Timber, an unusual raspberry-jam color, lasts in soil; is valued for fence posts in its home State, W.A.

**A. ancura, mulga.** (20ft.) The mulga of the inland, often carved and polished for souvenirs. Once used as shields by Aborigines. Narrow foliage is grey-green, downy. Yellow flowers in spring. Adaptable, hardy. W.A., S.A., N.S.W., Qld.

**A. baileyana, Cootamundra wattle.** (15-20ft.) Because it is frequently grown, is sometimes taken for granted, but is one of the most beautiful trees. Its soft, silver-blue foliage makes a wonderful background for mint bushes, bottle-brushes, or exotics such as purple-foliaged prunus or golden elm. It gives a sense of misty distance. July/August, a glorious mass of pendulous, golden bloom. Keep compact by pruning back after flowering. N.S.W.

**A. decurrens, black wattle.** (20-40ft.) A quick-growing wattle, with handsome, rounded, dense top-growth, and dark trunk. Compound leaves have herringbone-like formation, the "ribs" carrying closely packed, fine, dark green leaflets

(pilodes) about ½ in. long. Outer growth covered with pale yellow flowers, September/October. N.S.W., Qld.

**A. dealbata, silver wattle.** (20-50ft.) Similar to *A. decurrens*, but silver-grey foliage, and earlier flowering — July/December. Inclined to sucker. Qld., N.S.W., Vic., S.A.

**A. elata, cedar wattle.** (50ft.) Fine tree with generously proportioned, upright dark trunk; creamy flowers, mid-summer. Foliage fernlike, shiny dark green, not unlike the peppercorn. One of fastest growing tall trees. Frost-tender when young, grows in heavy or light soil. N.S.W.

**A. glaucescens, coastal myall.** (20-40ft.) Handsome wattle with pendulous growth, blue-green, long, narrow foliage, clusters of long, finger-like flowers in spring. Foliage poisonous to stock. Qld., N.S.W.

**A. melanoxylon, the blackwood.** (60-100ft.) This timber tree reaches majestic proportions in moist, sheltered valleys. Leaves not unlike small eucalyptus foliage. Flowers pale yellow, in spring. S.A., Vic., Tas., N.S.W.

**A. mollissima.** Similar to *A. decurrens*, with shorter, more tightly packed leaflets which close together at night. Flowers November. S.A., Tas., Vic., N.S.W.

**A. pycnantha, golden wattle.** (12-20ft.) Attractive small tree; broad, curved leaves, masses of deep yellow flowers. Frost-tender early. N.S.W., Vic., Tas.

● The acacia-like, creamy flowers at left belong to *Callicoma serratifolia*, commonly known as creek wattle, which grows along creeks of Australia's eastern coast. *Callicoma* is not an acacia, but it is thought that this was the tree used by early settlers to make "wattle and daub" huts, so that wattle erroneously became the common name for trees of the acacia species, bearing flowers similar to the *callicoma*.



## PAPILIONACEAE—

**Papilio means butterfly, referring to the graceful, winged shape of the flowers of the pea family.**

LIKE acacia, the papilionaceae is a break away from the original, large leguminosae family.

All pea flowers are members of the family papilionaceae. Papilio is the butterfly, so the name merely means butterfly-like—apt for pea flowers.

Papilionacea flowers have a five-lobed calyx and five petals, but at first the latter is not obvious because of the irregular form of the flower.

The two lower petals are united, forming a beak-like keel, two side ones are free, and the upper one forming the standard is enlarged, overlapping the others, and enclosing them in bud. Also, they have ten upward curved stamens which are often united or fused toward the base.

Seed is always in a pod (legume), the foliage often compound (leaf divided into a number of leaflets). They usually make a curved tap root, and the secondary roots carry nodules housing colonies of bacteria which use nitrogen from the air, and pass some of this on to the plant.

Except for color and size, descriptions of pea-shaped flowers can sound very similar, so the various genera have been grouped here according to their leaf formation—compound (divided into a number of leaflets) or simple (undivided).

In the simple group also will be some species with leaves in threes on the one leaf stem (trifoliate). These are not true compound leaves.

The other positive identification is that some of the stamens are free or perhaps only joined at the base, but in others are obviously fused together, or united in a

sheath open on the upper side, or with top stamen free. To determine this the flower must be pulled apart, and perhaps viewed under a magnifying glass.

Papilionaceae are best raised from seed sown spring or autumn and, like wattle, usually need heat stimulation to germinate.

Climbing pea flowers;  
some are useful  
for ground cover

**Hardenbergia** (after Countess von Hardenburg, sister of Baron von Hugel, who collected plants in Western Australia in 1933), purple coral pea. One of Australia's most attractive climbing plants, massed in spring with clusters of rich, violet-like, small pea flowers. Adaptable, to granite, heavy clay, limestone soils around Adelaide, or acid Hawkesbury sandstone country of the east coast. Tolerates long periods of dryness. Growth rapid; can quickly become entwined in neighboring shrub. Useful as ground cover for sunny embankments, to cover old stumps or low fences.

**H. comptonia**, native wisteria or Western Australian coral pea; has stiff, narrow leaves in groups of three.

**H. morophylla** has broader single leaves, with a prominent central vein or mid-rib.

**Kennedyia** (after Lewis Kennedy, nurseryman near London, 1775-1818), closely related to *hardenbergia*. Both have nine stamens united, one free. Calyx teeth of *kennedyia* are longer, and its longer wings adhere to the keel. *Kennedyia* is also adaptable, and gaining popularity as a ground cover.



## the family of pea flowers

### Pea flowers with simple, undivided leaves (including trifoliolate):

**Chorizema cordatum**, Western Australian flame pea (3-4ft.). Compact, rounded little bush with stiff, oval to heart-shaped leaves, 1-2in. long. Covered with sprays of small, orange-red pea flowers, winter and spring. Stamens are free. Grows in most well-drained soil, limy or acid, full sun or part shade. Trim back after flowering. A number of varieties, mostly from W.A. Two others are *C. ilicifolium* (holly-like leaves) and *C. dicksonii* (narrow, pointed leaves), neither as showy as *C. cordatum*.

**Dillwynias**. Showy little pea flowers; golden orange, red splash at base of upper petals. Stamens free. Prolific in coastal regions of Australia, especially in acid sandstone. Prefers shade of taller timber.

**D. ericifolia** is popular, with fine, dark-green foliage, flowers in clusters late spring/early summer; spreading and graceful, 2-3ft. **D. juniperina** has small, sharp leaves, flower clusters at ends of branchlets. **D. floribunda** has stiffer growth, flowers in spikes among foliage. All States.

**Bossia**. Small pea flowers with broad, flattened stems, in some cases with minute

leaves and the stem acting as a leaf. Stamens united. They grow in poor sandy soil, rarely more than 2ft. Numerous species all States.

**Gompholobium**, golden pea. (From gomphos, a nail; and lobos, a pod. Referring to the way the seed pods are attached.) Most have large, yellow pea flowers along the upright stems, with dark brown to black buds. Leaves usually in sets of threes. Spectacular in late winter, early spring.

**G. latifolium** has soft, narrow, lance-shaped leaves, large, clear yellow pea flowers, to 1½in. across. In the wild, usually sparse but attractive; to 5ft. Light pruning after flowering will encourage compact growth.

**G. grandiflorum** is smaller, with fine foliage — not, as one would expect from its name, the larger of the two. Evidently was the first discovered. Also very attractive. Both profuse in coastal sandstone areas, N.S.W., Qld.

There are about 20 other species, less spectacular, throughout Australia. **G. minus** grows only 6-8in. high, with fine foliage, creamy-yellow flowers.

**Hovea** (after A. P. Hove, a Polish collector of plants for Kew Gardens, London). Low, shrubby plants, mostly with long, narrow foliage and small blue pea flowers from leaf axils toward top of stems. Stamens fused together.

All 12 species of hovea are Australian. Two spectacular ones are **H. trisperma** (rich, violet-blue flowers, ½in.-wide lance-shaped leaves) and **H. chorizemifolia** (similar flowers, attractive broad foliage like holly-leaved chorizema). Coastal W.A.

**H. elliptica**, another W.A. species, can reach 8-9ft. Has elliptical leaves.

**H. longifolia** (long foliage) grows in the Flinders Ranges of S.A., in N.S.W. and Vic. Small lilac-blue flowers in dense spikes. Also a mauve pink variety.

**H. heterophylla** from Vic., has similar flowers, but lower leaves are rounded, upper ones narrow.

Hoveas are hardy, easy to grow, preferring light, well-drained soil and light protection of taller trees, except **H. chorizemifolia**, which is best in heavier loam and more open position. It is winter flowering, the others mostly spring.

**Oxylobium** (oxys meaning sharp; lobos, a pod). **O. trilobatum** has three sharp lobes on leaf, holly-like. In spring, covered in small yellow pea flowers. Mainly coastal gullies of eastern States.

Two W.A. species have long, slender foliage. Leaves of **O. capitatum** have a sharp, downward hook at tips. Flowers orange, deep red keel. To 18in. **O. linearifolium** has still longer, straight foliage; pale yellow flowers, red keel. Reaches 10ft.

**Pultenaea** (after Richard Pulteney, English Botanist, 1730-1801). There are 126 species, all Australian, with small orange-red pea flowers. They differ from most of the genera in that the flowers are usually in leafy clusters and have tiny, membrane-like papery bracts behind the calyx of each individual flower in the cluster. Stamens are separated. The simple leaves are alternate, and at the base of the leaf stalk (petiole) of each on either side is a tiny stipule or pointed, scale-like leaf, sometimes only just visible. These stipules usually come away with a leaf pulled from the stem.

**P. daphnoides** (resembles some daphne, but not **D. odora**, popular in Australia). Wedge-shaped leaves about ½in. long, widening toward tip, finishing in slight point. Orange/brown pea flowers rosette in cluster at tips of stems, August/October. In lightly shaded coastal gullies, a sparse shrub to 10ft., but more compact when pruned after flowering. All temperate Australia, except W.A.

**P. pedunculata**. Spreading, semi-prostrate shrub; fine foliage, yellow/red flowers on long, hairy stems, September/December. Native to S.A., inland areas of eastern States.

**P. tenella**. Small-flowered, narrow-leaved

ground cover from Victorian Alps. There are other types, prostrate and tall, all worth growing and easy to cultivate. Exception is beautiful, rosy purple **P. subalpina**, from the Grampian Mountains. It doesn't adapt easily to other areas.

**Platylobium** (Greek platys, platelike or flat; lobos, a pod). Has broad, flat seed pods. There are four species, all in Australia. Golden red pea flowers. Both the "wings," or side petals, and the keel of the flower are shorter than the large upper petal or standard. Stamens are united in a sheath open at the top. Leaves are broad, oval, or slightly triangular. Attractive, bushy shrubs, 2-4ft.

### Pea flowers with composite foliage (leaf divided into numerous leaflets)

**Clanthus** (from Greek kleos, glory; anthos, flower), **Sturt's desert pea**. There is one New Zealand, one Australian species. The Australian **C. dampieri** is sometimes known as glory pea; more popularly as desert pea or Sturt's pea, although it was first collected and recorded by Dampier.

This rambling, semi-trailing plant is one of Australia's spectacular gems, each stem displaying a cluster of about five long, vivid red pea flowers with shiny black protruding centres. The cleanly divided, silky foliage is olive-grey.

It grows naturally in W.A. (Kimberleys to Kalgoorlie); in S.A. (Port Augusta to the Centre); around Broken Hill (N.S.W.); and Western Queensland.

It needs deep, well drained soil, preferably slightly alkaline, kept moist until growth is well under way, then on the dry side. Watering with bordeaux after sowing seems to help, as it likes soil with a high copper content.

Seedlings grow quickly, flower in a few months. Best sown in spring, direct where it is to flower in built-up, sunny rockery beds or a large pot. Add plenty of coarse sand or gravel for quick drainage.

Germination is difficult unless seed is soaked in hot water, as for acacia, or nicked with a file. This is difficult. The writer has had success by placing about ten at a time between two sheets of sandpaper and rubbing vigorously to give them a scratched appearance.

Continued on page 6

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## From page 5

Pea flowers with composite foliage, continued:

*Swainsonia* (in honor of Isaac Swainson, who maintained a private botanical garden near London about 1790). Over 60 species in Australia, one in New Zealand. Leaves are finely divided into small opposite leaflets, some fernlike. Flowers in long racemes come from the leaf axils. Petals rounded, keel outward curved or pouched, frequently upturned or hooked. Most are low-spreading shrubs, with small pink or red flowers. Some species such as *S. galegifolia* (goatsrue) or *S. greyana* are poisonous to stock. The animals become addicted to the plants, which affect their nervous system.

SEVERAL handsome trees also belong to the papilionaceae family. Among them are the *castanosporum* (black bean or Moreton Bay chestnut) with rich, glossy foliage, and red/yellow flowers along the dark stems in early summer. These are followed by large, woody pods encasing three or four chestnut-like seeds from which it derives its botanical name — *castana*, the Spanish chestnut (used as castanets); and *sporun*, a seed.

Others are:  
*Barklaya syringifolia*, a tree with attractive conical growth, sprays of golden flowers, and deep green lilac-like foliage.

*Crotalaria*. Mostly soft wooded shrubs with large pea flowers. Some, such as *C. laburnafolia*, resemble a bird in flight.



● *Hardenbergia monophylla*, purple coral ree.



● *Chorizema ilicifolium*, holly-leaf flame pea.

● Below: *Hovea trisperma*.



● *Gompholobium latifolium*, the golden pea.

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## MYRTACEAE — the

MYRTACEAE are a family embracing a wide variety of beautiful plants from tiny, ground-hugging *baecka* to majestic *eucalyptus*, hundreds of feet high.

Many may look dissimilar, but have these points in common: The ovary or seed container is below the base of petals and stamens (epigynous), whereas in the *rutaceae* family it is above (hypogynous).

As the ovary is below the flower, the calyx tube is attached to it. Sometimes petals are absent, as in *eucalyptus*. When there are petals, their number is the same as the calyx lobes below them.

Stamens are numerous but, unlike the *rutaceae* group, their number has no relation to the number of petals. Pollen enters the ovaries through a simple column in the centre of the flower, and usually has a small, flattened cap (capitate).

The leaves of all myrtaceae are simple and entire, without division into leaflets, or serration.

Amazingly, all these characteristics persist through their diverse family. It is the different characteristics within the family which divide it into various genus.

The delightful *thryptomene* and *caly-thria* have only one seed per flower, and this is not expelled when the fruit bursts, but falls with it. The calythrinx has long, hair-like awns (beards) from the calyx. *Calythrix alpestris*, snow myrtle. To 4ft. Dense, small, heath-like foliage, attractive pink buds, starry white flowers, spring. N.S.W., Vic., S.A., Tas. Needs moist soil. *C. fraseri*, summer fringe myrtle. Similar to snow myrtle, but showy mauve pink flowers, summer. Needs light soil, warm, sheltered position. W.A. *C. sullivanii*, Grampians fringe myrtle. Attractive shrub. Bright green, narrow foliage, just-pink starry flowers, spring. To 4ft. Vic. *C. tetragona*. A little taller, pink flowers, massed, late spring. Variety *scabra* has deeper pink flowers, showy bronze-red calyxes. All States.

*Thryptomenes* or heath myrtles. Graceful, dainty little plants gradually finding way into home gardens. Flower for long period. Reasonably hardy and adaptable, do best in light loam.

*T. calycina*. Dainty white variety from Vic. Grampians, flowering mainly winter/spring.

*T. hyporhytis*. Small, narrow leaves, deep pink flowers. To 2ft.

*T. saxicola*. Spreading or weeping growth, pinkish white flowers, which unfortunately don't drop when they die. W.A.

*T. Paynei* or *Paynes thryptomene*. Garden favorite; tiny foliage, graceful, arching sprays of dainty pink flowers, mainly winter. To 2ft.

*Baecka*. Not unlike small flowers of *boronia*, with tiny, rounded petals. *B. crenatifolia* (5ft.) white flowers in summer, round foliage. *B. linifolia* (3ft.) narrow foliage, small white flowers, spring. *B. ramosissima*, dainty, procumbent little plant, fine foliage, pink flowers, late winter, spring, summer. All prefer light soil, reasonable moisture, light shade.

*B. camphorosmae*, camphor myrtle, has camphor smell in crushed foliage, pink flowers in clusters at end of branches. This species from W.A., the others from eastern Australia.

*Leptospermum*, teatree (leptos, slender; sperma, a seed; it has thread-like seeds). "Teatree" dates back to 1770, when Captain Cook's men used the leaves for a tea-like brew in an effort to ward off scurvy.

Many of the better-known garden hybrids are from New Zealand varieties such as *L. nicholsii*. These sometimes flower profusely for a few years then die out, possibly weakened by scale attack and heavy cultivation. This suggests that teatrees are short lived or delicate, but this doesn't apply to most native Australian species.

*L. petersonii* (also *citratum*) and similar types make ideal hedges or windbreaks, in heavy clay loam or seaside sand, 12 to 15ft., or trimmed to size. The clean, green lemon-scented foliage and its great endurance is its main attraction.

The Australian Women's Weekly — October 4, 1967



## myrtles: Teatree, callistemon, melaleuca, kunzea, and others

**HONEY MYRTLES** (melaleuca), bottlebrush (callistemon), kunzea, and net bush (calothamnus) are also of the myrtaceae family.

They may appear to differ greatly from the teatrees, but closely examine each individual flower and notice that the general structure is identical, except that in the teatree the petals are pronounced and stamens comparatively small, whereas the others have minute petals and long, pronounced stamens giving the brush-like appearance, and there are numerous individual flowers packed closely together.

Melaleuca and callistemon can look alike, but in the callistemon the stamens

remain separated, while melaleuca stamens are fused together toward their base into four or five bundles.

Kunzea is similar to callistemon, with shorter stamens coming from a projection above the rest of the flower.

Calothamnus stamens are still further projected than kunzea, being united in a feather-like formation. The pollen anthers on melaleuca stamens are hinged loosely on a flexible membrane. On calothamnus, they are rigid.

One of the interesting characteristics of the bottlebrushes, net bushes, some of the melaleucas, and closely related genera is that their seeds are in woody capsules which remain sealed for many years.

The capsules only open readily when they are broken from the tree, or it dies, or is damaged by fire — nature's way that the parent plant is not crowded out by its progeny. The seed capsules are retained as new growth continues through the end of the flower stem.

Callistemon are spectacular, extremely adaptable shrubs or small trees. Most grow naturally along the banks of creeks or in marshy, sandy areas, but can stand long dryness and all types of soil.

To encourage compact growth, cut the flowers just below the base of the brush as it is starting to deteriorate. Left longer, new growth will emerge from its tip.

**CALLISTEMON.** There are 20 true species, all Australian. Among the red-flowered, shrubby types (6-8ft.) are *C. citrinus* (syn. *lanceolatus*), the crimson bottlebrush; *C. violaceus*, a reddish-purple variety of *C. citrinus*; *C. rigidus*, with sharp pointed leaves; *C. brachyandrus*, with smaller foliage and golden anthers; *C. rugulosus*, scarlet bottlebrush, with narrow leaves; *C. teretifolius*, bearded bottlebrush, stamens bearded at base, prefers dry conditions. (All these from eastern half of continent.)

From W.A. two types—*C. speciosus*, with large crimson flowers, and a variety of this, *C. phoenicis*, reputed brightest red.

*C. viminalis* is a taller growing, red-flowered species sometimes over 15ft., with pendulous, willowy growth. Flowering begins in winter. *C. salignus* is a small tree with greenish-cream brushes, attractive, bronze-pink new growth.

There are several unusual yellow species. *C. pallidus* is a small tree with bright yellow, showy brushes; *C. seibel* a narrow-leaved, alpine type, 4 to 6ft.

Some callistemon flower spasmodically during the year, but mainly spring/summer.

**MELALEUCA.** There are over 120 species in Australia, two-thirds belonging to W.A. They are as adaptable as the callistemon. They include the paperbarks trees *M. ericifolia*, *M. linarifolia*, and *M. leucadendron* or cajuput, which grow in swampy areas; also the *bracket honey myrtle*, *M. armillaris* (15-30ft.), with dense, fine dark foliage and white candle-like flower spikes in spring; and the *granite honey myrtle*, *M. elliptica* (10-15ft.), with crimson flowers in spring.

Then there is a variety of beautiful shrubby forms with dazzling scarlet, mauve, pink, yellow, and white flowers. Some are:

**Reds.** *M. laterita*, robin redbreast, orange

scarlet; *M. fulgens*, the scarlet honey myrtle, with unbelievably bright scarlet little brushes; or *M. stedmani*, which is darker, its stamens usually spangled with golden pollen; *M. thymifolia*, low-growing, with clusters of fringed purple flowers; *M. hypericifolia*, with hypericum-like foliage and flower on inner growth (a tough old garden shrub for many years); mauve *M. radula*, the graceful honey myrtle (6ft.), with fine, bluish, eucalyptus-like foliage and gold-tipped, pinkish-mauve brushes on pendulous branches; *M. pulchella*, or *claw flower*, low-spreading, with tiny foliage and unusual clusters of clawed, mauve stamens; *M. nesophila* (8ft.), showy honey myrtle, dark green foliage, small mauve brushes.

**Yellows.** *M. incana*, grey honey myrtle (8ft.), dense grey, small, hairy foliage, gracefully pendulous; light yellow brushes. *M. megacephala* (4ft.), showy yellow flowers at end of stems; *M. densa*, dense honey myrtle (3ft.), compact; small yellow or white brushes.

Others in the family myrtaceae include:

The gay *verticordias* (pink or red father-flower) and yellow *morrisson*, from W.A. There are also Vic. and S.A. species.

Also *geraldton wax* (*chamelacium*); *lilli pillis* (*eugenias*); *fringed heather myrtle* (*micromyrtus*), resembling *thryptomene*; *tristania*, the brush box and river box; *agonis* or willow myrtle; *angophora* or *Sydney red gum* (closely related to *eucalyptus*); and the mighty genus *eucalyptus* itself with over 600 species.

## CAESALPINEACEAE: Bauhinias, cassias

THE caesalpineaceae are a division of the original legume family. They also have five petals, but unlike the peas the top one is inside the bud, not enclosing the others, and the lower ones don't form a keel.

They include: **Bauhinias**, with several species native to northern Australia (the name commemorates 16th-century herbalists James and Casper Bauhin. The twin leaves of bauhinia symbolise the two brothers), and **cassias** (from *kasia*, a plant of the senna family. Cassara is obtained from *C. fistulosa*).

*C. Australis* resembles the garden variety

of *C. candoliana*, but smaller. To 3ft. Eastern Australia, Northern Territory.

*C. cremophila* (desert loving); narrow, dark green leaflets, dense yellow clusters of small flower in spring. All States except Tas.

*C. artemisioides*. The name simply describes the plant. *Artemisia* is the well-known grey-foliaged ghost bush (the suffix "oides" means like). Compact, rounded shrub, 3-4ft., with silver-grey ghost bush foliage, a foil for the spangle of small, golden flowers in spring. Drought-resistant. Natural to W.A., S.A., inland Vic., N.S.W., and Qld.





*Kunzea sericea.*



*Callistemon citrinus.*



*Eucalyptus torquata.*



*Melaleuca fulgens.*

## THE MYRTLE FAMILY

*Calothamnus quadrifidus.*



*Eugenia australis, the lillipilly.*



*Callistemon salignus.*

*Callistemon speciosus.*



The Australian Native Plant Book



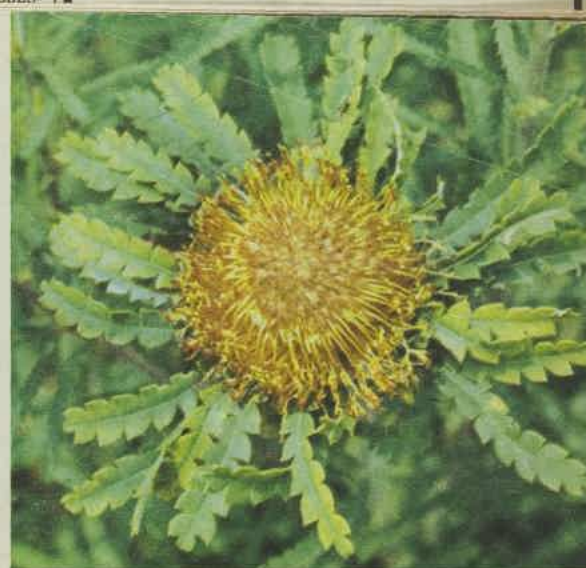
# PROTEACEAE



*Grevillea leucoptervis.*



*Grevillea acanthifolia.*



*Dryandra formosa.*

*Banksia collina.*



*Grevillea laurifolia, the creeping grevillea.*



*The Menzies banksia.*





## Proteaceae: Hakeas, grevilleas, banksias

ANOTHER large portion of our Australian natives belong to the interesting family proteaceae.

Proteaceae include the grevilleas, hakeas, telopea (waratah), persoonias (or geebung), lambertias (or mountain devils), isopogons (cone flowers), stenocarpus (the Queensland firewheel tree), macadamia, banksias, dryandras, lomaria (or parsley fern), comospermum, and several other lesser-known genus.

Their flowers have a great diversity of form, and from this comes the family name, after Proteus, the sea god who was reputed to have the power to change himself into many forms.

Some, like the persoonias, have regular flowers with stamens and petals of equal sizes and evenly spaced around the flower. Most others, like grevilleas, telopea, banksia, and so on, have irregular flowers.

The four petals characteristic of the family are fused together on one side of the ovary, with the four stamens fused and embedded in them, forming a cup-like receptacle. The pistil is prominent above the flowers. Proteaceae petals and stamens are deciduous, falling away from

the pistil and ovary when their function is completed.

Most proteaceae are hardy, and withstand long periods of dryness. Most adapt themselves to light or heavy soils.

Telopea and some of the banksias seem to need the presence of a fungus (mycorrhiza) at their roots. This is usually present with most nursery plants, but otherwise can be introduced by incorporating soil taken from around where the plants are growing naturally, or from leafmould found around banksias.

### HAKEAS

Among hakeas — quick-growing *H. saligna*, for hardy screen or windbreak; unusual *H. laurina*, with large cream pin cushion studded with long red stamens; *H. multilineata*, W.A. grass-leaved hakea, with red brush-like flowers, the only one which challenges cultivation in some areas. Smaller types are *H. erinacea*, pink hedgehog-like flower (2ft.); *H. purpurea* crimson (3ft.); *H. roei*, mauve (5ft.).

### GREVILLEAS

Grevilleas range from *G. robusta*, the 40-50ft. silky oak, to prostrate *G. repens*,

the creeping grevillea with toothed, oval leaves and reddish flowers. A wide variety of interesting and beautiful grevilleas is becoming available, including ground cover types. All are adaptable to most soils and climates.

### BANKSIA

Many banksias are interesting and colorful, preferring a fairly light soil.

Among the larger ones are gnarled old *B. serrulata* of the eastern coast; *B. integrifolia*, with greenish-yellow cones and resistance to salty winds; compact *B. ericifolia* (12ft.), with dense, green foliage and long orange-red cones in winter; *B. grandis* (10ft.), the yellow-spiked bull banksia from W.A., with the long-toothed leaves popular for dried arrangements; *B. coccinea* (7ft.), the colorful W.A. scarlet banksia; *B. collina* (7-10ft.), with attractive, pine-like foliage, bronze cones.

The colorful W.A. *dryandras* are closely linked with the banksias. Their flowers form in a cluster from a terminal head, while banksia flowers form around the sides of a vertical spike.

## RUTACEAE

All members of the rutaceae family have oil glands in the foliage and a characteristic aroma. *Boronias* and *eristemon* are examples.

THE leaves forming the calyx or cup in which the flower of the rutaceae rests (sepals) are either four or five. Petals are four or five, the stamens alternate with petals, and are the same number or twice as many as the petals.

The pistil and ovary is above the base of stamens and petals (hypogynous flower).

*Boronia* (after Francesco Borone, the botanist who helped put together the record "Flora graeca," until his sudden death in 1794) is exclusively Australian.

*Boronias* all have a characteristic, spicy aroma. The flower has four sepals, four petals, eight stamens. They are delightful garden plants, preferring an acid, sandy loam and plenty of water in summer. Mulch with leafmould, rather than cultivate the surface. Add peatmoss to hold moisture and increase acidity.

For lists, see page 12

## LABIATAE, the lipped ones (include native mint, westringia, ajuga)

THE labiatae are a family with a strangely persistent similarity in growth character as well as flower make-up. It includes garden plants such as thyme, sage, mint, basil, salvia, and coleus, as well as our native mint bushes (*prostanthera*), *westringia*, *ajuga*, and native mush (*plectranthus*).

Labiatae means lipped, referring to the lipped petals which form the tube or corolla of these flowers.

Labiatae have squared rather than rounded stems, leaves are always opposite,

or in whorls of four. Most have a characteristic, pungent odor.

Labiatae flowers are irregular. The calyx persists after the flowers fall, the flowers are four or five petals formed into a tube, with two or four stamens in pairs inserted in the tube of the flower and alternating with its lower lobes. Often one pair is without pollen.

Some differences which group the family into its various genera are: *Westringia* and *ajuga* both have a calyx with

five equal lobes — the *westringia* has leaves in whorls of four, while *ajuga* has opposite leaves. *Prostanthera* and *plectranthus* both have a two-lipped calyx, but in *plectranthus* the lower lobe is four-toothed. In *prostanthera*, it is unbroken (entire).

*Westringia* is one of our most adaptable little shrubs. It rapidly forms a compact mass of dense, grey-green foliage, and carries small, pale mauve flowers. It grows naturally within reach of salt spray, but is also happy in dry inland areas, in full

sun or under the light shade of tall gums. Grows in sand or heavy soil if drainage is good.

These purple mint bushes, scattered over the hills of our sandstone gullies, make a glorious picture in spring. Fortunately, they are becoming prominent in our gardens as these natural stands disappear.

In heavy soil they may be short lived unless the surface is kept free with leafmould. Mulching saves cultivation, which they resent. Prune back lightly in spring after flowering.



IN THE RUTACEAE FAMILY:  
BORONIA and ERIOSTEMON



*Eriostemon obovalis*,  
the fairy wax flower.



*Eriostemon buxifolia*.



*Boronia serrulata*,  
the native rose.



Right: *Boronia denticulata*.



*Boronia pinnata*.

Right:  
*Boronia ledifolia*,  
Sydney boronia.





**BORONIA** is exclusively Australian, and of 21 **ERIOSTEMON** (wax flower) species only one is found outside Australia, on the island of New Caledonia.

## THE RUTACEAE:

Continued from page 10

There are about 60 species of boronia. Commencing with the earliest to flower, here are some of them:

**B. megastigma** (megastigma, large stigma). Sweetly perfumed brown boronia from the jarrah country, south-western W.A. Cupped flowers are deep purple-brown on outside, yellow inside. Flowers in twos or threes from axil of fine leaves. Plants should not be let dry out. They prefer an acid, light-to-medium soil, some shade. In cultivation they often die out after a few years, but grow and flower quickly, and replacement isn't difficult.

**B. ledifolia**. Bright pink, upturned star-like flowers almost cover plant, June to early September. Showy, upright, plant to 3ft. Grows naturally among low scrub and scribbler gum on sunny hillsides of east coast. Prefers sandy soil, regular moisture, good drainage.

**B. denticulata**. Compact, bushy type from W.A. Slightly toothed, pale green foliage, scattered with upright, deep pink flowers, often late winter to late spring. Grows easily in most acid soils if kept moist in summer. To 3ft.

**B. heterophylla**. Upright but compact, to about 5ft. Covered with rosy red, long-petalled, cupped blooms, early spring. From same swampy regions of W.A. as brown boronia, so needs plenty of water. This boronia is in many Australian gardens, in light-sandy and heavy soils.

**B. pinnata**. Another beauty. Soft, glossy, finely divided foliage, large clusters waxy pink, semi-cupped flowers at ends of slender branches. Prefers light, moist soil, some shade. Often found in same coastal sandstone areas as *B. ledifolia*, but in more shaded patches in moist, cool gullies; 3 to 8ft. All States except W.A. Flowers September-December.

**B. floribunda**. Similar to *B. pinnata*, usually more branching, carries more flowers. Color varies, but usually pale pink.

**Boronia serrulata**, native rose. Exquisite little plant. Serrated, diamond-shaped leaves close-set along stems crowned with a rosetted cluster of bright, rose-pink flowers. In the few places where this still grows naturally is found lightly shaded by thin scrub in warm, sandy gully flats or

slopes rather than the deep, cool gorges. Needs light but sheltered corner away from cultivation, regular soakings in summer. Sandy loams suit best. To 2ft., spreading growth.

Other boronias worth cultivating are *B. elatior*, W.A. tall boronia, 3-5ft.; *B. pumchella* (W.A.) 2-3ft.; *B. pilosa*, low-growing alpine variety from the south-eastern quarter; *B. ofoseri*, later flowering species, east coast.

## ERIOSTEMON

*Eriostemon* resembles *boronia*. The main botanical distinction is that it has five petals, ten stamens. *Boronia* has four and eight. Petals are usually heavier, waxy, and have less aroma. There are 20 species native to Australia, one to New Caledonia.

Name is of Greek origin—*erion*, wool; *stemon*, thread. This refers to the hairy stamens or filaments of the flowers.

Some *eriestemon*, such as *E. myoporoides*, are extremely hardy and widely used in Australian gardens. It makes a compact, rounded shrub of 3-4ft., with lance-shaped leaves (like *myoporum* or *boobialla*). It is covered in pink, starry flowers, winter-

spring, grows in sun or part shade, heavy or light soil, tolerates dryness.

*E. lanceolatus*, or pink wax flower, also with lance-like foliage, is an east coast treasure. The largest flowered *eriestemon*. Broad petalled, slightly cupped, waxy-pink flowers, late July to September. Best in warm, gritty, acid sandstone soil, light shade. *E. buxifolia* is another worthy east coast variety. Foliage is short, broad, stiff (like a *buxus*) and dark, contrasting with the pale flowers, pink buds.

*E. crowei*. Hardy, attractive dwarf, to 18in. Long foliage, red flowers. Found in heavier loams, and sandy soil close to salt water. Eastern States.

*E. verrucosa*, earlier listed as *E. oboralis*. Known as Bendigo wax because it is prolific in rocky outcroppings around Bendigo, Vic. Also occurs in Tas., S.A., N.S.W. Flowers not unlike *E. myoporoides* or *buxifolia*, but leaves short, sparse, and the same fleshy green as the stem. In cultivation rarely exceeds 3ft., but in some rich pockets around Bendigo attains about 9ft. *E. verrucosa*, variety Mrs. J. Semmens. Beautiful double, with pendulous growth. *E. spicatus*. Attractive, narrow-leaved W.A. variety. Upright spikes, mauve-pink flowers.



*Boronia heterophylla*

*E. glasshousiensis*, or glasshouse wax flower. Attractive, free flowering. Large, soft, spatula-shaped foliage when in mild coastal districts, but smaller, stiffer leaves when in more extreme inland areas.

*E. queenslandicus*, wallum waxflower. Neat shrub resembling a dwarfed *E. myoporoides*.

*E. banksii*, Bank's waxflower. Large leaved species from Cape York.

Interesting hybrids of various native species are now becoming available.

## SOME OTHER INTERESTING MEMBERS OF THE RUTACEAE FAMILY

**CROWEA**. Similar to *eriestemon*, with narrower and bearded anthers. Flowers occur singly, in leaf axils.

**C. dentata**. Beautiful W.A. shrub; to about 2ft. Small, pointed, slightly toothed foliage, starry white flowers close above reddish stems.

**C. exalata**. Compact dwarf, with dark green, slender foliage; deep rose flowers for months. Easily cultivated, adaptable.

**Philotheca**. Also closely resembles *eriestemon*. Where *eriestemon* has 10 free stamens, in *philotheca* they are fused together at the base. *P. australis* rarely exceeds 1ft. Densely packed, fine foliage lying close to the stems; attractive, mauve-pink *eriestemon*-like flowers, late spring. Found in sandy soils of east coast.

**Phebalium**. Resembles *eriestemon*, but has minute scales on the petals. In general appearance has little resemblance to others of rutaceae family, as *phebalium* have large heads of tiny flowers at the ends of

branches, and are white or yellow.

**P. dentatum** is found in the moist gullies of the east coast. Clusters of tiny white flowers with yellow stamens coming from the leaf axils; long, narrow foliage.

**P. glandulosum**. Narrow leaves, widening toward ends; clusters of showy, yellow flowers. All States except W.A.

**Zieria** has four petals like *boronia*, but four stamens instead of eight.

**Z. smithii**. Clusters small, white flowers along stem, stiff, lance-like leaves about 1in. long, in threes. Sometimes known as stink wood, as nature was heavy handed with the tangy aroma.

**CORREA**. The general appearance of this plant doesn't resemble other members of the family, as it has graceful bells rather than star-like flowers, but in pattern the flower is close to *boronia*—four petals, eight stamens—but the petals are more elongated and united for most of their length into a cylindrical tube or bell.

In S.A. and N.S.W. *correas* are often known as native fuchsia, but in Victoria this is the name for *Epacris longiflora*, closely related to the heaths.

The *correas* are interesting, attractive, and adaptable as a garden plant. They grow in most soils except tough, sticky clay. Although they prefer a light acid loam, most are more tolerant to slightly alkaline soils than the *boronias*.

For shaded positions: *C. bauerlenii* (3-4ft.) Long green foliage, pendulous, greenish-yellow bells. *C. lawrenciana* (8ft.) Mountain correa, with long, leathery foliage, yellow bells. (Some varieties are red or purple.) *C. pulchella*. Beautiful, semi-prostrate type; long, tubular salmon flowers, buff inside and sometimes on tip.

**C. rubra**. Red, cream tip.

**C. alba**. Round, grey-green foliage, masses white flowers in winter. Grows exposed to wind, sun, and salt spray on cliffs by sea.



# RAISING NATIVE PLANTS FROM SEED OR CUTTING

The method of propagation depends on the genus being grown. Some seeds, such as acacia and those of the pea family, need heat stimulation before they will germinate.

**T**HERE are nurseries now specialising in native plants, and even general nurseries are extending their range. It is also interesting to try propagating some of your own plants.

Some genera are best grown from seed—acacias, most of the pea flowers, Christmas bush, flannel flowers, callistemons, melaleucas, and other myrtaceae, N.S.W. Christmas bush, waratahs, native iris, and all the lily family.

Some prefer to grow boronias and other rutaceae from seed, others from cuttings.

Hard seeds, such as peas and wattles, germinate readily only after they have been stimulated by heat. In nature they come up readily after a fire.

Soft seeds, such as callistemons and melaleucas, normally retained during the life of the parent, don't need heat treatment.

Wattles and pea flower seeds can be stimulated artificially to germinate by placing them in a container, pouring near-boiling water over them, and allowing them to cool. Leave them to soak overnight. Those obviously swollen are removed and planted, unaffected ones treated again.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The wildflower cover picture for this booklet was taken by Mr. Ted Furlong, of Albany, W.A. Other pictures were taken by staff photographer Ron Berg at Cadwell's Boongala Nursery, Annangrove, N.S.W., by Mr. Stirling Macoboy, and by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

Or, sow them in a seed box or bed, cover to about twice their depth with soil, then an inch or so of dry leaves and light twigs or a couple of inches of loosely packed straw. Set this alight, allow it to burn out, then water carefully but thoroughly.

The rutaceae family, possibly except the W.A. varieties, germinate better after this treatment. In nature, young ones rarely appear until a fire has been over them.

## THE SOIL

Many different soil mixtures are recommended, and most give good results. It must be a crumbly, not too fine mixture, firm but sufficiently open to allow water to penetrate easily, and not cake or set

crease the proportion of leafmould or peatmoss.

Proprietary seed-raising mixtures give good results, especially those with a lot of vermiculite. This reduces transplanting losses, as the delicate hair roots enter the particles, which are light enough to come away with them. In soil mixtures the delicate root membrane is often damaged by the movement of heavy sand particles.

These mixtures can be made by mixing four parts by volume of vermiculite with one of moistened, shredded peatmoss. Add mild nutrient by watering with liquid manures (Thrive, Aquasol, Zest), at two-thirds normal strength. Damping-off losses of melaleucas and boronias are fewer in these mixtures.

Vermiculite alone is too alkaline for many plants. Peatmoss counteracts this.

Glass over seedbox will conserve moisture by reducing evaporation. Contrary to common belief, most native seeds are best in a lightly shaded position, especially most rutaceae and myrtaceae, which in nature usually have protection in early stages.

Transplanting demands care. Either carefully remove to larger containers when very young and shade until re-established or leave in the seedbox until autumn.

Wattles and peas, among the most sensitive, are sometimes sown two or three seeds to a container, then thinned out to one.

Desert pea (*clianthus*) is best sown direct where it is to flower. Special treatment is mentioned under the description of the genus.

Right: *Isopogon anthifolius*.

## GROWING FROM CUTTINGS

Cuttings exactly reproduce features such as color. From seed, there is variation. Cuttings often mature more quickly than plants from seed, and many growers say their cutting-grown natives are longer lived than seedlings, probably because the calloused area of the cutting often produces a better root system.

Only the layer of tissue known as CAMBIUM is capable of growth. It can produce new shoots in an emergency, callous-over the damaged or cut portion of the stem, and form roots.

The cambium layer is usually thickest at a junction of stem or leaf, so cuttings are either taken with a heel (actually part of the stem junction) or just below a leaf joint, for here the chance of callousing and root formation is greatest.

Root formation is often the major problem, as cut foliage usually transpires water more quickly than the cut stem can absorb it from the soil.

The younger the wood used and the greater the soil temperature, within

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*Anigozanthus* (Kangaroo paw).

hard when dry. So avoid loam containing a high proportion of clay, also fine sand, as this packs too closely and doesn't let moisture and air penetrate.

If the sand is coarse and gritty, add about two-thirds its volume of rotted, shredded leafmould or the same of moistened peatmoss. With fine sand, in-



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## Interesting plants from other families

OTHER families not mentioned in detail but embracing genus worthy of a place in any native garden include:

**Hibbertia**, belonging to family **dilleniaceae**. Well-known east coast varieties are the wonder guinea flower, *H. volubilis*, which grows from the lush, sheltered rain forests to the sand of the exposed beaches. It has flat, golden flowers about 3in. across.

Among the smaller flowered shrubby types are *H. dentata* and *H. nitida*, and a delightful fine foliage species, *H. stelaris*, with a mass of showy, small, deep apricot flowers, early August to late spring.

**Tetratheca** (family **tremandraceae**), an attractive little plant with rosy pink, four-petalled spreading bells from small slender stems.

**Pittosporums**, trees with attractive foliage and, usually, orange berries.

**Hymenosporum** or native frangipani belong to the same family.

**Thymelaceae** is another interesting family. The notable Australian genus is **pimelea**, proving an excellent garden plant. *P. feruginea* is the finest of the pink species. The qualip-bells are also interesting and attractive, but not widely cultivated.

**Bauera**, the dainty pink dog rose which romps profusely along the creeks, is also adaptable to a variety of garden situations. Until recently was in the family **saxifragaceae**, but now has family of its own, **bauraceae**.

**Actinotis**, the flannel flowers, have a place in

any native garden. They belong to **umbelliferae**. The true daisies belong to **compositae**, a large, well-organised family with hundreds of little individual flowers packed together on the one stem (the centre of the daisy), all sharing the embellishment of the outer petals which encircle them.

The **goodeniaceae** is another family worth knowing. Its most spectacular member is the **W.A. leschenaultia** or mirror of heaven, the bluest of all blue flowers. It grows in any well-drained, light soil, sometimes surviving for only a few years, but it gives so much pleasure it is worth replanting each year.

Also in this family are **dampiera**, not as spectacular as **leschenaultia** but a delightful blue; and **scaevola** or fan flower, a wandering, shrubby plant with interesting, lavender-blue flowers.

**Epacridaceae** is another large family which contributes great beauty to the bushland. The heaths or **epacris** belong to this family, among them delightful *E. longi-*

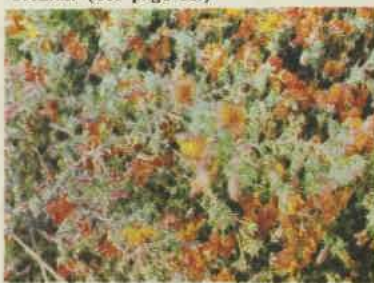
*flora* which graces cliffs and rocky roadside cuttings with sprays of long, slender, showy red bells with creamy white tips.

The **sprengelias** and **styphelias**, five corners, are also members of this family.

Then there are a number of **lilies**, **irises**, and a fascinating variety of native Australian orchids. (See page 16.)



*Hibbertia volubilis*, twining guinea flower.



*Leschenaultia formosa*.



*Dampiera stricta*.

Blue *Leschenaultia biloba*, buff-colored *Hibbertia stelaris*.



*Epacris longiflora*.



*Pimelea feruginea*.



Below: *Patersonia glabrata*.



## WHERE AND HOW

MOST Australian natives prefer a fairly light sandy loam. Those that will grow in heavy soil are also tolerant of lighter mediums.

Gardens where the soil is naturally sandy can grow the widest range of plants without special preparation.

Where the soil is naturally heavy you can:

1. Concentrate on varieties which tolerate heavy, clayey soils (see lists).
2. Build up a native section with sandy bush topsoil. Allow a depth of about 12in.



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## RAISING FROM SEED OR CUTTING— Continued

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reason, the quicker the root formation. But under these conditions loss of water is greater, and the cutting more likely to collapse.

Nurserymen overcome this by placing the pots of cuttings on heated benches, with mist sprays keeping the air moisture-saturated to prevent foliage water-loss. The home gardener can't do this, but can devise ways to retain a moist atmosphere.

These include plastic bags over pots of cuttings, inverted jars over single cuttings in the ground, or improvised cutting frames, such as pots in a large, closely fitted box with a sheet of glass over the top.

But remember — expose these con-

trivances, closed up, to direct sunlight and the temperature inside may kill the cuttings. So, shade glass jars or plastic bags, and either whitewash the glass or place a sheet of paper below it. Evaporation means loss of heat, so closing the box or bag to reduce evaporation also conserves soil temperature.

After a few weeks more light may be allowed, but in ratio lift the glass or open the plastic bag to allow excess heat to escape.

### Type of cutting

The type of cutting depends largely on the time of the year it is taken. Soft wood cuttings develop roots more rapidly in mid-summer, when they are more

readily available. Young wood usually means new growth that is just losing its sapiness.

Older, harder wood is better in winter when growth is relatively dormant. In spring, go halfway between. Experience with different types of plant will help here.

Minimise soft growth's moisture-loss from the minute it is cut. Place immediately into a plastic bag with wet cloth or wet vermiculite in the bottom, and tie up opening. Always protect from the sun.

Pieces 2in. to 3in. long are usually best. Cut the leaves from the  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. to 1in. section going into the soil (pulling often damages stem).

Trim off soft tip growth, trim away



Christmas bells (*Blandfordia*).

about two-thirds of the rest of the foliage to reduce the demand for moisture.

Soil is important. In mediums with too much soft, organic material, cuttings can callous and remain alive almost indefinitely without making root.

Sharper, harder mediums such as gritty sand usually give best results. Two-thirds coarse sand, one-third moistened, shredded peatmoss is good.

Hormone powders or liquids sometimes give good results and speed formation of root growth — or can make little difference, but they are worth trying.

Flowerpots are best for cuttings, as they can be firmed toward the side of the pot, and are easy to remove later. A 5in. pot should take about 20 small cuttings set about  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from the side. Avoid damage to the stem by first making the hole for the cutting with a long nail or knitting needle.

*Telopea*, the waratah.



## TO GROW NATIVE PLANTS (their soil, drainage, location needs)

Retain this mound with casually placed bush stone like a natural rocky outcropping, or hold by timber or flagging set on edge. In the latter cases, place an inch or so of coke or rubble before filling in the sand, and allow weep holes every couple of feet.

Good drainage is necessary, but the soil should not dry so quickly as to make watering a task in summer. Here, peatmoss will help, especially for boronias, epacris, Christmas bells, and other plants which need regular moisture. Use about an inch layer of previously moistened peatmoss for every 6in. depth of sand. Mix in by raking, then stirring the soil over several times.

3. If the soil is a medium loam, but inclined to cake, spread a 2-3in. layer of sand and work in. Coarse river sand

is best here. Rotted leafmould and peatmoss could also be added.

**Drainage:** Where water lies after rain, attend to the drainage. Put in agricultural pipes (in slotted plastic lengths, porous cement, or terracotta) about 18in. deep, sloping gradually to a point where the water can escape, at surface or into a sump. Most garden guides give details of this.

**Mulch:** Rarely in nature are plants found growing in soil without some natural covering such as leafmould, pebbles, or a mat of smaller cover plants. This provides anchorage, a cool, undis-

turbed root system, and prevents soil splashing and caking over the lower main stem, detrimental to many plants.

Try a mixed cover—occasional patches of leafmould, pebbles, and flat stones which also can be stepping-stones, and save compaction of the soil.

Even ground-cover plants such as *Kennedya* establish better if stems and foliage are protected from splashing soil.

**Shade:** Don't be afraid to add a few small trees or large shrubs to the native garden. Most of our smaller shrubs grow under this type of light cover in natural bushland.

### These will tolerate heavy, clayey soils

*Acacia cultriformis*, 8ft.; *A. farnesiana*, 10ft.; *A. jonesii*, 6ft.; *A. myrtifolia*, 6ft.; *A. baileyana*, 15ft.; *A. pycnantha*, 15ft.; *A. spectabilis*, 12ft.  
*Anigozanthus* (kangaroo paw), 3-5ft.  
*Callistemon*, all types.  
*Cassia artemisioides*, 4ft.  
*Chorizema*, 4ft.  
*Correa pulchella*, 1ft.  
*Eriostemon myoporoides*.

*Grevillea banksii*, 10ft.; *G. caleyi*, 6ft.; *G. dallachiana*, 4ft.; *G. juniperina*, 6ft.  
*Hakea saligna*, 15ft.  
*Hardenbergia* (prostrate).  
*Kennedya rubicunda* (prostrate).  
*Lomatia* (parsley fern), 3ft.  
*Melaleuca armillaris*, 15ft.; *M. laterita*, 4ft.  
*Westringia rosmariniformis*, 5ft.

• Left: *Sturt's pea* growing in an ideal garden setting — a sunny, built-up rockery. (See notes on cultivation, page 5.)



## Native orchids and lilies

AUSTRALIA possesses a tremendous variety of native orchids. Some are spectacular, others insignificant with unbelievably small flowers, but all are interesting.

Some of the better known are the *Dendrobiums*, technically described as epiphytes, as they grow on trees or rocks with partly exposed roots. These are distinct from terrestrial orchids, which grow with fleshy roots or tubers in the soil.

Perhaps the best-known dendrobium is the rock lily, *D. speciosum*. On much smaller scale is pink rock lily, *D. kingianum*, a delightful gem with 2-4-in. spikes of small, dainty pink flowers.

*D. falcocorstrum*, the Dorrigo orchid, is a creamy-white, fragrant tree-dweller from the rain forests. *D. linguiforme* is a short, woody-leaved rock climber with feathery white sprays of flower. From the tropics we have the showy pink Cooktown orchid, *D. bigibbum*, and scores of others.

The *Sacochilus* resemble dendrobiums. *S. falcatus* is the dainty white orange blossom orchid. *S. Fitzgeraldii* is a soft pink-flowered species.

Some of the best known among the terrestrials are the beautiful blue sun orchid, *Thelymitra ixioides*. Then there are dainty *Glossodias*, the fine-stemmed white, mauve, or pink cockatoo orchids, the strangely bearded *Calochilus*, and pink spotted hyacinth orchids (*dipodium*)—and hundreds more, in an array of shapes and sizes.

The kangaroo-paw (*Anigozanthus*) and Christmas bell (*Blandfordia*), both members of the lily family, grow in moist soils, the latter preferring a fairly moist position. The spear-lily, gigantic lily or gymea, botanically known as *Doryanthes*, is strictly an amaryllis but closely related to the lilies. It grows in the sandstone area of central N.S.W. coast, with flower stems to 15ft.



LEFT: *Dendrobium falcocorstrum*, the Dorrigo orchid, grows in its nook in a tree-trunk in keeping with its habit as an epiphyte type.

RIGHT: The orchid *Dendrobium speciosum* puts out a golden cascade of flower spikes beneath a Moreton Bay fig tree.





and at last, puzzling over them, she achieved an inspired guess at "sleeps well." This feat she promptly chalked up in her mind as a small triumph over her mother, who had declared only this morning, "They ain't taught her much . . . That kid ain't right." Muttering to herself over and over again the three words, "She sleeps well," Emily had a powerful impression of the everlasting quietude in which the other Emily dwelt.

At the same time she discovered, with much awe and a little misgiving that her own body exactly fitted the grassy ridge on which she was lying. She pressed her toes into the bottom of the hump and her face into the cool, moss-grown bit at the top of it; it was made exactly to her measure.

**T**HIS gave her an extraordinary feeling of closeness to her namesake, and before long her dismay vanished, and she put her mouth to the earth and breathed. "I'm an Emily, too."

She wondered why they had put this child so far away from the other graves, and tears came into her eyes as she thought of the loneliness of Emily. She wanted to give her some comfort, so she picked a handful of moon-daisies and laid them neatly along the top of the hump; but they didn't look very impressive when she remembered the white carnations and lilies of the valley on Mrs. Prendergast's grave. A daring project formed in her mind, and she could feel her heart beating against the earth as she whispered, "I'll fetch you some proper flowers." She jumped up and ran back toward the angel.

At first she ran very fast, but as she approached it she slowed down to a trot, then to a walk, and at last she stopped altogether. She began to wish she hadn't promised the flowers to Emily; for the angel was looking straight at her, peering very much as Mrs. Prendergast had peered, and the angel's arms were stretched over the flowers in an attitude which seemed to say, "You dare touch them!"

Emily edged nearer, one step at a time, until at the very brink of the grave her resolution failed her and she drew back; perhaps she would have run away then, but she heard her father at the other side of the churchyard sharpening his scythe, and the familiar sound gave her a brief sense of security. In that moment she dashed forward, seized the flowers, and bore them away. Scarcely feeling the prickly thistles and the hot nettles against her knees, she did not pause until she came to Emily's grave; she laid the carnations at its head and the lilies at its foot.

She knelt down and smelt

## AMONG THE QUIET FOLKS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

the clove scent of the one bunch, the sweetness of the other, and the thought that Emily could not smell them moved her to pity. With love and tenderness she rearranged the flowers, and suddenly the sense of a mysterious communion overcame her, so that her heart seemed to be filled simultaneously with happiness and terror. She lay down by the grave and she wept a little, but they were not the kind of tears that hurt. They dried at once when she heard her father shouting, "Emily, Emily — where's that brat got to?" and she stayed only long enough to whisper into the green moss, "I'll come back some day, I'll come back soon."

Then she ran to her father, and she noticed how different the churchyard looked — the sun as it sank toward the hills made the swathes of mown grass like small waves on the sea, and all the tombstones were like jagged black rocks standing up among them.

Her father said, "Where you bin, kid?" but he didn't wait for an answer; he was grumbling about his back: "Hard mowing, I'd like that fat parson to try it, half a crown a blessed hour." Then he said he wasn't going to do the bit round the edges, and Emily was glad, because nobody could see the little grave while the grass stood round it, and the flowers would remain a secret between her and the child who had died on Christmas Day. Her father slung the scythe over his shoulder, and Emily fell in beside him, and as they went up the village street her father said, "Ah, well, 'twas a change to spend an hour or two with them as don't answer you back."

Next day was Sunday, and the churchbells were ringing, so that her mother said, "I wish they'd shut up, banging and clanging; what rights have they got? S'pose I was to shove on the wireless loud as that they'd have me for disturbing the neighbors." Then she did put on the wireless, as loud as she could, partly to spite the bellringers and partly because she wanted to hear the music while she was vacuum-cleaning.

Emily's father said something about Bedlam, and bicycled off to his allotment; Emily slipped out and went down to the churchyard, but because of all the cars outside she dared not go in. She lurked by the lych-gate and listened to the organ playing in the church and the gabbling noise of people trying to catch up with long sentences as they sang the Psalms. Later she watched the congregation coming out.

She saw two women go

across the grass to Mrs. Prendergast's grave, and she recognised them as the two who had sat in the car behind the flower-filled hearse. She remembered what her mother had said about them, but she hadn't known what it meant; she thought of them, however, as the Crocodile Women. As they approached the grave they pointed and became suddenly agitated, and, of course, Emily realised that they were missing the flowers.

They stood under the angel, and seemed to argue, and shook their heads. Then they walked away, and they passed quite close to Emily Nott's little grave without noticing it.

It pleased Emily to think of the flowers lying there unseen, a secret shared between her and the other Emily.

In the afternoon she re-

turned, but there was a Confirmation; she watched the fussy parents hurrying along their girls in white dresses, their boys with scrubbed faces and specially brushed hair. Still she was afraid to go into the churchyard and she was curiously troubled by the thought of Emily's loneliness.

On Monday, because it was Bank Holiday, there were more cars than ever. Crowds of people were visiting the old church, and five red charabancs stood outside the White Lion, which was nearly opposite. Emily walked on down the lane as far as the river and picked some flowers for her friend and namesake, yellow flags and tall pink things and one water-lily which she hooked out of the water with a stick.

She nearly fell in, and got her dress muddy, so that when she went back to the churchyard and looked over the wall, she could imagine Mrs. Prendergast peering at

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# ULCERS

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ADC 1-143

## A MIGRANT IN ONE'S OWN COUNTRY

● "The everyday things we take for granted can become very important when they are not there," writes Mrs. A. M. Lowe, wife of a Melbourne Methodist minister, who suddenly realised a little of how migrants to a new country must feel when she made her first trip interstate — and felt such a stranger!

THE work of my husband and myself over the past few years has been mostly among non-British migrants in an inner suburb of Melbourne, and we know and admire many splendid migrant women.

Because of the demanding nature of our work, it became necessary for us to have several weeks' complete change somewhere, and my husband, having never been farther than Sydney, decided to drive north to about 100 miles beyond Brisbane.

After much persuasion, and having made arrangements for our four children, I rather reluctantly went, too.

As we drove mile after mile I felt I was probably in a similar frame of mind to many of the migrant women who come to our country, who are often not even "persuaded" to come but have their minds made up for them.

The first night away I telephoned to find out how my son had fared in his examinations, but as the miles increased I knew I would no longer be phoning and would have to depend on two or three points only for mail and family news.

For many migrant women, as the boat they are on gets nearer and nearer to Australia, it must seem like an eternal gulf between them and their families.

Many have their children with them, but other family ties are strong, and I have seen the sadness and heartbreak in their faces as they battle, day after day, with what seems overwhelming loneliness.

Things which are everyday, and we take so much for granted, can become very important when they are no longer there. While I am no real TV or radio fan, there are programs I enjoy and I found it very frustrating not to be able to see familiar faces like Eric Pearce or Tony Charlton on TV, or to be able to find my way round a radio dial in another State.

How much more devastating it would be to turn on a radio — if you had one — and not to be able to understand a word of what was said.

Even the daily papers were unfamiliar to me with their local news, their local politicians, their local sports — and no Victorian League Football scores on Saturday night!

But imagine opening the morning paper and not being able to read a word of it! In Queensland the houses looked different, the transport seemed different, and some of the foods unfamiliar. What if all this happened, greatly magnified, in a single day, and you knew it was going to stay like this. It could seem like a bad dream.

If you go up North it's no use trying to hide the fact that you are a Southerner. Go into a shop and ask for a quarter-loaf of bread and it's almost certain you come from Victoria, and if you ask for a "lemonade spider" or a "dixie" ice-cream you may even come from outer space.

Go into a chemist's shop and ask for a certain brand of tranquilliser (available only on prescription in Queensland, as you

discover) and you begin to feel you're a drug addict.

If you are wanting two sandwiches, make it quite clear you want enough for a decent lunch, not just two small triangles cut ready for an afternoon tea.

We began to feel that if we could just walk around and keep our mouths shut maybe we might be able to pass for one of these strange Northerners.

One day we walked into Brisbane from our motel, and as I stood outside a shop waiting for my husband I suddenly thought, I don't know my way back to the motel. What if I miss him?

Each time something like this happened I thought of those hundreds of migrant women to whom life must be such a mass of fear and confusion every time they move far from their homes.

In Sydney, we had taken a bus from several miles out. When it stopped in the city we went into the unfamiliar shops and arcades, ignorant of where to go to buy what.

The next problem was to find the bus we had come in on, so we took a taxi instead.

No wonder migrants go to shops kept by their own nationals, who sell familiar things and speak a familiar language. No wonder so many of them use taxis to arrive at a destination safely without being beset by fears and frustrations.

As I tried to put myself in the place of a migrant woman I realised I could even begin to understand what it felt like.

## Frustrating

While we were looking for accommodation in Brisbane, finding some good and some not so good, it was rather frustrating, but we knew we would find some somewhere, and if we had any real problems there were places we knew we could go and find someone who could help.

I tried to imagine how it would be not being able to find accommodation, with small children trailing behind, mail from home delayed or lost, my husband not having employment, and no one to talk with about it.

It seemed overwhelming, yet this is what can happen to these women. Some are in State mental homes, others are in need of psychiatric treatment.

In our work with migrants through Carlton Methodist Church we have great admiration for the women who have come out here, often reluctantly and fearfully, but have accepted the situation.

Many are working, from economic necessity, in circumstances strange to them. In their own country they would have just worked in their home, many with household help. Now they are not only caring for their family but going out to work, too.

However, there are still many women (and families) who, to varying degrees, have withdrawn from the community, and as I escaped into my room from the noise and bewilderment of an unknown large city I could understand why.

Now, when migrant women ask (often through a friend), "Please, could you come shopping with me?" or "Please, could you come to the hospital with me?" I will know it is a cry for help, a plea for some security in the midst of their bewilderment.

When I am trying to help them to find their own way about I now will write down directions and times of meetings and draw maps.

For those who are even too afraid to ask I will understand more of their need.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 4, 1967



# "Not another girl? Well, better luck next time!"

Even before they were married this young English couple, who now live in South Australia, dreamed of the sons they would have to share their interests in racing-cars and other outdoor pursuits. After the fourth daughter arrived, however, they decided on a new approach to the problem.

**A** LONG time ago, when Len and I were very young, we used to imagine what it would be like to be married and to have a family.

The details used to change, but somehow one thing was always the same. We were going to have a large family, with lots of little boys jumping all over the place and a few little girls sitting sedately in the background.

After we had finished our university courses we did marry, and for the first two years we had a wonderful time. We had jobs, and for holidays we went abroad.

We were living in England, and Europe was tantalisingly close. It was on one of these holidays, at Breuil, a small village on the slopes of the Matterhorn, that we discovered that I was pregnant. We nicknamed our future offspring "Trinkwasser," because he stopped my enjoying the local wine and made me revert to water as a drink. Life was exciting, and we went back to England full of plans for the baby.

When he was due, Len was doing his previously deferred National Service and I went to hospital on a London bus, hoping that the Army would grant some compassionate leave. Stephen was Len's second name, so we decided to call the baby that and add my father's rather unusual name, Rupert, as a second one. Ten hours later I was telephoning Len at Aldershot to say that our first child had arrived and that it was a girl.

Everyone said, "How nice," except Len's friends at Aldershot, who wished us better luck next time, and eventually we got used to the idea that we had a daughter. Len had a favorite girl's name, Sandra, so she was called that, and we went to live in a small terrace house within commuting distance of London.

Len's two years with the Army came to an end, and he began to work in London. I was pregnant again. Now we did very badly want a boy. I think it was mainly because we were both much more interested in masculine things. We loved cars and motor-bikes. (Sandra had spent some considerable time on car-racing circuits.) We liked walking and skiing and boating. Try as I did, I found no pleasure in frilly nylon baby frocks or treasure cots. Matchbox cars and tractors were much more appealing.

I found myself becoming obsessional about my friends. Did they hate carrots while they were expecting their sons, I wanted to know? I had all sorts of other ridiculous questions.

I remember praying harder than I had ever prayed in my life. In fact, I seemed to spend most of the nine months of all my pregnancies praying. I even prayed in St. Peter's at Rome, somehow convinced that prayer there must be answered. Unfortunately, nothing worked, and we had our second, rather ugly but somehow quite appealing, daughter.

When she was 15 months old we left England for Australia, a move we have never regretted. In the seven years we have lived here we have had more happiness

than in any other seven years of our lives. Of course, we still went on hoping for our son.

Our third daughter was born in a rather primitive country hospital. I remember holding the doctor's hand—he was a great friend of ours—and howling because I didn't want to tell Len that I had failed again.

After that we decided not to try again. We stuck to that resolution for two years, and then we met a lot of new friends who told us we couldn't be so unlucky a fourth time, and a few more friends who had had three girls and then a boy, and eventually we told ourselves we didn't really mind a fourth daughter, and we went ahead—and had another one.

But, of course, we did mind. We found everything about the baby in the first few months a chore, we hated our friends' condolences, and, most of all, we hated the comments of acquaintances who referred to Len's "harem." One of them actually suggested that I should give him a "tonic."

## Some people manage it

Of course, we got used to these things and tried to treat the whole thing sensibly by going on holidays with friends with all-male families and just being glad that our four girls were strong and healthy.

However much we tried, though, we couldn't help envying the vast majority of families who seem to be able to produce alternate male and female children with apparent facility.

And so we came to child number five, only this time we decided it was useless to pursue a dream. We applied to our State's Child Welfare Department, and now have a charming small boy who is adored by all his sisters, and our house is full of tractors, trains, meccano sets, and all those things we dreamt of years ago.

He is too small yet to know he is adopted and none of us is keen to tell him, but I expect it will be one of his favorite bedtime stories—how his parents and his sisters wanted a boy and eventually they got one, not in the way that they had intended but in a way that is becoming more satisfactory as time goes on.

Did we do the right thing? Perhaps having wanted a son so much we should have been less ready to embark on future pregnancies after the first two daughters for fear of depriving our children of some of the love they deserved.

Perhaps our bitterness would have been less if we had had parents or older relatives to discuss our problems with in Australia. The enthusiasm of grandparents might have made up for some of our disappointment.

The friends who did help were those who admired our babies. We were often very brusque with them, but they put up with our moods magnificently, and when we did bring home our adopted son they knitted, sewed, crocheted, and pulled champagne corks like an army. To them we shall always be grateful.

## Pest Proof Your Home The Safe Way This Summer

**S**URVIVAL of insect pests is not possible with the new powerful safe Pea-Beu insecticide. The discovery of the powerful new Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide that searches out and destroys all insect pests on the pattern of fumigation ensures that all homes can be kept free from flies, mosquitoes and all insect pests this summer.

Flies are known carriers of a host of entero-virus diseases such as polio, hepatitis, gastro-enteritis—and these diseases are transmitted in the home and in the nursery during the summer months by flies, usually through contaminated food. Simply by walking over a surface or using the proboscis (suck-

ing mouth tube) like a straw, a fly deposits or transfers bacteria on to uncovered food or drink. The wide umbrella-spraying fume action of the Pea-Beu insecticide penetrates deep into every corner of the room, searching out and killing all insect pests. No insect can survive its lethal killing action—described by one observer 'as if by an electric shock.' Because of its safety factor, Pea-Beu can be sprayed into cupboards where food is stored.



Mosquitoes are the second most prevalent summer pests in Australia. Although the male is generally harmless, the female of the various species is known throughout the world for spreading malaria, yellow fever, dengue, and other diseases.

In order to propagate the species, the female must obtain a blood meal with the result that Australians frequently experience the incessant droning and stinging that accompanies sleepless nights.

Because mosquitoes and flies are particularly active during the hot summer months, Australian householders should take special care at this time of the year to ensure that their homes are free from these insect pests.

**Discovery of a Powerful, Safe Insecticide**  
Fortunately, the discom-

forts of insect invasion can now be controlled and eliminated, thanks to the announcement made recently by A.N.I. Chemical Research of the development of a new powerful safe insecticide that destroys on contact all insect pests yet, as it does not contain any of the poisonous hydro-carbons such as DDT, BHC and Lindane, it is guaranteed safe to use in the home, in the presence of children and pets as it cannot harm the lungs and delicate nasal tissues.

Pleasantly perfumed to leave a refreshingly clean



aroma in the home, powerful Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide is now available through leading stores and chemists and is the safe, positive way to ensure your home is pest free this summer.

## AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY:  
Week starting Sept. 27

### ARIES

MAR. 21—APR. 20  
Lucky number this week, 6.  
Gambling colors, lilac, red.  
Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

### TAURUS

APR. 21—MAY 20  
Lucky number this week, 1.  
Gambling colors, green, tan.  
Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

### GEMINI

MAY 21—JUNE 21  
Lucky number this week, 4.  
Gambling colors, pink, navy.  
Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

### CANCER

JUNE 22—JULY 22  
Lucky number this week, 5.  
Gambling colors, red, yellow.  
Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

### LEO

JULY 23—AUG. 22  
Lucky number this week, 9.  
Gambling colors, green, blue.  
Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

### VIRGO

AUG. 23—SEPT. 23  
Lucky number this week, 7.  
Gambling colors, black, red.  
Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

Minor good influences do not prevent this week from being delaying at both ends and upsetting in the middle. Influences chiefly affect career, popularity, Romance, however, blossoms.

This could be a frustrating week, when you could miss the bus, lock the garage doors after the car has been knocked off, etc. Worst days, 27th and 30th—sudden upsets in love life.

A strong influence of drag and delay dominates. Moreover, 29th-lit could mean upheaval and abrupt big changes in romance and marriage. Any tie formed could be suddenly snapped.

Cancerians usually are fond of money, since they feel that it gives them protection, and the stars favor finance this week. However, for the rest, conflicting planets make things tough going.

Things should go well with all Leo's born at the end of their sign. Opportunities abound. But another side adds up to delaying, depressing influences that make you cent wise, dollar foolish.

The week begins slowly, erupts at weekend, and toboggans to a standstill at the end—a mixture of delay and upset. Sept. 29-Oct. 1 shows a sudden change in your personal life.

### LIBRA

SEPT. 24—OCT. 23  
Lucky number this week, 3.  
Gambling colors, grey, blue.  
Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

### SCORPIO

OCT. 24—NOV. 23  
Lucky number this week, 8.  
Gambling colors, iridescent.  
Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

### SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 24—DEC. 21  
Lucky number this week, 2.  
Gambling colors, green, brown.  
Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.

### CAPRICORN

DEC. 22—JAN. 20  
Lucky number this week, 1.  
Gambling colors, black, white.  
Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

### AQUARIUS

JAN. 21—FEB. 19  
Lucky number this week, 7.  
Gambling colors, black, white.  
Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

### PISCES

FEB. 20—MAR. 20  
Lucky number this week, 5.  
Gambling colors, lilac, grey.  
Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

You are in your swinging cycle and it's a time of contrasts. You begin very slowly, then things go haywire, and you find yourself stuck, 2nd-3rd. Calm water next week.

If you've legal business, try to postpone it, especially if it concerns home and family. This could be an ulcer-making time—you could delay, make wrong decisions, say upsetting things.

Friends could play a pleasant role—you could even form a new friendship with a big-minded person; but the stars are unhappy. If you have any projects, don't blast off just yet.

Although it would be good normally to break down fences and begin a new chapter in your life, there are hindering influences that make new projects risky. Bad, too, for partnership.

Good influences still prevail to enhance career, but in this world there's no real peace, only less tension—and the stars are hostile. Avoid a sudden parting with a friend.

27th is more than usually lucky—a little compensation for an adverse week. Events either walk with leaden boots or get jet-propelled. It all affects your career, friends, and purse.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.)

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Foreign	\$7.85	\$15.70



## End Wrinkle Dryness

Use the colder months to give your skin a lovely bloom, but guard against dry wrinkles caused by the cold air. Even mildly crisp air causes the skin to contract, preventing protective oils from reaching the surface. Ask your chemist for a little oil of Ulan, and before you make-up, smooth it over your face, neck, and hands, being careful to pat it generously round the eyes. You will be amazed how quickly this moist oil will give the skin a peaches-and-cream loveliness, especially on cold days.

... Margaret Merril

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 641. — DRESS

Smart dress is available cut out to make in sky-blue, lemon, or citrus-green linen-finish cotton. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$6.45; 36 and 38in. bust, \$6.65. Postage and dispatch 30 cents extra.

No. 642. — THROWOVER

Throwover, size 44in. x 44in. with lace edging supplied, is available traced ready to embroider on white, lilac, or blue organdie. Price is \$1.25 plus 5 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 643. — BRUNCH COAT

Pretty brunch coat in printed cotton is available cut out to make in pink, blue, or gold tonings. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$4.25; 36 and 38in. bust, \$4.45. Postage and dispatch 30 cents extra.

\* Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4960, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. No C.O.D. orders.



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## AMONG THE QUIET FOLKS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

her through the eyes of the angel and saying: "Go home and tell your mother to clean you up. Tell her I said so."

She did go home, because there were still too many people about. She felt about the little grave as she imagined a bird must feel about its nest: she must not allow herself to be seen going toward it.

The flowers had faded in her hot hand; but her mother, seeing them, guessed she'd been down to the river, which was forbidden. She spat on a handkerchief and scrubbed her knees, and while she was doing so suddenly lifted up her skirt and smacked her bottom. Then she sent her to bed.

Lying there still and sullen, Emily was remembering that there were some new, white flowers on Mrs. Prendergast's grave. She had seen them when she looked over the wall, and she was thinking that the Crocodile Women must have put them there; they were very grand-looking flowers, and she was coveting them for Emily.

On Tuesday afternoon (for it was still the half-term holiday) she found the churchyard deserted, and only the pigeons on the church roof saw her as she darted from the lych-gate to Mrs. Prendergast's grave and stole a large bunch of white gladioli off it. The magnificence of the snowy spray gave her an undue sense of victory over the detested angel, and on the spur of the moment she did something dreadful. She thumbed her nose at it; and was immediately ashamed, terrified, and convinced that she would be punished for what she had done.

In chastened mood she went to the little grave and laid the white flowers upon it; but her foolish act had robbed her of the pleasure she would otherwise have got from bringing so princely a gift to Emily. Then she saw the Vicar, with his tummy bulging under a black cassock, striding down the path toward the church door. She thought of him as a possible instrument of the angel's revenge, so she lay down and hid among the grasses on the grave; and there it seemed her punishment crept upon her, for her head began to ache, she felt sick, and shivers ran up and down her spine.

She got up at last and tottered home, and as soon as she went into the back room her mother pounced on her:

"Look at you, all flushed and dopy, took sick, have you; it's getting in the river done it; you been down there again, I daresay — good mind to give you a hiding." But she didn't give her a hiding. Upstairs in the bedroom undressing her, she exclaimed:

"Goodness, look at that, well I never did." There were small pink spots all over Emily's body from her waist down to her thighs, and across her back, too — she saw them in the looking-glass while her mother went downstairs for a hot-water bottle. They itched all the more after she'd seen them, and she scratched wildly, so that she left the marks of her nails. Her headache was like a hammer thumping within her skull. She thought that she was going to die and that it had something to do with the angel.

Tucked into bed, she cuddled the hot-water bottle, and the world drifted away from her; she saw letters before her eyes, FITFUFEV, and was troubled by them. Now and then her mother's face appeared, unfamiliarly kind, and her mother's hand

stroked her forehead. A night-light was lit and it cast huge shadows like angel's wings.

Her father's voice spoke out of these shadows, half laughing and surprising her because of the laughter in it just as she was going to die. "All the kids has it: chicken pox." The last syllable stuck in her mind and awakened a memory of the writing on the tombstone: "Dyed of the smallpox . . . Christmas Day . . ." She must have spoken the last words aloud, for her father's voice said:

"No, child, it's six months to Christmas."

Her mother's voice: "She's dreaming. Look how she tosses and turns."

Emily heard them tiptoe out. She heard the door close. Fever, she said to herself. FITFUFEVER. The letters danced before her again, but this time it was like one of those puzzles which they had given her to do at school, what they called an IQ test — the girls said it was to find out if you were a loonie. Gradually the puzzle began to resolve itself, AFTER LIFE'S, AFTER LIFE'S — then suddenly she had it, all except one letter: AFTER LIFE'S FITFU FEVER SHE SLEEPS WELL.

It was quite clear in her mind for a moment, and she saw the words etched by sunlight on the tombstone under the name EM LY. Half-way between waking and sleeping, she began to talk to herself: "Em ly Nott," she said, "Em ly Nott, Em ly is not." It struck her as funny and she laughed aloud. Then the door opened and her parents were beside the bed.

"What's the matter, child?"

"Emily is not. I am."

"It's the fever."

"I am. She's not but I am. I am Emily Am."

"Try to lie quiet, child . . . Better tomorrow . . . Sleep well."

This time she didn't hear them go out. She slipped imperceptibly into a dream, and she was smelling the wet earth, she was lying side by side with Emily Nott, and at last she knew what Emily Nott looked like: she had curly hair and a very pale skin with freckles. She loved her, and held her hand for comfort as they lay together. She was looking at the freckles on Emily Nott's nose, and then suddenly realised that she was looking at herself, as if in a looking-glass.

The freckles became pink spots. And now she didn't know whether it was she or Emily Nott lying in the earth, Emily Nott or Emily Am, or both of them together. The spots became enormous, they swelled and swelled until they covered all the nose and the cheeks and the eyes, and then there was no face at all, and the dream faded, and she slept well.

The nightmare had been so

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### Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 408SWW, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.



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L.A.S.

# AT HOME.....

with Margaret Sydney

- One of the nicest things about getting a three-month batch of readers' letters all in one go is that it's quite impossible to answer them. Let me repeat that, loudly and clearly — it's impossible, without condemning my family to no food and no clean clothes for weeks.

SO today I've had the pleasure of reading scads of letters and stacking them in a "no answer needed" pile with a clear conscience — well, not clear, perhaps, but in that moderately clouded state I can live with quite happily.

Some of the letters came from English people now living in Australia and from Australians recently in England telling me of places I simply had to see while I was there. I read those with a map beside me, saying, "Oh, curses, if only I'd known, and I was only seven miles away."

But, oddly enough, the biggest batch of letters waiting for me came on the subject of the charm

ROTAS  
OPERA  
TENET  
AREPO  
SATOR

Remember it? It reads the same way left to right, right to left, top to bottom, bottom to top, and is made up of the letters of the word "Paternoster" crossed at the N, plus two A's and two O's (religious symbols of the beginning and the end).

Readers from four different States remembered seeing it in Latin classes in their schooldays and being given various explanations of it by their teachers. All these teachers agreed that "arepo" was not a Latin word and was probably a proper name, perhaps Celtic in origin.

Some of the remembered explanations of the charm's meanings were "Arepo, the worker, guides the wheels at work"; "Arepo, the sower, delays the wheels by his works"; "Arepo, the sower, guides the wheels at work"; "Hurry up, Sator, Arepo is grazing your wheels."

## Well, what about

"Up there, Cazaly"?

AND if the last one seems a little far-fetched, I have my correspondent's word for it that her Latin teacher was regarded as a fine classical scholar.

This explanation was that Sator and Arepo were proper names, and that the word "tenet" was a later corruption of the word "teret." It was, she told her class, a cry used by competitors in chariot races.

After all, I suppose there's no reason why it shouldn't have passed into the language when you consider the way "Up there, Cazaly" has passed from Australian Rules into the idiom. People might well find that one a little hard to account for in a couple of thousand years' time.

But if you're not satisfied that it was a charioteer's cry, here are some more sources from readers' letters. A correspondent from Alberta, Canada, suggests you check two books in the nearest public library.

They are "The Destruction and Resurrection of Pompeii and Herculaneum," by E. C. C. Corti (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1951), page 207; "Pompeii and Herculaneum," by Marcel Brian (Crown Publishers Inc., New York, 1960), page 83.

A Bateau Bay, N.S.W., reader says it is engraved in a 17th-century church at Great Gidding, in England, in reverse order, beginning with Sator.

It has also been found carved on a stone at Cirencester, in Gloucester, at Pompeii during the first century, and it is quoted as examined in Roderic Dunkerley's book "Beyond the Gospels" (Penguin). Professor Dunkerley dates its first appearance before AD 79, and says "arepo" is a Celtic word for plough.

## Read it "bustrophedon":

"as the ox ploughs"

BUT my favorite explanation comes from a Brisbane reader, in a long quotation from "A Picture Book of Archaeology," by C. W. Ceram, published by Thames and Hudson.

It seems we should be reading the charm in *bustrophedon* manner. New word to you? Me, too, and it's not in my dictionary, but I like it. It means "as the ox ploughs." In other words, backward and forward, the first line from left to right, the second from right to left, and so on.

To make this work, you'd be wise to write it down in the other order, beginning with the word Sator, as it was found at Gidding and other places. C. W. Ceram says:

"Professor Matteo Della Corte, one of the most successful Pompeian excavators of our century, found scratched upon one of the pillars of the palaestra a 25-letter inscription that yielded the same five words whichever way they were read. And the central word, TENET, formed a cross.

"The discoverer concluded that this had probably been the secret sign of a Christian sect . . . this is a controversial question. Whether the magic square really was intended to represent a Christian cross is not yet established . . . recently a new interpretation which seems reasonable has been presented.

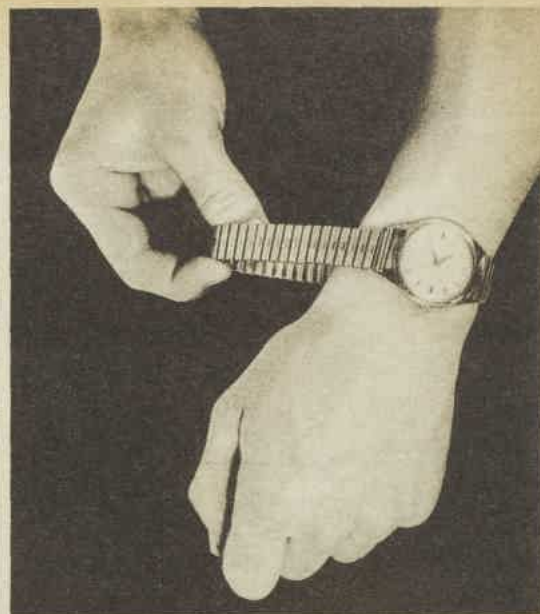
"Hitherto the word AREPO has always given trouble; no such word is known, whereas the others are common Latin words. Ludwig Diehl suggested that the square should be read *bustrophedon* . . . in this case the central word, TENET, must be read twice. The result is Sator Opera Tenet; Tenet Opera Sator.

"The meaningless word AREPO is thus eliminated. The translation, in spite of the repetition, has a convincing sound: 'The great Sower (God) holds in His hand all works; all works the great Sower holds in His hand'."

In the meantime I'm brooding about the word *BUSTROPHEDON*. I can't think of another thing I do that way, except knitting and darning.



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vivid that the first thing she did, when she woke in the morning, was to jump out of bed and look at herself in the glass; she was thankful to find that she still had cheeks and eyes and a nose. Indeed, there were no spots on her face at all; and the ones on her tummy were still only pinhead size. Her headache had gone, and she no longer thought she was dying.

Within two days the spots changed to little water blisters rather like teardrops, and she scratched them off with satisfaction. Scabs formed, and her mother put woolly socks over her hands, tying them at the wrists. Then, on a warm day, Emily was allowed to play in the sun; but because she was still infectious she mustn't go to school.

Seizing an opportunity when her mother was out, Emily made her way down to the churchyard, filched a bunch of rather faded white roses off Mrs. Prendergast's grave, and took them as tribute to Emily Nott. But this time an alarming thing happened. She was on her way out of the churchyard when suddenly a man rose up out of the ground in front of her. It was just like a picture of the Resurrection she had seen in church; and she screamed. The man, however, laughed; and Emily saw that he had a spade and was digging a hole for some new dead person.

"Made you jump," said the man. "Well, you mind I don't pop you in it, 'stead of old Butcher Barnes as pegged out a-Toosdy."

Emily remembered Butcher Barnes, who was very fat with bulging red arms. You could hardly tell them from the meat when he was cutting it; and she thought it would be a squash if he were going into that narrow hole. But, of course, it wasn't finished

## AMONG THE QUIET FOLKS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

yet; the man set to work again chopping at the edges with his spade. Emily ran away; and she was glad he hadn't seen her carrying the flowers.

She had realised by now that there was an element of danger in what she was doing; and oddly enough this pleased her, for there seemed something sacrificial in running a risk on behalf of Emily.

The memory of her nightmare had mostly faded; the horror of it hadn't outlasted the spots on her tummy. But a trace of it remained imprinted on her mind as the scab marks stayed on her body; and this mere shadow of a recollection gave her an added sense of closeness to the child in the ground. She saw Emily Nott as a little girl like herself, pale skin, freckles, curly hair, and all; she had become almost as real as someone you held hands with.

She was also aware, though she couldn't have put it into words, of having shared with Emily Nott a profound and awful experience. Her illness, she thought, had been the same as Emily's: Fitful fever, poxiness. But Emily Nott had died — leaving behind the Christmas holly and mistletoe and the new toys on her bed — whereas she had survived, she was Emily Am. She began to think of herself most of the time as Emily Am; and when she laid the roses on the grave she had whispered, "Emily Am here," and it was like sharing a joke.

She believed that the flowers in some way might make up to Emily Nott for the Christmas presents unopened, the bulging stocking unexplored.

So within two or three days she went again to the churchyard; but this time she dared not go in, for the Crocodile Women were walking round and round the angel, and with them was the fat Vicar. She crouched behind the hedge and tried to hear what they were saying. The only word she heard was "Poltergeist." It was repeated two or three times. The Vicar laughed and said, "Poltergeist with two legs, I'm sure." She didn't like the sound of that; it had the implication of some horrible, horned, long-toothed, ravaging Thing.

THEN the Vicar and the Crocodile Women moved out of earshot.

"Sacrilege," one of the women was saying, "That's what it is. Sacrilege."

"Well, I'd hardly go so far . . ." said the Vicar. Sacrilege, he supposed, would have to happen inside a church. Perhaps you could call it petty larceny? Both women bridled at that.

"Petty, indeed!"

"Well, I'm afraid I've got a churchwardens' meeting . . ." The Vicar disliked these nieces almost as much as he had disliked Mrs. Prendergast herself. He loathed churchyard angels, and he particularly disliked the ostentatious one they had put up in memory of Mrs. P. He could have forbidden it, but that would have caused a fuss, and he was an easy-going man. He often invited nice, cheerful old ladies to madeira cake and madeira wine after the service on Sunday, shortening his sermon to allow plenty of time before lunch.

But he never invited the Misses Prendergast. Indeed no! He knew exactly why they had put up that expensive angel and why they had composed that guff about Mrs. Prendergast's goodness to man and beast. It was because they were superstitious, and still frightened of Mrs. Prendergast. They thought she might do them some harm, even from beyond the grave, if they did not pay proper tribute to her. She might, for instance, give them diseases; or cause their shares to go down. That was why, although they only put threepence in the plate, they laid costly flowers every week upon her grave — like poor ignorant blacks placating the spirits of their ancestors.

"Heathens," he grunted to himself, as he hurried toward the vestry (although, of course, he hadn't really got a churchwardens' meeting).

The Misses Prendergast, walking back toward the lych-gate, were saying:

"Some special flowers. Bait. Arum lilies. Bait the trap. Keep watch."

But Emily didn't hear them. She was still hiding behind the hedge, and she nearly jumped out of her skin when they suddenly appeared and saw her crouching there.

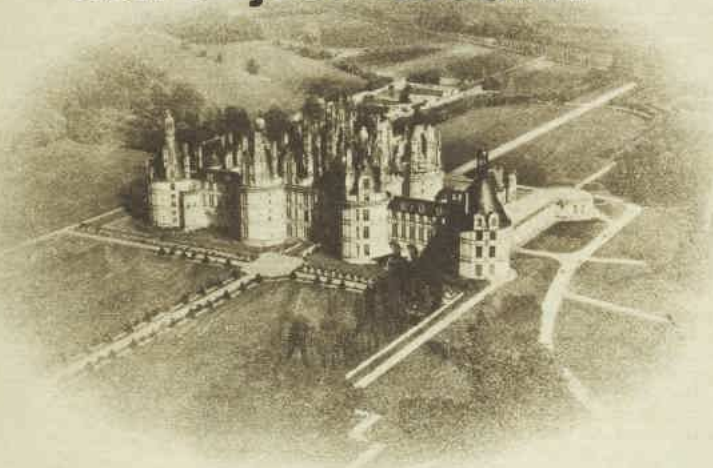
"What on earth . . . Come here, child, what are you doing?" said the taller.

"N-nothing," said Emily. Then she added swiftly, "Looking for birds' nests" — for indeed she had found a blackbird's in that hedge.

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ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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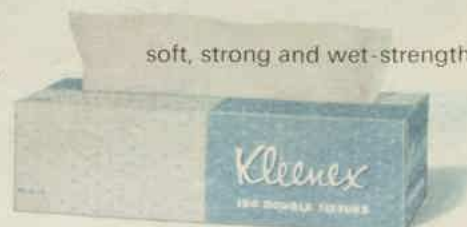




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"You ought to know better," said this Crocodile Woman, who talked just like Mrs. Prendergast. "Stealing the poor thing's eggs—"

though Emily had said nothing about eggs. Muttering, the Crocodile Women walked away. They knew she could hear so they spelt out words, as if that would prevent her from understanding. "S—o—f—t," said the one Crocodile.

"It's interbreeding," said the other. "The schoolmistress was telling me some of the children are almost —"

"What?"

"M—e—n—t—a—l."

Next day was the last before Emily went back to school. It seemed very important that she should replace the faded roses and ex-

## AMONG THE QUIET FOLKS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

plain to Emily Nott why she wouldn't be able to visit her very often. But she had a keen sense of danger, rather pleasurable, as she made her way down to the churchyard. The churchbell was tolling gloomily; at noon, she'd overheard her mother saying they were going to put Butcher Barnes under the ground.

"The old meanie," said her mother. "He won't fill no more sausages with bread."

What Emily had to do must be done quickly.

She slipped through the lych-gate and ducked low so that the grasses almost hid her, as she ran toward Mrs. Prendergast's grave.

The angel's hands looked ready to clutch her; she could see the sky between the spread fingers. "You dare!" She hated the angel, and her hatred gave her courage. Even without it she could never have resisted those great, creamy-soft flowers lying so temptingly upon the grass. Four, five, six of them, like great white cups, each with a yellow spike sticking up in the middle of it. She had never seen such things before; and she thought they were the most beautiful flowers in the world.

She instinctively recognised their sickroom quality. Their paleness and languor

made them as it were the special property of the dying and the dead. Emily Nott should have held them to her bosom, to match her pale cheeks. Emily Nott, lying under the ground, should have them now, a belated recompense.

She bent down swiftly and picked up the flowers. She looked round, about to make sure that no one was watching her. The sad, thoughtful-looking yews stood round like people, but there was no human being in sight. Nevertheless, Emily played the trick which she had learned from the nesting peewits in the field by the river: she didn't go straight toward Emily's grave—indeed, she walked for a little way in the opposite direction.

Then she began to zigzag warily toward it. She had a sense of being watched; but she put that down to the yew trees standing sentinel all round the churchyard.

The arum lilies, cradled in her arms, felt much heavier than familiar flowers, as if they were made of something silken or velvety, richer and rarer than petal-stuff. She touched them, and they had a strange baby-skin softness. She stared in wonder at the yellow tongues within them.

Then the shout — it was more like a screech — froze her limbs and seemed, for a moment, even to stop her heart beating. It wasn't just an ordinary shout; there was a dreadful crow of triumph in it. She ascribed it at first to the angel; and turning round in terror, she saw the angel's hands pointing toward her.

Then she saw a black-clad figure step out from behind a yew tree — it was as if the tree itself had moved — and turned again, bewildered, only to see another figure emerge from behind another yew. This one held out its arms as if to shoo her back; she recognised it, and knew that the Crocodile Women were after her. She fled wildly, still clutching the flowers, and tried to hide herself in the long grass. More shouts followed her.

Suddenly a hole yawned before her feet and she fell or jumped — she wasn't sure which — into the grave which the man had been digging yesterday. The lilies were crushed beneath her, and gave out a queer, rancid smell. She heard the voice of a Crocodile Woman saying, "This way."

She lay still and tried not to breathe. A few moments later the other Crocodile Woman said, "Where can she have got to?" She raised herself up and peeped out of the grave. She saw the Vicar come out of the church. He was dressed up like he always was on Sundays. One of the Crocodile Women ran to him. They talked. The Vicar shook his head, and pointed up the village street.

**T**HEN, rather

reluctantly, he walked across the short grass beside the Crocodile Woman. The other woman joined them. They were coming toward Emily. When they reached the long grass, they spread out like the beaters she'd watched when the squire had a shooting party. They quartered the ground, until they were so close that Emily dared not look out any more.

She crouched at the bottom of the grave and heard the sound of their feet brushing through the grass as they came nearer. All the time the bell was tolling from the church tower.

Even amid her fear she felt her kinship with Emily Nott. This was the kind of place she inhabited. It had a wet smell. At the bottom it was rough with bits of stone. On the sides (as Emily looked up) there was first a layer of yellowish chalk. Near the top there was very dark brown soil, with roots in it. Daisy roots? It was possible to see how the Quiet Folks could push up the daisies, wishing away right at the roots of them.

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● NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 54. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.



# KNIT A BEAR FOR BABY



TEDDY is a soft cuddly toy with great appeal for the very young. He's knitted in an easy-care yarn and filled with plastic foam stuffing.

**Materials:** Sirdar Super Nylon — 3oz. in white (W), 1oz. in red (R), small quantity pale pink for ears, short lengths black wool for features; 1 pair each Nos. 12 and 10 knitting needles; plastic foam for stuffing; 2 small bells.

**Measurements:** 10in. high. **Tension:**  $7\frac{1}{2}$  sts. to lin. **Note:** Teddy is worked entirely in st-st. with W and No. 12 needles except where otherwise stated.

## MAIN PART OF BODY

Start with right leg: Cast on 36 sts. Work 10 rows st-st.

**11th Row:** Inc. in 1st st., k 16, (inc. in next st.) twice, k 16, inc. in last st. (40 sts.). Work 5 rows without shaping.

**17th Row:** Inc. in 1st st., k 18, (inc. in next st.) twice, k 18, inc. in last st. Work 5 rows without shaping.

**23rd Row:** Inc. in 1st st., k 20, (inc. in next st.) twice, k 20, inc. in last st. Work 24in. without shaping.

Dec. at both ends of next row. Work 5 rows without shaping.

Dec. at both ends of next row. Work 3 rows without shaping.

Dec. at both ends of next row. Work 3 rows without shaping. Cast off. Work another piece in the same way for left side of body.

## HEAD

### RIGHT SIDE

Cast on 28 sts. K 1 row. Working straight at beg. of p rows (for back of head), inc. at beg. of every k row 4 times (32 sts.).

**10th Row:** Inc. in 1st st., p to last st., inc. in last st. Inc. at front edge on every row until there are 41 sts. Work 3 rows without shaping.

**Next Row** (right side facing): Cast off 4 sts., k to end.

**Next Row:** P 2 tog., p to

last 2 sts., p 2 tog. (35 sts.).

Dec. at front edge on every row, and at back edge on every 4th row until 25 sts. rem.

Dec. at both ends of every row until 13 sts. rem. Cast off.

## LEFT SIDE

Work to match right side, reversing all shapings, i.e., start with a p row and read p for k and k for p.

## CROWN

Cast on 6 sts. Work 6 rows.

Inc. at beg. of next 8 rows (14 sts.).

Work 3 rows without shaping. Inc. at both ends of next row. Rep. last 4 rows (18 sts.).

Work 13 rows without shaping.

Dec. at both ends of next and every 6th row 3 times (12 sts.).

Dec. at both ends of every 4th row until all sts. are worked off.

## EARS

(Make 2 pieces with W and 2 pieces with pale pink.)

Cast on 18 sts. Work 5 rows.

Dec. at both ends of next and alt. rows until 8 sts. rem. Cast off.

## ARMS (make 2)

Cast on 8 sts. 1st Row: Knit.

Cast on 3 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Inc. at both ends of next 2 rows.

Inc. at beg. of every row until there are 30 sts.

Work 16 rows without shaping. Dec. at both ends of next row. Work 1 row.

**Divide for Paws — Next Row:** K 14, turn, p 2 tog., p 10, p 2 tog., dec. at both ends of alt. rows until 6 sts. rem. Cast off. Join in yarn and work on last 14 sts. to match.

## SOLES OF FEET

### (Make 2 in R)

Cast on 6 sts. Inc. at both ends of every row until there are 10 sts., then inc. at beg. of next 4 rows. Work 6 rows without shaping.

Dec. at beg. of next 4 rows and at both ends of next 2 rows. Cast off.

## TO MAKE UP

**Note:** Join all seams with bk-st. on wrong side unless otherwise stated, then turn right side out.

Fold main part in half and join legs from cast-on sts. for  $3\frac{1}{2}$ in.; sew soles in at bottoms of legs. Join 2 main parts tog. above legs to cast-off sts.

Fold work in half, seams in centre, and make a dart at sides  $\frac{3}{4}$ in. from fold at top and 1in. down from top. Turn right side out and stuff. Join arm seams, stuff, sew arms to body.

**Head:** Insert crown between 2 headpieces starting with cast-on sts. put to points of nose. Join back seam up to end of crown; join shaped part of front. Stuff firmly.

Make eyes and nose with black wool. Sew head to body. Join 1 pink and 1 white part of ears tog., turn right side out, sew to head. Make other ear the same.

**Tie:** With No. 10 needles and R wool, cast on 3 sts. Work in g-st. and inc. on every row at one end of work ONLY until there are 16 sts. Work 7in. without shaping.

Dec. at beg. of every row until 8 sts. rem. Work 6in. Inc. at beg. of every row until there are 16 sts. Work 6in. Dec. on every row at one end ONLY until 3 sts. rem. Cast off. Put round neck of teddy and tie in bow at front.

Sew 1 bell firmly to each paw.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

## Wuff, Snuff &amp; Tuff

by TIM



Turning over on her back, Emily looked at some tall moon-daisies, slanting over the edge of the grave. A little wind stirred them. Suddenly she saw a boot. It crushed the moon-daisies. The Vicar stood over her, enormous, and with a strange surprise she saw grey flannel trousers underneath his surplice and cassock.

"Well," he said. "Well. Well I never."

Then she heard the quick breaths and small excited cries of the Crocodile Women as they approached. In a second they, too, were standing above her, and she had a jumbled impression of grey stockings and thick black drawers under the black skirts, of peaky faces against the sky, long noses and flared nostrils seen from below . . .

The Vicar was saying urgently: "They're just coming . . . wouldn't like the relatives to see . . . decorum . . ."

He leaned down toward Emily and stretched out his hand.

"Come out, child," he said quite kindly.

Emily took his hand, fat and soft with rings on it. He lifted her out, and then the Crocodile Women saw the flowers. They almost screeched.

"There they are . . . She had them, you see . . . Look, all broken, the beautiful flowers."

They seized Emily's arms, one Crocodile Woman on each side of her. The Vicar murmured.

"Be gentle with her. Strange

fantasies of childhood. . . . We cannot understand."

One of the Crocodile Women said: "What's your name, little girl?"

Emily knew that she was putting on a kind voice in front of the Vicar; but at the same time she was deliberately digging her thumbnail into Emily's arm.

Perhaps it was because this hurt so much, or because she was so frightened and confused, that Emily blurted out:

"Emily Am."

"Ham?" said the Crocodile Woman. "Ham?"

"No, no," said the Vicar. "She's the little Radford girl from just up the road."

"She said Ham," insisted the Crocodile Woman. Her sister snapped:

"Cunning, you see. Even giving a false name," and dug her thumbnail in deeper.

"Some childish foolishness. She meant no harm. You didn't mean any harm, Emily, did you?" The Vicar smiled at her, and then suddenly, as if he'd pressed a button to change his expression, his face went very solemn and he began to walk away, with his hands folded across his chest.

## FOLLOWING him

with her eyes, Emily saw the top-hats in the road outside the churchyard, and as if at a signal, all the top-hats were removed, and then she saw the men carrying the box. There were flowers on it, but not so many as there had been on Mrs. Prendergast's.

The Vicar walked toward the bearers, with his head bowed and the sun shining on the bald top of it.

The Crocodile Women began to tug her arms, and in their anxiety to get out of sight of the funeral party they dragged her between them through the long grass at the edge of the churchyard. They were making straight for the grave of Emily Nott. Of course, they did not know about it, you couldn't see it because of the grass; so although Emily could tell to a foot where the tombstone was, she averted her eyes and looked hard in the opposite direction lest she should help the Crocodile Women to find it and let them see the faded roses on the mound.

"Why did you steal the flowers?"

Emily didn't answer.

"Why did you steal them?"

"Why?" "Why?" "Why?"

They were just by the little grave now; and still Emily would not speak. However much they hurt her (and now one of them was pinching the skin under her armpit) she wouldn't say a word. Being so close to Emily Nott, scarcely two yards from where she lay, she was strong with the sense of their secret communion. No one must ever know, no grown-up person ever, ever, ever. She bit her lip and tears trickled her face, and the bell in the church tower tolled a last toll which vibrated on the still, hot air.

"Take you to your mother, see if she can get some sense out of you . . ."

And now the funeral party had gone into the church; so the Crocodile Women pulled Emily between them to the lych-gate and through it, and up the village street, and her mother was leaning over the garden-gate because she'd been watching the funeral. Her mother had seen her with the Crocodile Women, and now she began to run down the street toward them.

They went on at her, and soon her mother's voice was joined with theirs; but the questions were as meaningless to her as her answers, if she had spoken, would have been to them. She and they inhabited different worlds, and no language could cross the frontiers between them; they might as well have tried to talk to Emily Nott, under her soft hummock of mossy grass, as to wrest her secret from Emily Am.

(Copyright John Moore)



## It's a dirty world

Your children play in a dirty world.

Mum, it's up to you to protect every little cut and scratch against dirt and germs.

So don't take chances with infection; protect every little hurt with the best protecting bandage in the world.

Johnson & Johnson





# STAMPS COMMEMORATE PACIFIC BATTLES



● HMAS Canberra, which was already a war veteran in 1941.



● Coast Watchers observing shipping movements along the coast.



● War zone, with American Marine and Australian soldier.



● Flying Fortress taking off over Vila, capital of New Hebrides.

● The New Hebrides issued eight stamps on September 26, four in English and four in French, to commemorate the action of the Allied forces in the South Pacific.

**T**HE New Hebrides, 1500 miles from Sydney, were key bases in the Allied counter-offensive in the South Pacific during World War II.

A condominium, governed jointly by Britain and France, it comprises the New Hebrides proper, together with the Banks and Torres Islands.

Thousands of American, Australian, and New Zealand troops were based on Efate and Espiritu Santo during the early Pacific War days.

It was these islands, today still largely unspoilt, that inspired American author James Michener to weave his fascinating tales of the South Pacific.

The 15 gold centimes stamp honors the Coast Watchers, a small band of heroes dedicated to their duty of reporting enemy movements from behind the Japanese lines. Many of them were killed.

The 25 centimes stamp marks the date of Pearl Harbor, December 8, 1941, and shows an American Marine and an Australian soldier. The decision to launch a counter-attack from the New Hebrides was made in February, 1942.

HMAS Canberra at sea was chosen for the 60 gold centimes stamp. This eight-inch cruiser took part in the offensive sweeps in the Coral Sea as part of Task Force 44. She was lost at the battle of Savo Island on the night of August 8-9, 1942.

The 1 gold franc honors the Flying Fortresses and Bauer Field, named after Marine Major Harold W. Bauer, whose squadron of fighter planes was the first to fly off the new Vila airstrip. The strip was later named in his honor.

The ciphers EIIR and crown are shown on the right of the RF and symbol in the British series. In the French series the RF and symbol are shown on the right of the ciphers EIIR and crown.

This is the second stamp issue to mark war operations in the Pacific. Papua-New Guinea issued a set of stamps on August 30 to commemorate the 25th anniversary of major battles in the Pacific War.

The stamps depict the Battle of Milne Bay (2c), the Coast Watchers (20c), the Battle of the Coral Sea (50c), and the Battle of the Kokoda Trail (5c).

## Only CRACKER BARREL protects its flavour with double-strength aluminium foil.



How well aged do you like your CRACKER BARREL? Choose from Tasty, Semi-Matured and Mild. (Extra Tasty now available in N.S.W.).

## Only CRACKER BARREL has so much flavour to protect.

You can't hurry a great cheese—it needs time to mature. In the cool, quiet cellars at KRAFT, CRACKER BARREL® ages in its own good time. Then when it's ready, KRAFT wraps CRACKER BARREL in double strength aluminium foil to protect the great flavour which time and KRAFT care have given it. Wouldn't you protect your cheese this way if you'd waited so long for it to mature?

**KRAFT** for good food and good food ideas





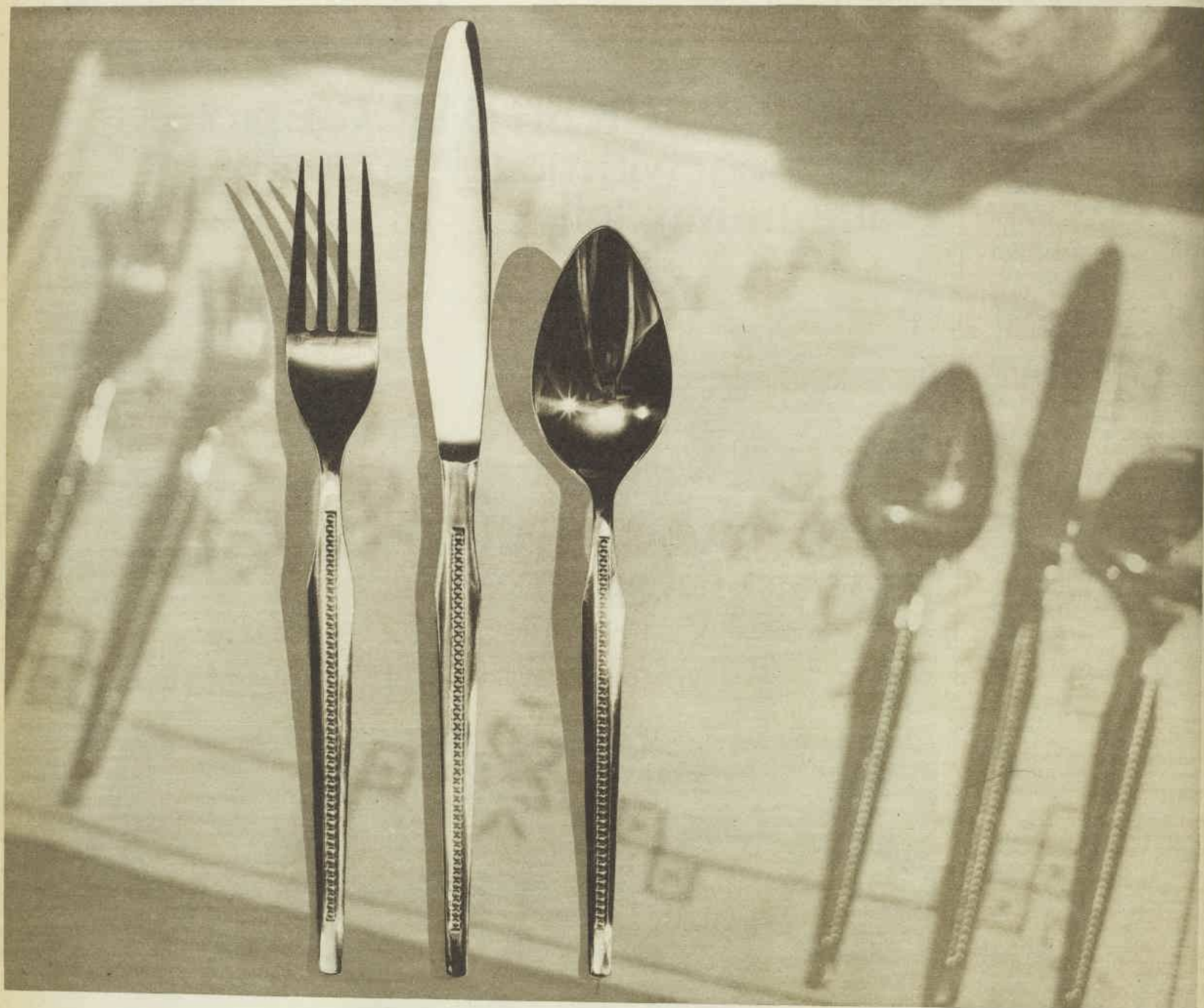
# WILTSHIRE

now presents exciting new **'Vogue'**

in gleaming, mirror-polished, 18-8 stainless steel. Modern styling and contemporary pattern make Vogue the cutlery to grace your table

Vogue is another brilliant design by world-famous Australian silversmith

*Stuart Devlin*



NOTE THE LIFT-OUT MOULDED TRAYS for convenient permanent storage.

VOGUE 44-piece suites offer a choice in knife handles —  
One-piece, Pearlex or Black: \$36.00  
18-8 Stainless: \$44.00

A gift packed range of Vogue accessories is available.



FULLY GUARANTEED BY WILTSHIRE CUTLERY COMPANY PTY. LTD.



# DRESS SENSE

By  
BETTY KEEP



4234. — One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 4234, price 65c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

● This one-piece party dress with an A-line silhouette is my design choice for a young Melbourne reader. Here is her request, with my reply:

*"Could I have a design for a semi-formal party dress to make in white taffeta? I am very thin, so I want a high neckline and long sleeves — if this is fashionable enough — and the bodice finished with a collar."*

There's nothing more fashionable than a silhouette that swings. In Paris, this line is called the tent, and I suggest the idea for your party dress. The design is illustrated above. The dress has a high-to-the-throat neckline finished with a collar. The collar is trimmed with strips of sequins, but the trim is optional. If you wish to order a pattern, details are given beside the illustration.

*"How many inches above the knee is the correct length for shorts?"*

The length for shorts depends on your own figure proportions. For a normal figure, meaning fairly slim, I would say three inches above the knee is a flattering length. However, if your thighs are heavy, wear longer bermuda shorts.

*"What is the correct attire for a church wedding taking place at 5.30 p.m.? I don't want to go to more expense than necessary, as I do not go out socially a great deal. I know the other guests are wearing street-length clothes."*

A good choice for the design would be a sleeveless dress and matching jacket, and for the material I like the idea of a flowery silk print or a shantung in a pretty

pastel color. Wear a small hat, perhaps a pillbox made in the same material as the ensemble. Have the other accessories in bone.

*"Could you provide me with a pattern for slacks and an overblouse suitable to wear during pregnancy?"*

Our pattern department has a flared tunic top and ankle-length pants with adjustable front expansion. The pattern also includes a one-piece maternity dress cut on the same lines as the overblouse. If you wish to order, please quote Vogue pattern 5595; price 59c includes postage. The pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

*"What do you think are the best designs to wear as a disguise for too-large hips? I would also like to know if you think, with my figure fault, I should wear slacks?"*

An A-line or a dress falling smoothly from a high waist will detract from your hips. If you are really bent on wearing slacks, wear them with an easy-fit jacket or an easy-fit overblouse. Whichever you choose, the garment must be long enough to come well down over your hips.

*"Is it correct for a bride to wear a short bridal frock? Mine is to be a church wedding and of rather a formal nature."*

Quite correct. Numbers of young brides are following the fashion formula of short wedding dress worn with a to-the-floor tulle wedding veil.

## Scholl— the sandals with a BEAUTY SECRET

THE MORE YOU WEAR THEM  
THE BETTER YOUR LEGS LOOK · THE FITTER YOUR FEET FEEL

That's the wonderful thing about Scholl exercise sandals. They don't just look good . . . they DO good. With these sandals you can slim legs and ankles. You can improve foot health and fitness. You can get yourself in better shape for today's lissom, leggy fashion look.

### HERE'S HOW THEY WORK

As you walk your toes clench the exclusive Scholl built-in toe grip. Leg and foot muscles flex and WORK the way nature intended (like walking barefooted on soft earth). Legs and feet are being stimulated, conditioned with every step. Apart from its slimming effect on legs and ankles, this action actually rejuvenates your feet . . . strengthens arches and checks the tendency to corns, callouses and bunions.

That's the promise of Scholl exercise sandals. Slimmer legs. Healthier feet. Comfort you never thought possible. Get a pair today, wear them at every opportunity, and keep your legs and feet fit for fashion.

**Scholl** exercise sandals  
every step — a step to beauty  
Raised Heels \$9; Flat Heels from \$8.40

FROM CHEMISTS, STORES, AND SCHOLL BRANCHES.





# THE MISSING LETTER

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER



## Be happy! Go lively in 'Bri-Nylon'

(Easy-care clothes you don't have to fuss over)\*

CRESTKNIT STYLE 524HE



Nautical stripes crisply white make for a trim looking, easy wearing sports shirt from **Crestknit**.

The style is perfect. The fit, great. Now check the label. It says 'Bri-Nylon'? Go ahead — you're assured of the quality. 'Bri-Nylon' means easy-care clothes you don't have to fuss over. 'Bri-Nylon' means value for the price you pay. 'Bri-Nylon' puts the fun back into shopping for clothes. Be happy! Go lively in 'Bri-Nylon'.



This label\* looks after the quality

**FIBREMAKERS LTD**

95 Collins Street, Melbourne,  
55 Hunter Street, Sydney.

'Bri-Nylon' is a registered trade mark.

MIRIAM TERRY sat in the living-room of her apartment with a letter in her hands. It was from a man she'd never met. She lowered her eyes to the typed page for the fiftieth time and read the words that he'd written, and she could almost hear a voice speaking — a voice amazingly like Breck's, yet utterly unlike it.

"Of course," the letter ran, "Breck has mentioned me often, Miriam. I was his favorite person until you came into his life — or should I say until you came between us! I was stunned when I heard of his death. You have my deepest sympathy and I hope I have yours. That's why I'm asking a favor.

"There's a certain possession of Breck's that means a great deal to me. Breck always promised that it would be mine. And there are several letters that I'd like to read again before you burn them. I trust you haven't done it already. My firm's sending me on a business trip and I'll be a couple of hundred miles from your town by Monday. I can easily make a detour. I'm warning you that, before too long, you'll hear my voice on the telephone. Until then, I remain . . . but I can't very well say your devoted brother-in-law when I've never met you."

A strange letter. Miriam wondered why it troubled her. Had Randolph — Breck's brother — been too casual in the expression of his sorrow? Had he been too sure of his reception from her? Had there been an undercurrent of mockery to the seemingly harmless words? Yes, Miriam told herself, there had been. She folded the letter carefully and put it into its envelope and her eyes, travelling around the room, touched Breck's framed photograph, which stood on the table, and she smiled.

Her eyes travelled on. They came to rest on the leather-framed calendar — why, it was Monday now. She didn't jump when the telephone rang; she rose quietly and went to answer it.

"This is Randolph Terry . . . Breck's brother."

"Oh, yes," Miriam's voice was level. "Where are you, Randolph?"

"At the airport. I can be with you in half an hour."

When Breck's brother arrived, Miriam felt that she would have known him anywhere. He had Breck's coloring and a caricature of his features. She came toward him with her hand outstretched and he took it into both of his and held it tightly and studied her face with eyes that held a synthetic warmth.

"You're just as Breck said you'd be. He never sent me your picture. I guess he was afraid of competition."

"Breck never had to be afraid



of competition, Randolph. I loved him."

"And I guess when you love a man it's for keeps?"

"It is," Miriam hesitated. "It's a long while since you'd seen Breck."

"Well, ygs, but we corresponded regularly. He sent me cheques and things. I'm always in debt, you know. But Breck probably mentioned that I'm the black sheep of the family."

"You and Breck were the only ones left of the family, as I understood it. And now you and I are the only ones."

"Yes . . . How long will you be in town?"

"I—well, I expect to catch the midnight plane."

"Then we must not waste a minute. I haven't burned any of Breck's private papers. You may go through them with me, if you wish. And as for his possession — the one that means a great deal to you — if you'll just tell me what it is."

"There's a letter I wrote to him, and I'd like it back."

"It would be in his personal file, perhaps. I haven't read any of them."

"Breck was lucky to have someone who loved and trusted him!"

"Is it so unusual for a woman to trust the man she loves?"

Randolph laughed. "Well," he said, "the women I've loved have never trusted me. Let's get at those letters."

Silently, Miriam led the way to the room Breck had called his den. There was a filing cabinet in it and she took out a folder with Randolph's name on it and handed it over. Randolph seated himself at Breck's desk and rifled through the letters.

"There's one letter missing, Miriam. Has anyone besides us gone through this file?"

"No."

"Then you must have it. It isn't a good letter to be left lying around loose."

"I'm sure nobody'd be interested in a letter you wrote to your brother."

"A couple of people might be very much interested. Did Breck ever tell you about the time we were working for the same firm? It was before you and he met."

"Breck told me he'd made a mistake that cost him a very good job."

"I wrote him a letter just before he admitted his mistake. It should be here. But look, that personal possession means a great deal to me, though it hasn't any commercial value. It's only a box that Breck brought home after the Korean War. It's made of sandalwood, and I'd like to have it for sentimental reasons."

"I want to keep it for sentimental reasons. I'm sorry. Breck gave it to me when we were on our honeymoon."

"Now look, Miriam, you were only married to Breck for a short time, but I was his brother for over 30 years. That box . . ."

"Once again, I'm sorry. But he gave it to me."

"May I see it, then?"

"Why, of course. It's in the second drawer of the desk."

"It is, is it . . ." Hastily Randolph pulled open the drawer and took out the sandalwood box. "Yes, it's the same one," he said. "I always thought he'd leave it to me." He coughed suddenly. "My throat's as dry as dust," he told Miriam. "If I could have a glass of water?"

"Why, of course," Miriam left the room quietly, but when she returned with a glass in her hand Randolph glared at her. "Suppose you come clean, Miriam. This box is empty."

"Yes, it is," she said calmly.

"You knew about the false bottom?"

"Naturally. When Breck gave me that box he taught me how to work the spring. And at the same time he showed me the money that he kept in the space beneath the false bottom. He said it was an emergency fund — that it was protection for the one he loved best!"

"I was that one until you came along."

"I'm sure you were."

"What did you do with the money?"

"I paid Breck's doctor and hospital bills and his funeral expenses."

"He knew I was always in a spot, needing money for one thing or another. Well, I'm in a spot now. I'm not making a business trip for the firm. I'm making a getaway. I used some of the firm's money."

"Just as you did that other time when Breck took the blame?"

"Then you lied, you did read the letter!"

"I didn't lie. Breck read your confession to me. And then he put the letter in the space under the false bottom of the box, along

with the money." Miriam's voice broke. "The day after the funeral I toyed with the idea of sending the letter to the president of the firm you cheated."

"What would that have accomplished?"

"It would have cleared Breck's name. Yes, I did a lot of thinking before I decided that, as he'd chosen to live under a cloud, he'd prefer to die under one. He'd shielded you, although I can't guess why."

"I was the youngest. He promised our mother."

"I thought it must be something like that! Well, under the

circumstances, Randolph, I felt I must carry on for him."

"How noble of you!"

"Yes, it was rather noble. There's \$200 left of the emergency fund. I'll give it to you."

"And the letter . . .?"

"It's in a safe place, where no one will ever find it — unless I change my mind about carrying on for Breck! I'll keep it as a sort of insurance that you'll never come near me again. Because if you do I'll use it. So here's the \$200, and now — let's say goodbye."

(Copyright)

## "What's the answer if you want both capacity and economy of operation?"

(Asks Mrs. Helen McDermott.)



# "no-frost"

"G.E. No Frost means no frost. In simple words: air is fan-forced out of the freezer and fresh food compartments. Moisture is removed and the air returns dry. No moisture. No frost. That's logical."

"Note the giant porcelain meat pan you can position anywhere. And the two big porcelain vegetable crispers — not plastic."

"Our G.E. No Frost can turn out all the ice-cubes we can use in 90 minutes. And that's 50% faster than any other brand on the market."

"The G.E. No Frost saves us eight hours of electricity. The special 8-hour power-save cycle cuts the compressor while the freezer section and food compartment never drop a degree. There's no sense scrimping on food bills if it costs a fortune to run your fridge."

"There's a full range of ten models in all with a size to fit anyone; including 15's, 13's, 12's, 11's and 9 cubic footers."

"It's important to check the features for yourself. As far as I'm concerned, the adjustable shelves are life-savers — they fit anything — slide out, move over, move down, flip up."

"And there's the egg bucket — holds 30 eggs. And the butter compartment."

"Exclusive 'handy-bin' holds bottles and cans of drink. Or a large wine-bottle length-ways. Slides in between big vegetable crispers."

"If you've ever wondered where Australian G.E. refrigerators come from, well — Australia. They're a combination of American styling, appearance and know-how and Australian labour and materials."

"When you're going to spend between four and six hundred dollars, it pays to know the answers," says Mrs. Helen McDermott.

**New G.E. 14 lb. Automatic Washer.**

- Full 5-year warranty.
- Mini-basket for small loads.
- 14 lb. capacity — the biggest.
- Washes permanent press clothes.



**New G.E. Super 9 and Super 13 Freezers.**

- You're never out of food with a G.E. up-right freezer.
- Buy in bulk at the right price.
- The money you save pays for your freezer.
- Match perfectly with G.E.'s 9 and 13 cu. ft. refrigerators.



GENERAL ELECTRIC

\*Trademark of General Electric Co., U.S.A.





Swimming-pool in rear garden of Doctor and Mrs. Ernest Fooks' house in Caulfield, Vic., is framed by pergolas to give a feeling of privacy.

## EASY-CARE HOUSE OF 34 SQUARES

HOUSE of the WEEK

**A** HOUSE of 34 squares on a 66ft. by 178ft. block of land, all of which has been fully utilised, seems a lot of space for just two people. Architect Doctor Ernest Fooks built such a house for himself and his wife in Caulfield, a Melbourne suburb, and because of their varied interests they use every inch of it.

Because of the house's size Doctor Fooks put much thought into incorporating features for easy everyday maintenance. Terrazzo floors in the main living areas are quickly cleaned with a wet mop, most movable furniture is on castors, and each room is fitted with just the right-sized drawers, cupboards, and shelves to keep the contents neat. The breakfast-room, for example, has a wall of asbestos-lined cupboards containing everything needed for a quick snack, including toaster and electric jug.

Doctor and Mrs. Fooks entertain often, so the living-room and dining-room are both large, and are separated by a complete wall composed of panels of teak and an opaque plastic-finished material. This wall opens and folds up like a concertina. A teak wall in the dining-room has cupboards disguising two hatches which give access to the pantry. The lower hatch enables a heated trolley to be passed through to the dining-room without disconnecting it from its power plug. The upper hatch opens on to a serving bench for passing other dishes.

One wall of the living-room has sliding doors which open on to a terrace overlooking the heated swimming-pool. The other side of the room is partially separated from a picture gallery by decorative sliding screens of teak.

Here are displayed some of Doctor Fooks' paintings (he has exhibits in the National Gallery of Victoria) and an interesting collection brought back from several overseas trips. A clerestory window, which continues along the gallery from the living-room, has gold metallic curtains operate by a push-button.

All other windows in the house have two sets of curtains which can be drawn or opened separately. One set, for example, of gold metallic fabric, can be used to insulate the room, and its accompanying set of sand-colored fibreglass, to filter sunlight.

House guests have their own suite, comprising bed-sitting-room, kitchen, and bathroom. However, these rooms do not remain idle when there are no guests. Doctor and Mrs. Fooks then use the suite as a cabana.

Story: Patricia Peck

Pictures: Michael Coyne



Sliding doors of sections of opaque plastic-finished material combined with teak slats screen cloak-room from entrance hall. Clerestory windows provide natural light for hall and adjoining picture gallery at right.

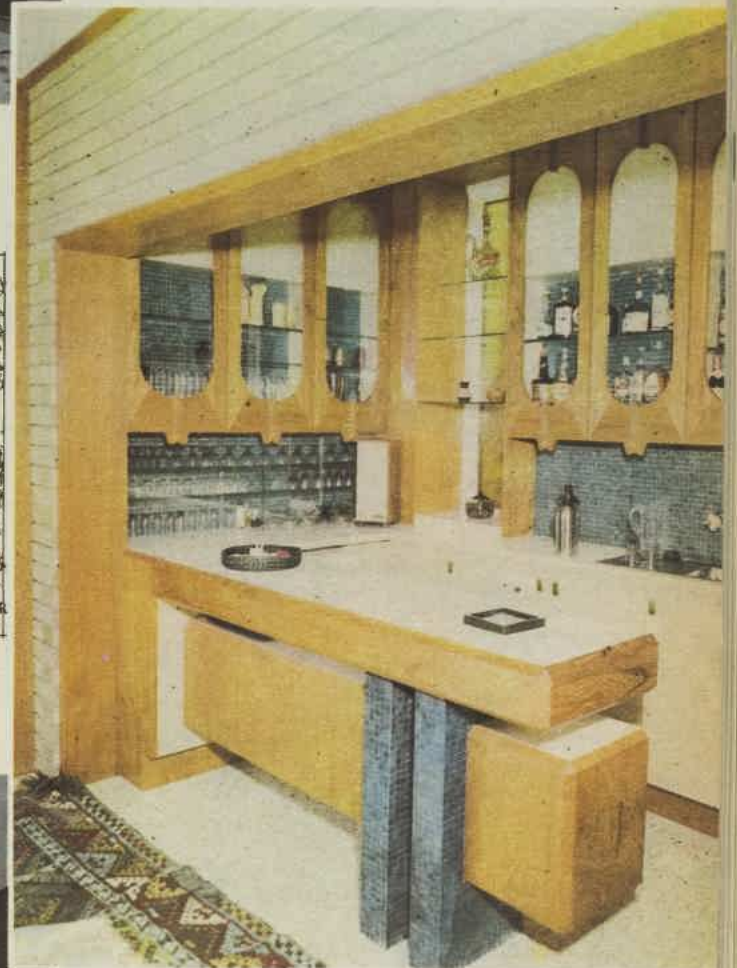
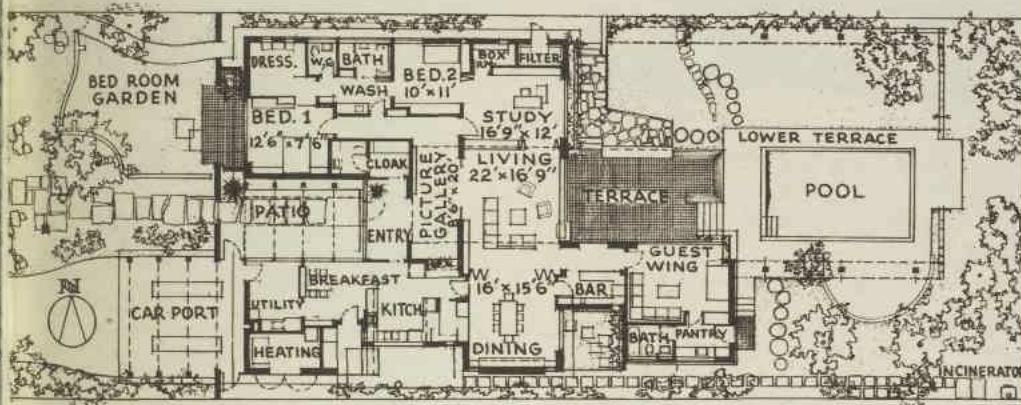


Large desk in study was designed by Doctor Fooks, has an extension table (right) which can be rolled beneath it when not in use. Storage wall of cupboards and deep drawers forms dividing wall between study and living-room.





Fifteen-foot-high undulating ceiling of mountain ash mouldings is feature of living-room, extends into picture gallery beyond teak sliding screen door. Storage wall at right is accessible from study. Contemporary chandelier is crystal.



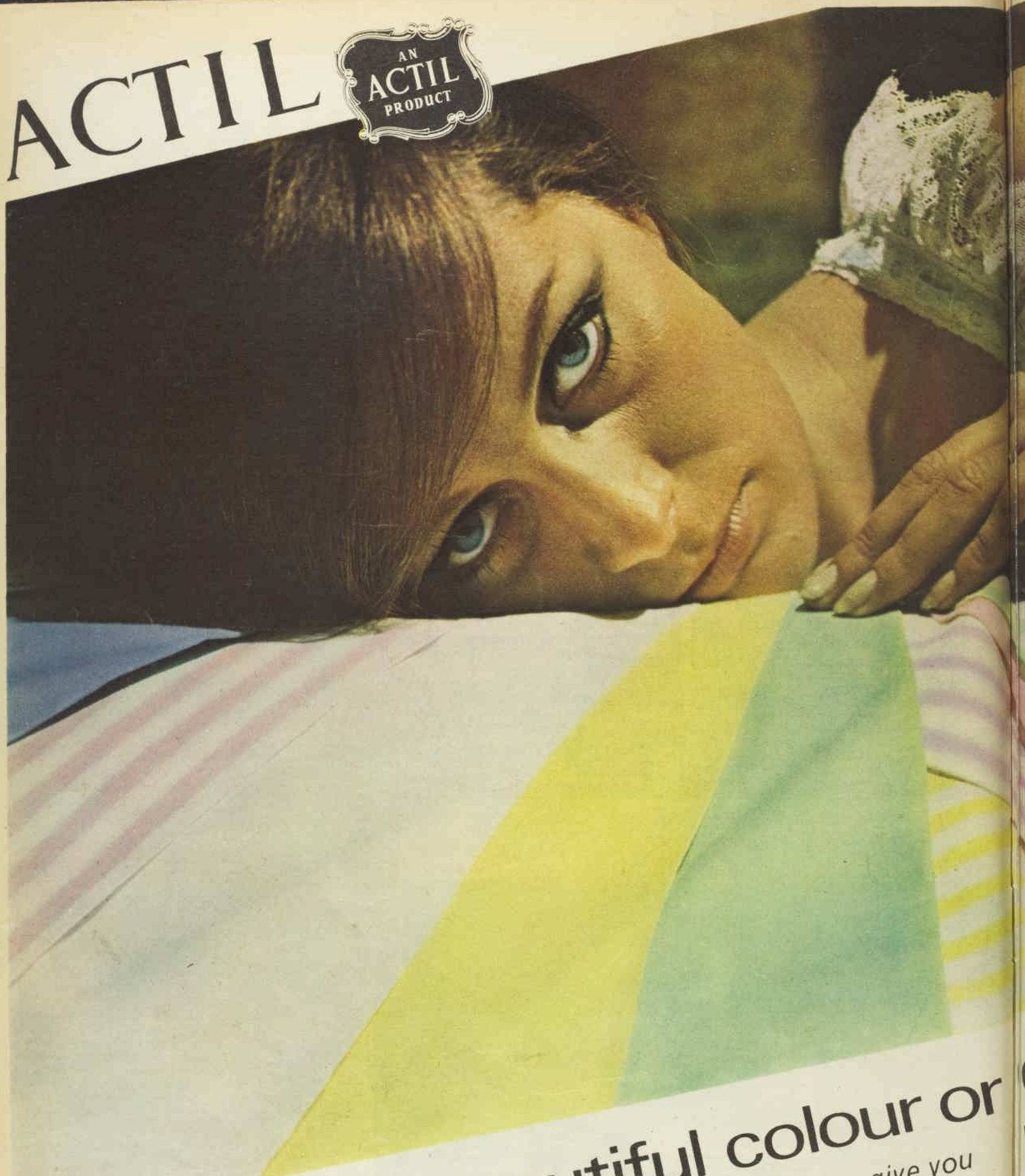
Turquoise ceramic tiles back the lightly oiled teak cupboards in the bar which adjoins dining- and living-rooms. Window behind open glass shelves is opaque for privacy. The floor is of easily cleaned terrazzo.



Shallow teak buffet is built on to feature brick wall in dining-room. Cupboards at right, faced with matching teak, disguise two hatches which give access to pantry. Doctor Fooks designed unusual brass handles.



# ACTIL



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... in quality only ACTIL can give you

Choose Actil—Australia's favourite sheets and pillow cases. In snowy-white, or with the wonderful warmth and beauty of lovely colours. Choose Actil—strongly woven for durability with firm selvages and closely stitched hems. Choose Actil with generous tuck-in and guaranteed quality. Choose Actil for unbeatable value for money.





dazzling white

Flattering **Colourama Pastels** in blue, green, rose, lemon and lilac.  
**Striking Aurora Solo-Stripe** in rose, lemon, lilac, blue, and green complement any bedroom decor. Available too in gay **Aurora multi-strips**.  
**Dazzling White** the popular Actil sheet that outsells all other brands!  
**Colourama and Aurora** sheets are now available singly, and all colours are in tune, allowing you to mix and match colours and stripes as you desire.



# ACTIL

AUSTRALIA'S FIRST NAME IN SHEETS & PILLOW CASES  
 18 years' leadership in Australian sheeting craftsmanship attests the superb quality of Actil... one reason why there are more Actil sheets on Australian beds than any other brand.  
 First in Australia—from Australian grown cotton.



# light as a feather



"What a beautiful sponge!"

"egg-zactly!"



**Betty  
Sydney**

## 2-EGG SPONGE MIX

It's easy the *one-step* Betty Sydney way...

Now you can bake-up a perfect sponge this easy one-step Betty Sydney way. No tiresome egg beating...no precise stirring in of dry ingredients...no guesswork. It's so easy...so economical. There's plain, lemon and chocolate, too...and all you add is two eggs and water. You've never made such a scrumptious sponge with so little trouble or cost. Light as a feather...rich to the last crumb and Betty Sydney guarantees an oven-perfect sponge every time you bake.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 4, 1967



# ALMOND COOKERY



**PRAWN PILAF WITH ALMONDS** makes an easily prepared family dish or fork dish for a party.

**ALMONDS** can be bought in the following forms:

**Unshelled:** The whole nut complete in shell.

**Unblanched:** Shelled, with the brown skin left on.

**Blanched:** Shelled nut with the brown skin removed. To blanch almonds, cover unblanched nuts with boiling water, leave a minute or two until cool enough to handle; drain, and skins will slip off easily between the fingers. Do not let stand too long in the water or the nuts will lose their lovely gloss and become dull.

**Slivered Almonds:** Can be bought in packets ready to use. But almonds can be slivered at home quite easily. Split each nut in halves with tip of knife, lay flat side down, and, with sharp knife, slice into fine slivers.

**Ground Almonds:** Used in macaroons, marzipan, cakes, desserts, etc.

## PRAWN PILAF WITH ALMONDS

1lb. long-grain rice, cooked	1 green pepper
3oz. blanched almonds	1lb. prawns
1 cup chopped shallots	2oz. butter
1 cup grated carrots	2 sticks celery
	2 hard-boiled eggs salt, pepper

Melt butter in pan, add almonds, saute until golden. Remove a few almonds, reserve for garnish.

● Probably the most popular of all nuts, almonds are also the most versatile . . . their delicious crunchiness gives interest, flavor, and texture contrast to sweet and savory foods.

## FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

Add to pan shallots, carrots, chopped pepper, prawns, and celery, which has been sliced in thin diagonal lengths. Cook 5 minutes, stirring. Add the cooked rice, stir well with fork to combine. Add chopped hard-boiled eggs, salt and pepper to taste. Heat through thoroughly, stirring often with fork. Turn out on serving dish, garnish with reserved almonds.

until light and fluffy, blend in milk, soy sauce, and oil; add to dry mixture. Mix only until all dry particles are moistened. Stir in chicken and almonds. Drop by rounded teaspoonfuls into hot, deep oil. Fry for 3 to 4 minutes or until golden brown.

Delicious as a supper or luncheon dish or unusual party savory.

## CHICKEN ALMOND PUFFS

1½ cups plain flour	1 dessertspoon oil or melted butter
2 teaspoons baking powder	2 cups finely chopped cooked chicken
1½ teaspoons salt	¼ cup blanched almonds, chopped
pinch pepper	
2 eggs	
½ cup milk	
1 teaspoon soy sauce	oil for deep frying

Sift together dry ingredients. Beat eggs

## GREEN BEANS ALMONDINE

1lb. green beans	pinch salt
2oz. butter	1 dessertspoon lemon juice
1oz. blanched slivered almonds	

Top and tail beans. Cook whole, or sliced, in little boiling, salted water until tender; drain.

Meanwhile, melt butter over low heat, add almonds, saute a few minutes. Stir in salt and lemon juice. Pour over the hot beans.

## BRAISED CELERY WITH ALMONDS

2 tablespoons chopped onion	1 stock cube
½ bunch celery	1-3rd cup warm water
2 tablespoons butter or substitute	1½oz. blanched almonds salt

Saute onion and celery (cut in ½in. slices) in butter until onion is slightly golden. Crumble stock cube into water; add to vegetable mixture. Cover and cook until celery is tender and liquid is absorbed. Saute almonds in a little extra butter, salt lightly, add to celery.

## SMOKED ALMONDS

4oz. whole unblanched almonds	1 dessertspoon water
1 teaspoon essence of smoke	1 dessertspoon oil salt

Mix essence of smoke and water. Add almonds, toss to coat with the liquid. Place in shallow pan, cover; let stand overnight. Next day, add the oil to almonds, toss until well coated. Roast in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove from oven, sprinkle nuts generously with salt.

These are crisper if made a day or two before they are to be served. They're a delightful and popular accompaniment to cocktails or other drinks.

**Note.** Essence of smoke is obtainable in small quantities from chemists.

*Continued overleaf*



## ALMOND COOKERY . . . continued

### CHICKEN WITH ALMONDS

3 large chicken breasts  
salt  
1 egg-white  
1 tablespoon cornflour  
2 stalks celery  
4 dried mushrooms  
1 lb. green beans  
1 small onion  
1 cup chicken stock  
1 teaspoon extra cornflour  
1 teaspoon soy sauce  
2oz. blanched almonds  
oil for frying

Pour hot water over dried mushrooms, set aside 20 minutes. Par-boil sliced green beans.

Cut breasts of chicken into small dice, removing all meat from bones. Mix with salt, egg-white, and 1 tablespoon cornflour. Deep-fry chicken in hot oil until just golden; remove and drain. Pour excess oil from pan, leaving just enough to fry vegetables. Add to pan, celery cut into diagonal lengths, mushrooms, chopped onion, and par-boiled beans. Pour in stock, simmer until vegetables are tender. Return chicken, cook further 2 minutes. Combine extra 1 teaspoon cornflour with soy sauce. Stir into chicken. Arrange on hot serving dish. Scatter over the almonds, which have been sautéed in a little hot oil until hot and golden.

### ALMOND PETITS FOURS

4oz. ground almonds  
3oz. castor sugar  
2 egg-whites  
few drops almond essence  
glace cherries  
1 extra tablespoon castor sugar  
2 tablespoons milk

Mix ground almonds with castor sugar. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold in almond mixture with the essence. Fill mixture into forcing bag fitted with large star nozzle; pipe rounds of mixture on to greased baking sheet. Decorate each biscuit with halved cherry. Bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes. Remove from oven and, while still hot, brush with extra sugar dissolved in hot milk.

Makes approximately 1 dozen.

### ALMOND MERINGUE CAKE

4oz. butter or substitute  
1 cup sugar  
pinch salt  
4 egg-yolks  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
3 tablespoons milk  
1 cup self-raising flour

#### TOPPING

4 egg-whites  
1 cup castor sugar  
1 extra tablespoon sugar  
1 teaspoon cinnamon  
1oz. sliced blanched almonds

Cream butter and sugar until light and creamy. Beat in egg-yolks, vanilla. Sift flour and salt; add alternately with milk. Spread mixture into lightly greased 9in. cake tin or springform pan.

**Topping:** Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add sugar, beating well. Spread this meringue over mixture in tin. Mix together extra sugar and cinnamon, sprinkle over meringue with slivered almonds.

Bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes, or until cake is cooked when tested with skewer, which should come away clean. Leave in tin 10 minutes before turning out on to clean tea towel, then on to cooling rack. Removal of cake is easier if springform pan is used because top does not become crushed.

### ALMOND CRESCENTS

6oz. butter or substitute  
2 tablespoons castor sugar  
2 cups plain flour  
2oz. ground almonds  
icing sugar

Cream butter, gradually beat in castor sugar; work in sifted flour, a little at a time; add almonds. Chill 2 hours. Roll out lightly on floured board, then form into long roll, about width of a finger; cut into 3in. pieces. Curve each

piece to form a crescent. Place on greased baking sheet. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Remove immediately from tray. Toss crescents very gently in sifted icing sugar until well covered.

Makes approximately 1½ dozen.

### ALMOND MACAROONS

1 egg-white  
2oz. ground almonds  
6 tablespoons castor sugar  
½ teaspoon almond essence  
halved, blanched almonds  
Whisk egg-white until stiff. Fold in ground almonds, sugar,

and essence. Place spoonfuls of mixture on oven trays which have been greased well, then dusted with cornflour; allow room for spreading. Top each with halved, blanched almond. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes, or until golden. Cool on trays.

Makes approximately 1 dozen.

### ALMOND CHEESECAKE

8oz. biscuit pastry  
2oz. ground almonds  
2oz. butter or substitute  
2oz. castor sugar  
1 whole egg  
1 egg-yolk

raspberry jam.

1 teaspoon grated lemon rind  
few drops almond essence  
1 teaspoon sherry or brandy

Roll out pastry, cut into rounds with scone cutter. Line patty tins with pastry, put little raspberry jam in base of each. Cream butter and sugar, add unbeaten egg and egg-yolk. Add remaining ingredients, beat well. Put spoonful of mixture into each tartlet. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate, cook further 15 minutes.

Continued opposite



## This neat mini case.....

Valise by Lady Sunbeam. So small, light and glamorous, it's more like a chic handbag. Yet Valise holds *everything* you need for perfect hairdressing. Spring a catch and out pops three feet of hose. Snap open the special compartment and nestling neatly inside is a generous coil of cord. Reach inside and you'll find a bonnet big enough to take your largest rollers. And, Valise has a full-size motor that dries your hair as quickly and evenly as ordinary jumbo-size dryers. What else? A COOL to HI 4-heat control. Valise, by Lady Sunbeam, is complete in every sense. Yet everything packs away in a neat mini-case no heavier than a handbag. New Valise by Lady Sunbeam at your favourite appliance store.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 4, 1967



## APRICOTS FLAVOR THIS SPRING DESSERT



TANGY flavor of apricots in this dessert makes it a spring special. Recipe at right.

● An unusual dessert, light and fluffy, combines yoghurt with tangy apricots; it wins \$10 in our weekly recipe contest. Consolation prize is awarded for a potato-and-meat salad loaf, ideal for spring.

### APRICOT DESSERT CREAM

½ lb. cottage cheese  
1 carton apricot yoghurt  
2 tablespoons honey  
1 cup cooked dried apricots

small ¼ cup apricot juice  
1 dessertspoon gelatine  
juice of ½ lemon  
2 eggs  
2 tablespoons sugar  
1 cup whipped cream  
nutmeg

Note: Drained canned apricots may be used instead of dried apricots in the ingredients above. For apricot juice use syrup from canned apricots or liquid from cooked dried apricots.

Place cottage cheese, yoghurt, apricots, and honey in blender,

mix until smooth (or press all through sieve). Soak gelatine in apricot juice to soften, add egg-yolks. Stir over boiling water a few minutes until slightly thickened, cool slightly, add lemon juice. Add gelatine mixture to cheese-apricot mixture, fold in whipped cream gently.

Beat egg-whites until stiff, add sugar, and beat until dissolved, fold carefully through, using metal spoon. Pour mixture into bowl to set, sprinkle generously with nutmeg, if desired. Leave overnight to allow flavors to blend. Place layers of dessert cream and drained apricots in tall glasses to serve.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. Anne Brennan, 73 Abbott St., Wallsend, N.S.W.

### POTATO SALAD LOAF

6 cups cooked, diced potatoes (approx. 5 large potatoes)

2 cups sliced celery

1 small green pepper

4 shallots

½ lb. sliced cold meat or Continental sausage

1 teaspoon salt

½ teaspoon dry mustard

¼ teaspoon pepper

¼ cup thin french dressing

1 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing

hard-boiled egg slices

Chill the diced potatoes. Dice green pepper and shallots (including some green tops). In a large bowl combine potatoes, celery, green pepper, shallots, salt, mustard, pepper. Stir in french dressing, add mayonnaise, mix lightly until well blended. Lightly oil 9 in. x 5 in. loaf tin, fit 4 slices of cold meat along sides of pan, trim to fit, if needed. Dice trimming and remaining meat, stir into potato salad. Pack firmly into prepared pan, chill several hours or overnight until firm enough to cut.

Loosen salad loaf round edges with spatula, invert on to platter, garnish with cooked egg slices and parsley.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. E. Moss, 47a The Corso, Parkdale, Vic.

### ALMOND COOKERY . . . concluded

#### TOASTED ALMOND ICE-CREAM

4oz. blanched almonds

½ cup sugar

2 cups milk

pinch salt

1 tablespoon cornflour

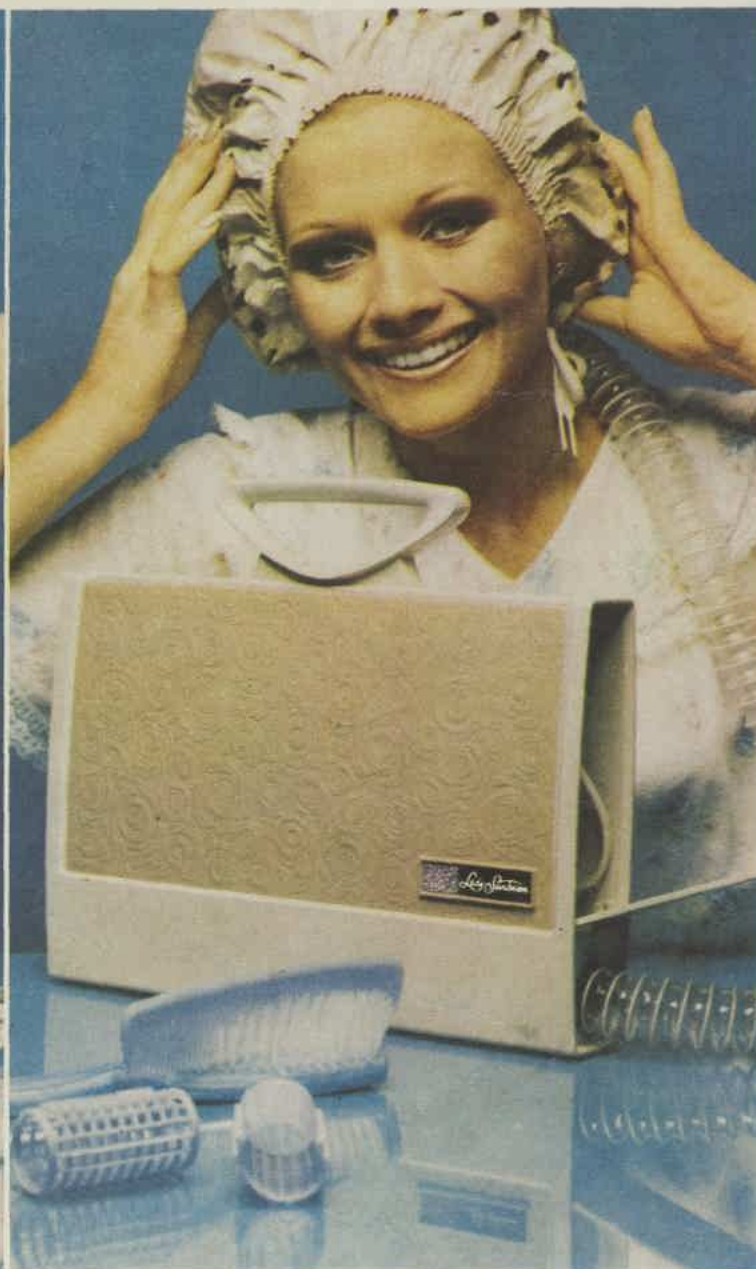
¼ cup milk extra

1½ teaspoons vanilla

1 cup cream

Chop blanched almonds finely, toast under griller or in hot oven. Melt sugar slowly in saucepan, cook until it melts and is light caramel color. Avoid stirring. Heat milk in separate saucepan, add the caramel to milk, stir until dissolved. Blend salt and cornflour with extra milk, stir into caramel mixture; cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add vanilla and almonds, cool. Turn into ice-cream trays, freeze until mushy. Remove from trays, beat until just smooth. Fold in whipped cream, return to trays, freeze until firm.

Please Note: Level spoon measurements are used in our recipes.



# holds a full size hairdryer



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HAIRDRYER



## READERS' HOME HINTS

● These handy tips, sent in by readers, will save you time, money, and effort. They each win a \$2 prize.



### OUR TRANSFER

THREE pretty edgings for pillowcases and guest towels are from Embroidery Transfer No. 211. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. Price: 15c plus 4c postage.

TO maintain clean bathroom walls secure a soft absorbent cloth to a wall broom and wipe walls while they are still damp from showers and baths. If you do this regularly, it will preserve the wall finish and will make washing of walls easier. — Mrs. M. Birrell, Box 5, P.O., Geelong, Vic. 3220.

With cheaper cuts of meat, such as mutton and lamb chops, boiling hens and oxtails, drain out all liquid after cooking and refrigerate. Oils and fats will then solidify on top of liquid and can be easily lifted off and discarded or used again for frying. Meat and stock can then be warmed and served without greasy, high-caloried fats and oils. — Mrs. M. Fong, 11 Lutzow St., Weller's Hill, Qld. 4121.

The metal shelves from an old

refrigerator are ideal if inserted, at a convenient height, in a screen wall. These can be used as flower-pot stands or as shelves for plates adjacent to a barbecue. — Mrs. Pamela Ford, Box 57, Beverley, W.A. 6304.

To mend shoulders of men's singlets that have worn through pegging on the line, sew strip of lin. tape underneath hole, then darn over worn part with machine. This gives a very neat finish and will wear much longer. — Mrs. M. Hudson, 44 Edward St., Merewether, N.S.W. 2291.

Keep rubber gloves dry by stretching them over the ends of a wire coathanger. Hang the coathanger in an airy place. — Mrs. M. Wise, 11 The Boulevard, Cammeray, N.S.W. 2062.

If you run out of plastic pants for baby, a rectangular sheet of plastic folded in to fit between legs and pinned to nappy does a marvellous job. This is especially good if the elasticised legs of panties give baby a rash. — Mrs. D. Garner, Old Dandenong Rd., Heatherton, Vic. 3202.

When ironing collars and handkerchiefs, first place two or three sheets of plain white paper over ironing blanket and iron articles on this. It will give them a professional gloss. Paper can be used several times. — Mrs. S. R. Gardiner, 7 Glanton St., West Hindmarsh, S.A. 5007.

To keep a pile of plates free from dust when not in use, slip a shower cap over them to cover them completely. When required, just remove the cap and plates will be clean ready for use. — Mrs. N. Mills, 3/28 Lamrock Ave., Bondi Beach, N.S.W. 2026.

If your pink nylon undies or nightgown have faded, add a few drops of red ink to the rinsing water before you add the clothes. It will bring the color up nicely again. — Jan Nossom, 25B Hibiscus Lane, Southport, Qld. 4215.

When making children's clothes from discarded adult garments, select the pieces suitable for use, wash and starch them, then iron carefully before cutting out. The article when finished will look like new. — Mrs. J. Minett, 102 Wharf St., Tuncurry, N.S.W. 2428.

To dry babies' cardigans or jumpers, bend a wire coathanger so "shoulders" of hanger fit down into sleeves of garment. There will be no hanger marks and garment will dry quickly. — Mrs. P. Byles, P.O. Box 21, Wauchope, N.S.W. 2446.

Biscuits can be made quickly and cheaply by adding 1 cup self-raising flour and 1 cup coconut to a packet cake mix. Roll out and bake as biscuits. — Mrs. J. Hikkilad, 18 York St., Hamilton, Qld. 4007.

Clean grubby felt slippers with carpet shampoo. Simply mix a capful of shampoo with half cup water and rub slippers with a sponge or nailbrush. Leave to dry. — Mrs. B. White, 24 Bourke St., Burnie, Tas. 7320.

Keep an emergency kit in a lunch box to fit under the seat of your car. In addition to the usual first-aid requirements, such as bandages, plasters, burn remedy, etc., include scissors, needle, cotton, safety pins. A couple of meter coins hidden there are also useful. — Miss J. Main, 197 Mill Point Rd., South Perth 6151.



**tough customers!**

Bond's play hard, play soft... play on and on! Bond's babywear can take it in new Poodlette and cool knit cottons. They're tough, they'll stretch and keeping them cool is no problem at all. Like your boy, the colours are fast, stay bright and lively whatever their game. Yes, Bond's is where the action is, Baby!

Style 95600. Sun suit with striped leg band and straps. Crotch opening. "Sailing boat" motif. White/Royal, White/Red. Sizes ASO, AS1. \$2.50. • Style 45974. Crew neck T-shirt in open weave knit. White, Aqua, French Blue, Lemon. Sizes AS1-AS3. \$0.99. • Style 95699H. Tennis Set has contrast binding on neck, sleeves, waist. "Tennis racquet" motif. White/Royal, White/Red. ASO, AS1. \$2.99. • Style 45978. Cool knit cardigan, raglan sleeves, contrasting striped placket and waistband. White with Royal, French Blue, Red. Sizes AS1-AS3. \$1.99. Short Sleeve style \$1.79. • Style 45010. Pants, fully elasticised waist, elastic at back of leg bands. Royal, French Blue, Pink, Red with White. Sizes AS1, AS2. \$0.99.

**BOND'S**



## THEY'LL TASTE THE BIG BAKE-OFF



• Una Clarkson



• Ellen Sinclair



• Betty Dunleavy



• Elizabeth Timms



• Joan Winfield

### PANEL OF JUDGES

**T**HE local panel selected to judge this year's "Butter-White Wings Bake-Off" competition includes a formidable array of names prominent in home science and the culinary fields.

Five women experts will judge entries in the second section, for cake and dessert recipes.

Judging the quality and worth of recipes is certainly not new for **ELLEN SINCLAIR**, the Food Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly.

As head of our large modern test-cookery kitchen, Mrs. Sinclair and her team of seven home economists test all recipes before they are used in our famous cookery section.

Mother of two teenage sons, she has a three years' chef course and other wine and food courses to her credit. Two years ago she accompanied English cooking demonstrator Marguerite Patten on her Australian Women's Weekly Australia-wide tour.

**BETTY DUNLEAVY**, home service supervisor with the Australian Gas Light Co., illustrates the type of background which qualifies members for their task.

She was in the company's home service department until her marriage. Later she took up her career again.

She has won awards in hotel and restaurant cookery, advanced commercial cookery, Chinese cookery, yeast goods, cakes and pastries, wine, mixed drinks, and information.

**ELIZABETH TIMMS** is the Australian Dairy Board's director of dairy foods. In this capacity she also heads the nutrition research activities of the board.

Her department makes attractive material available to education organisations, including home-economics teachers and students, and to hospitals and other groups.

White Wings' home economist, **JOAN WINFIELD**, gained her deep knowledge and understanding of the Australian housewife, her needs, likes, and dislikes by, to put it into Joan's own words, "walking miles and miles and knocking on hundreds of doors."

This was in the early days of cake mixes. The surveys took her throughout Australia.

She sought to discover the variety and type of cakes the typical Australian housewife prepared for her family so that mixes could be produced as close as possible to home recipes.

No bake-off panel would be complete without **UNA CLARKSON**. She has long experience as a lecturer, cooking demonstrator, and supervisor of Sydney County Council's home management department.

**All eyes are on METTERS**

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#### UPRIGHT FREEZER

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- Will pair with MA 1167

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**Johnson & Johnson**

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 4, 1967



# DUSTY IS BACK AGAIN

● When screaming fans mobbed "the Liverpudlians" at Sydney airport in 1964, the only girl in the visiting English group was almost lost in the confusion.

SHE was a pale-faced, nervous blonde who, critics said later, put everyone else to shame "for good singing."

Her name? Dusty Springfield.

When the British pop singer makes her comeback soon at a Sydney nightclub — she will appear for three weeks — she'll still be a blonde, but, even if she feels nervous, she won't show it!

For with such hit recordings as "Losing You" and "You Don't Have To Say You Love Me" to her credit, the girl who sings "I Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself" with such heartbreaking sincerity has proved just the opposite.

She DOES know what to do with herself! At least in the pop world!

Since the London-born star broke away from Britain's former top folksinging trio, the Springfields, in 1964, her records have raced to the top of the charts.

And last year she was voted top British female singer.

In Dusty's opinion: "A group is an open prison. After a while you get tired of living and working with the same people and being disciplined at the same time from outside."

But on more than one occasion the 27-year-old star has shown she doesn't care too much for "discipline."

In 1964 she was ordered out of South Africa after refusing to sing only to segregated audiences, while two years later she scored a "hit" with a meat pie when she aimed it at a London restaurant manager.

"I saw a man ordering around a little waiter," she said, "The poor waiter was doing his best for us, so I threw that pie."

But if these days Dusty can afford to drive a big car and holiday at the world's most glamorous playgrounds, she has had to pay for her place among the stars.

In 1965 her doctors ordered her to take a rest cure after a couple of near-nervous breakdowns.

The star deliberately went as far away from show business as possible.

"I behaved exactly like a tourist," she said. "To me it was the most exhilarating experience in years."

— VALERIE CARR



● British singer Dusty Springfield is a keen driver. Once she owned a \$6800 American sedan.

● Noted for her "with - it" stage clothes, Dusty chooses more conservative styles for her everyday life.



For teenagers



Bobby pins are for curls.

Cotton Buds are for ears.



These flexible Johnson's Cotton Buds clean ears. They do it conveniently, and they do it safely—because the stem is flexible and the cotton cannot come off. (And at 26 cents for 50 and 47 cents for 100, they also do it economically.)

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Exclusive offer to A.W.W. readers!

## CUT-OUT READY TO SEW FROCK

Get off to a bright start this summer with this cool, washable, crepe dress for only

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The cutting is done from patterns — all you have to do is to sit down and sew. Easy to follow instructions are included, zipper and cotton are supplied and generous seam and hem allowances are made. Ready to wear in 1½ hours.

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SIZE

1ST AND 2ND COLOR CHOICES

1/10/97

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. We pay \$2 for each letter used.

## Gloomy forecast

Recently I was the only teenager in a ward of older women. When one of them complained after her operation, the others launched into detailed descriptions of the complications and relapses experienced by themselves, friends, or relatives who had undergone the same surgery. New patients came and went, but the conversation remained the same—lengthy complaints about the physical trials and pains of being a woman. They painted such a gloomy picture of suffering womanhood that now I find I am beginning to dread the approaching years.

"FUTURE SUFFERING," Casino, N.S.W.

MANY school-leavers, who are uncertain about a career, see a humanities course at a university as the only solution to their problem. If they do not wish to use the course for a specific purpose, this seems to me not only a waste of time but a prolongation of their immaturity. Why not regard the year after school as one for working in the world outside the schoolroom? This would not only make people more realistic but more able to decide whether they really want to spend the next years studying. — "Arts Student," North Balwyn, Vic.

★ ★ ★

### Make up your mind

GET out of that rut of boyfriend, beach party, movies, and clothes. Go to the art galleries, ballets, operas, and libraries. Perhaps you won't like everything. Maybe you'll even laugh. But try to understand the artist who painstakingly created the pictures, the dancers and singers who practise for hours each day, and the authors and poets who wrote all those books. Go with an open mind, and I promise that you'll be richer than you were before. — Helen Fong, Chippendale, N.S.W.

### Hippy surprise

IN a class discussion of the hippy cult, I was most surprised to find that

many of my schoolmates admired the hippy way of life and philosophy. They really believed that hippies are bold and courageous. Many people just don't realise that most hippies are fakes, who don't really agree with the philosophy of "love everyone," and are just in the hippy game for what they can get out of it. The cult is one that will quickly be left behind in a world where there is no room for impractical and lazy ideas. — Janet Cohen, Hurstville, N.S.W.

### BEAUTY IN BRIEF

## GLAMOR ON TOP

DON'T overlook the distracting attractions of pretty "bits" like ribbons, bows, hairbands, clips, and flowers for the hair.

A wide, floppy bow looks wonderful clapped on the back of your curls and, at a pinch, can act as cover-up for a less-than-perfect hairdo.

So does a full-blown rose, real or fake, and here there's the added advantage that a flower can be worn almost anywhere in the hair and still look effective.

A perky ribbon will hold back locks that have lost their direction — and perfection. Looped ribbon arrangements and bright-hued ribbon, tied or threaded through chignon braids, are other ideas worth copying.

Today's headbands, made in fabric to match or mix with an outfit, look very fetching. Raffia, straw, ribbon, and colorful plastics are all in the headband picture, together with beads and jewels for evening wear.

Now's the time to bring your imagination to the fore. It, along with the right trimming, is what you need to make the most of a pretty look.

— Carolyn Earle

## LETTERS

### Friendly advice

WHEN I was in second grade I found a very good friend. A few years later we hardly saw each other, and I was rather disappointed with the new friends I'd made. I told my mother this, and here's the advice she gave me: If you are lucky enough to find a true friend, don't take her for granted, and try to keep her as your friend. — H. Bulow, Glen Iris, Vic.

### Not for the world!

WHY all this publicity about the hippies of San Francisco, who, after all, are too dirty and lazy to find employment? And the swinging Londoners, with their weird clothes and hairstyles, are mainly over-commercialised exhibitionists. As an Australian teenager, I am proud of my country and heritage, and can enjoy life to its fullest without going to extremes. — P. Edwards, Balaclava, Vic.

## You can't win!

Life is too competitive. As teenagers, we have to compete for scholarships and sporting honors. Soon, as a young adult, my life partner and I will be trying to keep up with the other young marrieds who are building and furnishing homes. Then we'll vie for the honor of owning the most beautiful, intelligent, and advanced children in the street. Don't think I'm sinister, but even when I'm taken to my final resting place, my loved ones no doubt will try to give me the accepted, dignified (but competitive) last farewell. It is up to us, the young people, to make this life a little less competitive, and thus more enjoyable. — E. Curtis, Maryborough, Qld.

### Endurance test

DURING my five years at high school I have looked forward with dread to Education Day, that day of utter boredom when parents are invited to visit the school. Exercise books are displayed in classrooms, and various items — such as plays by first-formers — are produced to amuse everyone concerned. However, they rarely succeed and students are left to introduce parents to teachers. If the Education Department is so anxious to waste a day, why not let students have a holiday, and invite parents to visit the school in the evening, which is a more convenient time for most? — "Anti-Education Day," Canley Vale, N.S.W.

### They love to hate

I LOVE being a teenager, I love life and I don't really dislike anybody. And this, parents, is the average teenager's attitude to life. When we complain about your criticism, we don't really care — in fact, we rather like it. It makes us feel outcasts and different from everyone else. So, parents, don't despair when week after week you read letters of complaint about your generation — we love it all! — "Our Attitude," Floreat Park, W.A.

## ROUND ROBIN Adair



## THE LONG LEG OF THE LAW

that the Chinese are worried about the mini-police plan. "Offering our diplomats better views of policewomen's legs could cause really revisionist thinking," a Chinese official said. "The British are not as dim as they seem."

Of course, the Chinese could retaliate by putting agitators in mini-uniforms.

They could call short-skirted girl Red Guards The Sorts of Mao.

If Miss Rook's ideas are accepted, Chinese diplomats in London should not ogle the mini-skirted legs of policewomen. There should be no Peking.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 4, 1967



## FLIRTS CONFESS

"WE are two girls who have the same problem. We are both going steady with two boys. We love them, and they feel the same toward us. The trouble is whenever we go out with them we always try to attract other boys. Even when we are not with them, we still hang round other boys, but they don't mean a thing to us. We are really in love with these two boys, and don't want to hurt them. What should we do?"

**"Mixed Up," Tas.**  
• Before either of you do anything, make up your minds what role you REALLY want to play in a romance — flirt or girl in love? Naturally you enjoy "collecting" admirers. Who doesn't? It's a wonderful morale-booster! But for girls who say they are in love you certainly are acting rather perversely. If you are sincere about not wanting to hurt these boys, stop encouraging other admirers. Surely that won't be so difficult? Flirting isn't an incurable disease! And, for goodness' sake, grow up.

## Romantic study

"I AM 16 and have been going with a boy of 17 for one year. (My parents approve.) The trouble is, I am in my Junior year at school, and I need to do more study to receive a good Junior pass. I am allowed out only on Saturday nights, but all week long I think about going out Saturday and cannot set my mind to study. Should I give up my boyfriend to do more study?"

**"Confused," Qld.**  
• It's difficult to understand why a girl who is so level-headed over her studies lets a once-a-week date distract her. Are you really not strong-minded enough to separate work from pleasure? Or are you unconsciously searching for a good reason to drop the boy?

## BEATNIK



## Let's be frank

"I WAS going fairly seriously with a boy for about four months. Two weeks ago we broke up because he said it wasn't right, as we are only 19 and 16, and should go out with others. I agreed to this (although I didn't want to) because I knew my parents felt the same way as he did. He wants to take me out soon, but I don't know whether I should go out with him. I still love him and cannot forget him, although I go out with other boys."

**"Troubled," W.A.**

• At least he's put all his cards on the table! Not many young men would be so honest about

wanting to play the field. What you have to decide, before going back to him, is whether you would really be happy sharing him with other girls. Or whether you'd prefer to be The Girl in his life. Frankly, I think you'll find it harder to accept romance on his terms than to forget him.

## Don't say a word

"I AM a 14-year-old girl in love with a boy of 17. He says he loves me. We have been out quite a bit, but one night to my surprise I saw a girl I know going to his place. Later, she told me he had invited her. She has a questionable reputation, so I don't know whether to believe her or not. I have known him for

## HERE'S YOUR

## ANSWER

(from Louise Hunter)

four months. He tells me most things but never even mentions her name. Please help me. Should I ask him whether he loves me or her, or should I just keep quiet?"

**"Wondering," N.S.W.**

• Keep quiet! If you begin to ask too many questions — especially the standard one, "Do you

love me or her?" — so early in a romance you will find yourself without a boyfriend. Possessiveness can scare the most attentive boy away! Besides, a teenage partnership should be a gay, light-hearted experience. Don't complicate it by expecting your boyfriend to tell you EVERYTHING that goes on in his life.

New from **Master Foods**

# A meat tenderiser that really works

*Makes all meat tender, juicier, tastier. Buy cuts at half the price and make them as nice to eat as the dearest. Think of the savings on your weekly food budget. Another pure food product from Master Foods.*





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THE AMOUNT YOU NEED!



It's concentrated!

Bluo is all pure blue—ready to measure out drop by drop. No messy bag with Bluo. Just squeeze Bluo's modern plastic pack for the exact amount you need. Add blue into your rinse the modern way. See your washing come out whiter

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## Nerves:

You can't sleep properly. You feel tired. You just can't enjoy life. HERE'S WHY. Medical research shows that protein is vital to emotional as well as physical health. It is also a medical fact that some forms of protein are not properly assimilated by the body. But the protein concentrate of Sanatogen is. Sanatogen is the only protein nerve tonic. It contains all eight essential amino acids — plus glycerophosphate — which build body tissue and tone up the nervous system. Start now on a course of Sanatogen. And even though you feel the benefit after only one week, continue taking Sanatogen for the full eight weeks course to get the maximum health-giving benefit. You'll sleep better. You'll be much more energetic. And best of all, you'll be able to cope with and enjoy life. Consult your chemist. Start a course of Sanatogen TODAY.

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WORLD  
DISCOVERY TOUR

## MEET NEW PEOPLE ABROAD

● Meet wonderful people and make lifetime friendships on our fabulous overseas holiday—the World Discovery Tour 1968.

**T**HERE'S still time for you to become a member of this tour, which will take you through 22 countries in just on five months of travelling by ship and coach.

Part of the enjoyment of our previous World Discovery Tours was due no doubt to the companionship which members found among their own coach tour groups on the Continent, and with their table companions on the two sea voyages.

Many former tour members still correspond and visit one another, while others found romance on board — there were several marriages after the tours concluded.

For as little as \$1708 (N.Z.\$1432) per person you receive shipboard four-berth accommodation to England in the one-class Orcades, and return four-berth accommodation in the Canberra; a 23-day coach tour of eight European countries; a seven-day coach tour of England and Scotland; 13 nights' accommodation (bed and breakfast) at well-situated London hotels, and the services of your own Tour Director.

This price is little more than the return ship fare you would probably pay if you travelled independently.

When you consider that, as well, you get two all-inclusive coach tours, London accommodation, and the services of your own Tour Director, portage of luggage and transfers to hotels, you see the value.

Planned by the group travel experts at World Travel Headquarters, our Discovery tour has a wonderful itinerary.

It begins when the P & O one-class liner Orcades leaves Sydney on February 4 to call at Brisbane, Guam, Kobe, Yokohama, and Hawaii, where a stop-over is made in scenic Honolulu.

Later calls are made at Los Angeles, in the U.S.A., Acapulco, in Mexico, and Balboa, the gateway to the Panama Canal.

(Full-day and half-day shore excursions are available in all these ports, and

these, like everything else on this prearranged group tour, may be planned, booked, and paid prior to your departure from Australia or N.Z.)

After passing through the Panama Canal, calls are made at Cristobal, then Miami and Portuguese Madeira.

The Orcades arrives at Tilbury on March 21, and there are a few days in which to settle in to your London hotels before the next step.

Because it is impossible for so large a group to travel together throughout Europe and the United Kingdom, the tour departure dates from London will be staggered, and in some cases itineraries switched.

### "Waves"

For example, some of the 1400 Australians and New Zealanders will begin their 23-day European coach tour, while others will begin the seven-day coach tour of England and Scotland.

Others will take their special 23-day "leisure" period at this juncture, while the other members of the group perhaps will undertake special supplementary group tours to Ireland, Spain, Scandinavia, Holland, or the Devon/Cornwall region.

To ensure personal service and consideration at all times, "waves" (groups) of 48 people will tour together.

The majority of tour members who have already booked on this holiday of a lifetime are looking forward to extra sightseeing trips in this "free" period of 23 days.

Others have taken advantage of the excellent low-cost accommodation which World Travel have booked on their behalf for their free period in London.

If booked before December 1, it is possible to reserve bed and breakfast twin accommodation for as little as \$6.20 per person at well-situated London hotels.

Those people who wish to forgo the 23-day "leisure" period, which is at the tour member's own expense, may return home approximately

four weeks earlier, in the excellent liner Oriana.

The Oriana sails from England on April 26 and calls at Piraeus (Athens), Port Said, Aden, and Singapore, arriving in Fremantle on May 17, Melbourne May 20, and Sydney May 21.

(Naturally, to compensate for the reduced time spent in London, a special reduction of \$40 will apply to all supplements for improved cabin accommodation on this interesting return sailing.)

The return voyage is in the mighty Canberra and the entire tourist-class section has been reserved for our World Discoverers.

Calls are made at Gibraltar, Athens, Port Said, Aden, Colombo, and Singapore, the duty-free port for last-minute souvenirs.

There is still excellent four-berth accommodation available for reservation on this excellent world tour. But don't delay.

### HOW TO BOOK

New South Wales—A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., member of A.F.T.A., 33-35 Bligh Street, Sydney 2000. Telephone 28-4841.

Northern N.S.W.: Jayes Travel Service Pty. Ltd., 285 Hunter Street, Newcastle 2300. Telephone 2-5191.

Victoria—Tasmania: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., C.M.L. Building, 330 Collins Street, Melbourne 3000. Telephone 67-7481.

Queensland — Northern Territory — New Guinea: Universal Travel Company, 371 Queen Street, Brisbane 4000. Telephone 2-3008.

South Australia: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Currie Street, Adelaide 5000. Telephone 51-2146.

Western Australia: Wesfarmers Travel Service, 569 Wellington Street and 14 Terrace Arcade, Perth 6000. Telephone 21-0191.

New Zealand: Russell & Somers Limited, 83 Customs Street East, Auckland. Telephone 2-0959.

London Offices: Milbanke House, 104 New Bond Street, London W.1, England. Telephone HYDe Park 8494, GROsvenor 7221.

—OR SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.



● Mr. Keith Fuller, of Dover Heights, N.S.W., and his bride, formerly Miss Judith Langdon, of Roseville, N.S.W., after their marriage at Roseville. Mr. Fuller, who was the Tour Director on The Australian Women's Weekly Word Discovery Tours for 1966 and 1967, met Miss Langdon when she was on the 1966 tour.



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quick tanning  
lotion by  
Coppertone,  
tans on  
the beach too



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YOUR hair will reflect a new loveliness and lustre — the delightful translucent glow you see when looking into the depths of amber or precious stones. It is clearer, cleaner and more radiant when beautified with the modern "Peek-In" glow shampoo by Delph.

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The Bulletin

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The old, revered law firm reflected the grandeur of its founder—lawyer, art connoisseur, and sportsman

## THE SENIOR PARTNER'S GHOSTS

By LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS



THE wife of the youngest partner of Arnold & Degener, who had married her husband after his promotion and so had not shared with him the restraining influences of the long clerkship years, had once said of the firm's offices at One Chase Manhattan Plaza that they were as austere as the Escorial, and that Mr. Price reminded her, in the centre of his dreary labyrinth of closed doors and grey corridors, of a watching, spidery Philip II. A troublemaker repeated the remark to Mr. Price, but the effect was not at all what the troublemaker had sought.

Sylvaner Price neither grunted nor frowned; for all his interlocutor could see he might not even have heard the comment. Yet, deep within, his heart had quivered with pleasure, and ever after he liked his youngest partner's wife. For she alone had divined that he was a romantic and that the key to open the high dark gates of his heart's stronghold was not to be found in Blackstone or in Maitland, in Pollock, or in Holmes, but quite simply in Victor Hugo.

Yet, if simple, it was nonetheless a difficult fact to divine, and the young woman's remark might have been a chance shot. Certainly to the world Sylvaner Price created the ever-consistent impression of a man who had no existence outside of the famous law firm which had been forged by Guthrie Arnold to be the indispensable tool of the greatest corporations and kept sharp and polished by his more than worthy successor.

For, although Lloyd Degener had succeeded to the position of "senior partner," being the public and political figure, it was Price who held the old man's clients and still dominated the private councils of the firm. He was a tall, thin, spare figure with a small, round stomach and a round, almost bald, head down the centre of which ran a few long dark hairs. His face, too, was round and bore in the centre a small hook nose on the thin bridge of which were fastened his spectacles, constantly glittering in the head-shaking movement that expressed his constant chagrin with human perversity.

He was a man of no accessories, no appendages, no stray bits or loose ends. His mild, nervous wife and her little infirm boy had been converted, years before, into two large manila folders marked "Estates of—," and his big bare Fifth Avenue apartment, with its large dark furniture and small dull prints, was simply an annex to One Chase Manhattan Plaza, travelling between which twice a day, in the back seat of his old Pierce Arrow, he made his sole brief contacts with the outside world, through window and newspaper.

No, the romantic in Sylvaner Price could not have been surprised by the youngest partner's wife, or indeed by anyone else, unless that person had chanced to observe the furtive little gesture that he made with his right hand every morning when he came into the office, just as he passed the Lazlo portrait of his predecessor. He would glance quickly up at it and quickly down again, and then pass his hand in a rapid half-concealed clutching motion across his chest.

One might have almost thought that he was crossing himself. The gesture was certainly reverent, but, more importantly, it implied, unlike any of his others, a certain depth of feeling.

The huge picture hung in the dark panelled reception hall, whose tables, bare of magazines or even newspapers, testified to the sobriety of a client's wait. The late Guthrie Arnold was depicted, standing up, seemingly tall, in a pink coat and top hat, one hand holding a riding crop, the other raised to the bridle of a magnificent bay whose head and front legs occupied more than half of the canvas.

One might have assumed that it was an English 18th-century portrait, a Romney earl or Lawrence baronet, had it not been for the long oblong countenance of the subject, as equine as its supposed mount, which suggested, with its high intelligent brow, its masterially dry, thin lips, and its general air of looking down more from a bench than a saddle, the learned profession practised in the long, bare corridors that met at the foot of the frame.

One might even have speculated that Mr. Arnold had posed for the artist in unfamiliar garb, with unaccustomed props, that he had, like a visitor in an old photographer's gallery, stuck his head through a hole in a backdrop on which was painted a gaudy scene, had not the lighted glass cases on either side of the portrait and their rows of silver trophy cups testified to indubitable accomplishments in field and stream.

The whole group of picture and cases brought to mind a shrine in some barbarous land to a pagan god to whom a greater latitude of behaviour was allowed than to his austere and merely moral votaries. If Mr. Arnold had enjoyed life, that tightly gripped riding crop seemed to imply, it was because Mr. Arnold had been unique. Did any clerk presume to do likewise? Speak up!

Oh, yes, there was the romance of Sylvaner Price's life, his memory of Guthrie Arnold, or, more accurately, what he planned to do with that memory. Like all dry, impersonal men, Price was intensely aware that he was dry and impersonal, but this did not mean that he was not proud of that long-hidden imagination which was at last, well past his seventieth year, to explode before a gaping world in all the colors of the rainbow.

For what he now planned was nothing less than a sublime work of art—a work of art in the form of a book, a first volume to Lloyd Degener's proposed history of the firm, which would contain a separate biography of the founder that he hoped would rock the downtown world back in its chairs and make it speculate of the author: "Is this our old Sylvaner Price? This Melville, this Whitman, this peacock?"

It would be done, too, without the least cheapness, without smirking revelations of discreditable litigations or puerile boastings, in a government-policed era, of what clients used to do in braver, buccaner days. No, his book would be made glorious simply by its characterisation of the great man who had founded and given his

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(Advertisement)

## How to Make Your Skin Lovelier



Margaret Merrill,  
Beauty Skin Care  
Consultant.

A complexion that is exquisitely smooth and fine-grained in texture can be yours with just a few simple steps of basic skin care. These beauty suggestions will help you to attain a youthful flawless complexion for a lifetime.

### Dewy Complexion

Preserve that natural dewy complexion when spending the day out-of-doors by smoothing a film of oil of Ulan over the skin before making-up. When you come home counteract the effects of open air dryness by slipping into a lukewarm bath, patting dry, and then massaging oil of Ulan into the skin—paying particular attention to the face, neck, and shoulders.

### A Beauty Tonic

To keep your skin clear and fair and to tone and condition your complexion to a new clarity and fine-grained texture, saturate a cotton-wool pad in lemon Delph skin freshener and gently press the face and neck. The beautifying properties of lemons in the Delph freshener help stimulate the surface cells, clear out stubborn blemish-inducing and pore-clogging particles, smoothing and refining the complexion to a new beauty. To protect and nourish the new milky loveliness, smooth on a film of moist Ulan oil.

### Beautify Oily Skins

There is nothing more refreshing to those of you with an oily skin than a weekly beauty face-pack. A recommended and inexpensive pack is made by mixing the beaten white of an egg with crushed oatmeal. This pack serves as a wonderful tonic and does its work of smoothing the complexion in about fifteen minutes. Sponge off with tepid water, tone with lemon Delph freshener and finally smooth in a light film of oil of Ulan to give your complexion a youthful bloom.

### Banish Skin Blemishes

A good way to remedy those irritating little skin spots is to dab them with a lemon refining skin freshener before making-up. The gentle toning and mild antiseptic action of lemon Delph freshener will banish blemishes, close the slack pores, which are known to be one of the causes of disturbed skin, while it stimulates and invigorates the skin cells reducing the chances of new disturbances.

ANDREW WAUGH ★



Australia's best known do-it-yourself expert—see his simple ideas for handy-men to copy each month in the

**AUSTRALIAN  
HOME JOURNAL**





**This Springtwist Wilton  
will spring back  
to shape immediately**

But we're not so sure about Dad

Going to judo classes is one thing, but practising with Dad on the lounge room carpet...? Not to worry. About the carpet anyway. All that scuffling and jumping and thumping and bumping won't even leave a mark.

You see, Red Book's remarkable Springtwist Wilton is made from 100% Acrilan, the miracle fibre that is so resilient it always springs back to shape no matter how much punishment it gets. Dance all night on it, have a kiddies' party on it - the thick lush Acrilan pile with the permanent twist will never look less than beautiful. It's stain resistant, too, and those unfortunate spills wipe away in a flash.

Go and look at the wonderful Springtwist range in the Red Book at your carpet retailers. You've 27 inch width and 12 ft. broadloom to choose from and 12 exciting colours - Martini, Mistletoe, Hayman Green, Lichen Green, Bay Leaf, Old Gold and the 6 brand new ones

Olive Green, Russet Brown, Canton Green, Bronze Gold, Slate Grey and Turquoise



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WOVEN CARPET





name to the firm, a characterisation that would reveal him in all the splendour of an individual to an age that had forgotten what such a thing was.

Guthrie Arnold in Sylvaner Price's pages would live, as a man as well as a lawyer, as a sportsman as well as a philanthropist, as a connoisseur in porcelains as well as in horseflesh, as a wit, as a dandy, as a lady killer, as an iconoclast, in short, as a holy terror. Oh, yes, everyone would gape that Sylvaner Price even knew of such things, but that would be just the wonderful fun of it! He had not slaved for his predecessor for four decades without knowing him.

And if he, like his other colleagues, had been a worker in the hive all his days and nights, he would prove at least that he had been a worker who had witnessed the flight of the queen bee.

And now, at last, he had actually started on the great work. His mornings from ten o'clock to noon were consecrated to the task. In this hallowed period he was alone with his dictaphone, and Miss Ives, on guard outside his closed door, saw that no calls or callers shattered his peace. Leaning back in his chair, his eyes resting on the silver-framed photograph of the Lazio portrait, he would try to achieve what he had heard described as "free association."

HE would imagine his mind as a white sheet and wait until the unrelated slides of his unconscious memory were projected upon it. As soon as they began to cohere into any definite subject he would turn on his machine. But one day in the third week of his project, an anecdote that he was dictating came out in a very different shape from what he had planned. Indeed, it was so different that the experience quite shook him up.

"Clients," he had started. "Clients and the getting of clients. Mr. Arnold always said that a job well done was worth a hundred chats on a hundred golf courses. He scorned the idea of the public relations partner to act as a decoy to bring customers to the less charming experts behind the scene. The only way, he insisted, that a lawyer could use a social occasion to attract business was by showing off his expertise. And to do that one had to be an expert. Mr. Arnold would don his white tie as another man might don his overalls—for work.

"After dinner, over the brandies with the men, slipping into a seat by the chairman of the biggest company, he might let the talk glide into the channels of the latter's current reorganisation. 'I was interested to see in

## THE SENIOR PARTNER'S GHOSTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

the paper that you didn't use a Section 15 subsidiary. I suppose you wouldn't have qualified under 14-C. Too bad.' When promptly challenged as to the advantages of such a course and informed, perhaps a bit tartly, that the company was represented by Able Fine, Mr. Arnold would raise both hands in prompt disclaimer. 'Ah, my dear fellow, if Able Fine is guiding you, you're all right. Of course, he has some excellent reason for doing as he has done. Depend upon it.'

"Yet he would shake his head from time to time, as if troubled with a secret, stubborn doubt, and in departing he might reassail his disconcerted fellow guest with the soliloquy: 'Able made a complete recovery from that heart attack, didn't he? Oh, good, good!'

Price closed his teeth together with a little click as he slowly straightened in his chair. Had he said all that? Quickly he adjusted the machine to play back his tape, and there, indubitably, were the scratchy words. Appalled, he took the disc from its pin and dropped it in his wastebasket. Where had such a memory come from? Memory? It was no memory, but the rankest fairy tale! Obviously, he was tired or strained or showing his age. He shivered and rang for Miss Ives to tell her that he would start his ordinary day's work and leave the book until tomorrow.

But on the morrow the same thing happened. He had chosen for the morning's "free association" the seemingly safe topic of estate administration, and after a rambling start had got into his stride along the following line:

"If there was one thing Mr. Arnold liked it was what he called a 'clean' estate. He maintained that when one had elderly testators it was a duty to start 'cleaning up' in their lifetimes. 'Get rid of foreign property,' he would enjoin me; 'sweep up odd bits of oil ventures, liquidate unnecessary partnerships. When an estate is ripe, it should come off the bough into your hands with hardly a pluck.'

"Sometimes he carried out his theories with a logic and a matter-of-factness that was a bit disconcerting to his associates. When we got word of his brother Jay's death in Paris, I recall his rubbing his hands briskly together and exclaiming: 'Isn't it luck that we sold that North African mine?' And he actually whistled a tune!"

Price rose slowly to his feet and pressed the tips of his fingers against his lowered lids. There was no need this time to play back the tape; he simply removed the disc and placed it, like its pre-

decessor, in the basket. Then he pulled out his silk handkerchief, carefully dabbed his gleaming brow and walked out to the reception-hall, and over to the portrait of Mr. Arnold.

"What is it, sir?" he whispered under his breath. "Don't you want me to write my book?"

He continued to stare until it almost seemed to him that one of those small grey eyes had winked. A mean, mocking, glinting wink. He turned quickly to the receptionist, but she was not minding him. Two messengers, sitting on the bench beside her, looked vacantly at the ceiling. When he glanced back at the portrait, it was as if it had always been. The wink had been imagined; he was even conscious of having consciously imagined it. But had he imagined the sudden atmosphere, at once cold and fetid, of the big room?

That day he presided, in Lloyd Degener's absence in Washington, at the partners' weekly lunch, seated at the end of the long oval table in the private dining-room of the Merchants' Club. He was as silent as he decently could be, but he felt jumpy all during the meal and could hardly endure listening to the department heads as they reported, with lawyers' prolixity, on the business in their respective charges.

At the end of the meal he hit the table sharply with the little gavel that was always left at his place and made a speech that he had no memory of either preparing or conceiving. He could only listen in a kind of stupor to his own harsh voice as it angrily made point after point.

"We've heard, gentlemen, a lot about what's going on inside the office, but not a word of what's going on outside. Yet I suppose you all know about Frank Schrader in Dunlap, Schrader & Todd. It's cancer, and only a

matter of months. Now I don't think I need to tell anyone, at least anyone in the corporate and securities line, that Frank Schrader is the one man who's been holding that firm together. But on the skirts or not, they've still got some beautiful business: Seaboard Trust, Angus Chemicals, and the Stutz family.

"A lot of that business belongs here. Old man Stutz, for example, is a natural for the Arnold & Degener roster. We're perfectly set up for him, and he for us. Now I want to see you fellows move in on that business. Review all your friends in those companies. Check their boards of directors. See which of you belong to what clubs they belong to. Arrange opportunities to meet them. Sometimes I think you fellows think clients grow on trees. Must I do all the work around here?"

Wonderingly, as he heard his voice cease, he glanced about the silent, shocked

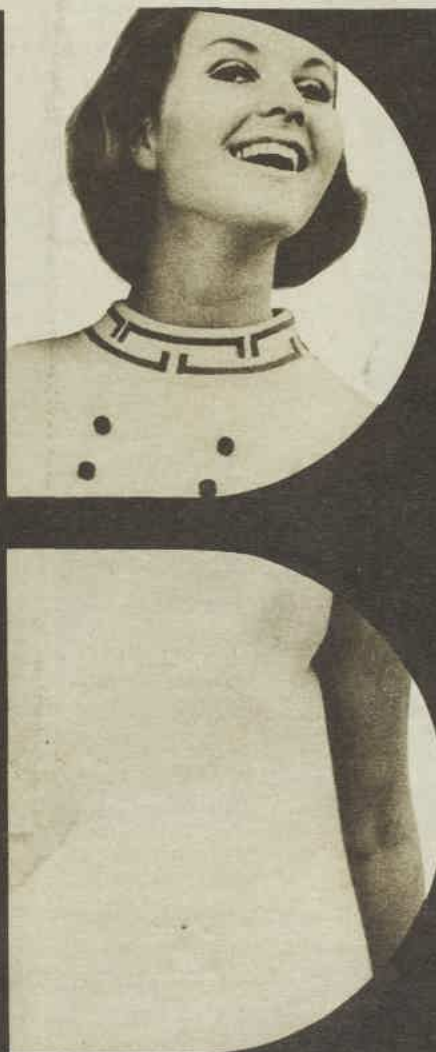
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## ACNE

Acne, pimples and other skin blemishes almost invariably respond to a careful diet with supplementary vitamins and minerals, just as some foods and drinks favoured by teenagers will aggravate skin disorders.

If you have acne, write for our free literature on acne with free 16-page booklet, "Vitamins are Vital".

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## TREVOLA

The name of Trevola is very well known as in fashion-wise circles their reputé has grown. Each year this collection, all beautifully made gets more and more plaudits with every parade. And to get the perfection Trevola demand they look to the Bradmill-Burlington brand. But whether you dress in the latest of gear or slouch round in jeans for most of the year. A beach-belle in summer, a winter recluse, but love dressing-up at the slightest excuse. One thing is certain—common ground where you meet you'll use Bradmill fabric sometime this week.

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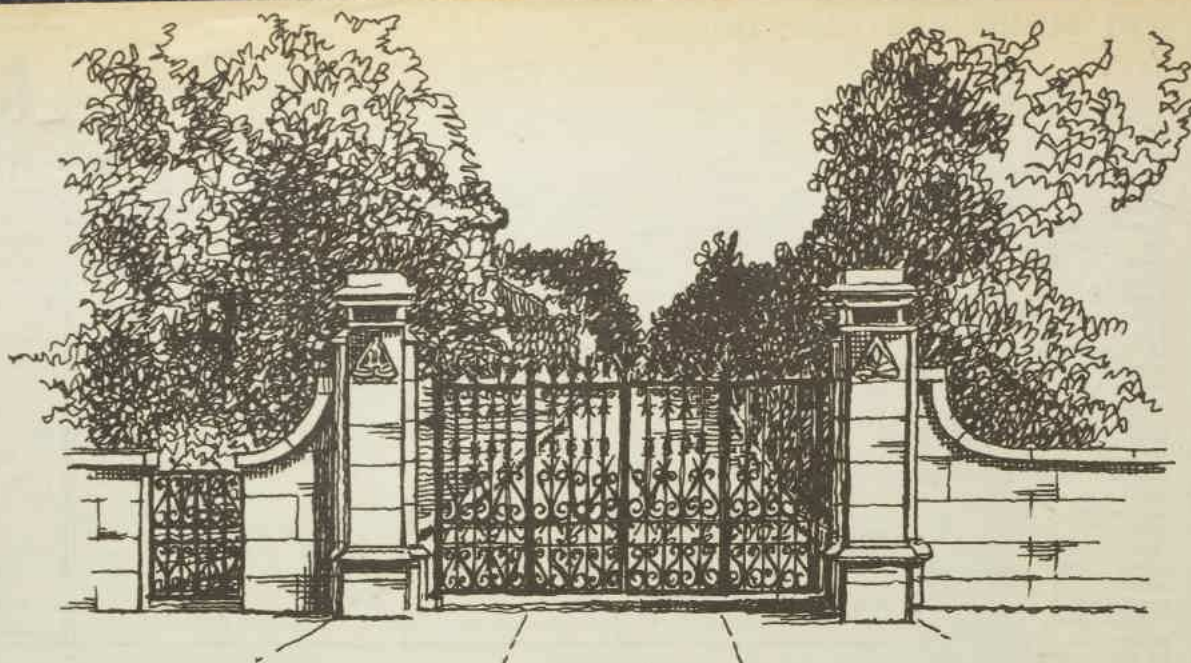
### Mrs. H. WIFE



"You mean you haven't a special savings account for ladies' hats?"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 4, 1967





# Trinity Grammar School

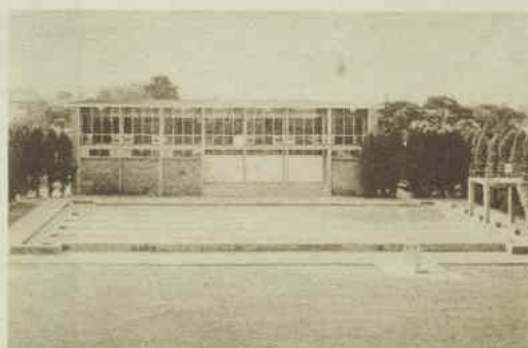
*A Church of England boarding and day school  
for boys — Summer Hill and Strathfield*

## Scholarships for 1968

A number of day-boy and boarder Scholarships for boys entering First Year in 1968 will be awarded as the result of an examination to be held on Saturday 11th November, 1967 at 9 a.m. The major Scholarships range in value from \$540 to \$828 per annum. Information concerning the Scholarships, and a Prospectus, will be sent upon application addressed to:—The Headmaster's Secretary, Trinity Grammar School, Prospect Road, Summer Hill, N.S.W. 2130.



*Aerial view of the Senior School at Summer Hill*



*Gymnasium showing Swimming Pool in foreground*



*The Preparatory School and Playing Field at Strathfield*



*The Chapel with Quadrangle in foreground*



*Newly completed Science Block from No. 2 Oval*



*Senior School Dining Hall and Dormitories*

Trinity Grammar School, one of the Associated Schools of N.S.W., is a Church of England foundation. Boys of all denominations are accepted. Boarders are accepted from ten years of age upwards.

The school consists of three separate but closely linked establishments. The Senior School is at Summer Hill and the Primary and sub-Primary Schools are

at Strathfield. The curriculum ranges from Kindergarten to Matriculation.

Games and other activities: The School has 24 acres of playing fields, two swimming pools (with filtration plants) and a fully equipped gymnasium. Apart from games, numerous activities, interests and hobbies are encouraged and pursued.

PRESIDENT OF THE SCHOOL COUNCIL:  
HIS GRACE, THE ARCHBISHOP OF SYDNEY

HEADMASTER:  
J. WILSON HOGG, M.A. (OXON), F.A.C.E.



**Trinity Grammar School**



## COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.



● Swiss music box

I HAVE a beautiful floor vase (right), which was one of a pair given to my husband's mother more than 56 years ago. The design is slightly raised and we think it is an ancient Chinese court with the cats as judges — mice the prisoners. It is either earthenware or pottery and very dark brown glaze. There are no markings on it. It is 17in. tall and about 42in. around. — Mrs. W. H. Barrett, Longueville, N.S.W.

Your late 19th-century Japanese vase was probably made at Kyoto. The vase is

an example of Japanese ceramic art. This may be displayed by the grotesque but somewhat amusing treatment of the design, together with the diaper pattern, all treated in enamels which stand up in obvious relief over the glazed surface of the pottery vase.

Japanese ware of this type became fashionable in England during the period.



● Japanese floor vase

COULD you give me any information about the music box (above)? My father was able to restore the music box after buying it for a song in a very sorry condition.

The iron-framed mechanism is contained in an inlaid box approximately 27in. long by 13in. deep. The spring-driven cylinder, 15½in. long, diameter 3½in., runs for 15 minutes and plays 16 tunes. Accompanying the music are six brass bees which strike brass bells in time. The name L.A. Grosclaude, Geneve, is printed inside the mechanism. — Mrs. A. Hanson, West Wollongong, N.S.W.

Swiss and German musical boxes of the cylinder variety, with Brazilian rosewood cases (venerated on a pine base) inlaid with exotic timbers, became fashionable about 1880. They were still being manufactured even as late as 1910. They can often be dated by the tunes they play.



● Grandfather clock

COULD you please tell me what age my grandfather clock is? It gives the hour of the rising of the moon and of the setting of the sun. — Mrs. R. Ikin, Traralgon, Vic.

Your grandfather clock was made about 1790 to 1810. The case is made of English oak. The front of the case and the bezel have been veneered with mahogany and inlaid with a lighter timber.

★ ★ ★  
COULD you let me know if a biscuit barrel I have is worth keeping as an antique? It is marked Carlton Ware, with the number "2756 T" and "Stoke-on-Trent." — Mrs. L. Webb., Pt. Augusta, S.A.

The Staffordshire biscuit barrel was made by Wiltshaw and Robinson (Ltd.) Carlton Works, Stoke. The mark which occurs on your example was introduced about 1894. Your barrel was made between 1894 and 1905.



Vanity Fair

from THE HOUSE OF LUCAS

Lunar fancies! Your waking hours are dreams in these swirls of slumber imagery. Sauntering with entertaining ease. By day, by night. Tall pinnacle in afternoon Arnel, a butterfly caper, a swathing caftan. Eternally you — in Lucas housegowns.

Short "Butterfly" print 228.011, \$18.00. Long Arnel 228.916, \$25.00. Short "Wrought Iron" print 226.949, \$23.00. Enquiries: E. Lucas & Co., 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne. 63 5421.



"I've been away for six weeks," came at last the mild, impertinent southern drawl of the youngest partner, he with the clever wife, the brilliant "boy" with ruffled hair and freckles. "And so perhaps I haven't heard. Have the Canons of Professional Ethics been suspended? Has the Bar Association officially endorsed ambulance chasing?"

Walking back to the office, Jack Keating, an estates partner, earnest and heavy-jawed, Price's principal pupil, kept up a rather breathless pace with him. "You were terrific, sir," he said. "A reminder like that is a tonic to us all. We get so smug about our big larder of business. Do you know, if I had closed my eyes, I would have sworn it was old Mr. Arnold himself talking!"

That evening he worked late, and when he emerged from his office the reception hall was empty. He switched on the light above the portrait and went over to stand beneath it, glancing cautiously to each side to be sure that he was alone. Then he fixed his eyes on the eyes of Mr. Arnold's likeness.

The aspect of the portrait did not change. To his infinite relief it remained an inanimate canvas. But as he continued to stare at it, he felt again that distinct chill in the air about him, a chill that he now associated with this strange communion between himself and the dead. An idea took sudden shape from the misty corners of his mind, flowing together out of heaven knows what long-locked compartments, that there existed an evil spirit imprisoned by him right here, where he was now standing, hemmed in to a corner of the great reception-room, bound down, so to speak, with the

## CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

He was suddenly aware that he was no longer alone, and turning with a little jump he saw a law clerk staring

Price enunciated his words in a hard, gravelled tone, as though in uttering them he was nonetheless holding them under his domination, so that he might have resembled some grim old dog-walker in Central Park, moving slowly ahead in the midst of a tumb-

## By RUDD



But if it was there, if it always had been there, why was it now felt for the first time and why by him, Sylvaner Price? Why indeed, by all that was unholy, unless it was because he was doing something that he had never done before, and what was that but writing the story of Guthrie Arnold?

"So that's it!" he cried. "I'm letting you out. Letting you out at last. And you think you'll come on your own terms! You think that you, the evil genius of Guthrie Arnold, will now prevail — as you never could

"Well, what are you gaping at?" Price demanded testily. "Go on about your business. I'm rehearsing a skit we're putting on at the Bar Association. That's all."

"That's all, I tell you!" he shouted, and the young man fled.

The next morning Price spent his allotted two hours alone with his machine dictating an account of Mr. Arnold's technique in domestic matters. This was to be the basis for what he hoped would be the liveliest chapter of the book, for the late senior partner had known

But everything came out as he had wished, and at twelve o'clock when Miss Ives knocked he had completed a full disc of anecdote without the interpolation of his unsought collaborator.

"Is there anything up, Miss Ives?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I almost interrupted you, but I remembered how strict your orders were. Dr. Salter called at eleven. Miss Jenkins died."

"Miss Jenkins! Good heavens, of course you should have called me. Have you got the will out of the vault?"

"Here it is, sir."

There remained, indeed, little enough to bother her faithful counsel; little, that is, but a custodian account at the Standard Trust Company containing fifteen millions of "blue chip" securities. In only one respect had she fallen short of perfection: in her last will (she had made them annually) she had omitted Sylvaner Price as her co-executor with her bank-

"You'll have your counsel fees, Sylvaner," she had gruffly pointed out. "There's really no need for commissions, too, is there? One executor should be quite enough to handle this estate."

He had assured her that it should, but now, as he turned to the last page and contemplated the testatrix's tall, strong signature beside the red wafer seal that was stamped over the two ends of the red ribbon that bound the pages together, he felt with his sudden regret a curious itching in his fingertips. Dropping the will to the desk he held up his hands, and the palms toward him, and was startled to see his fingers twitching like the legs of two overturned crabs.

Repulsed, he let his hands fall to the desk, one on either side of the will, and contemplated with shock their immediately quickened movements.

"What do you want?" he cried. "Do you want me to tear that up? Do you want to deprive me of my prize estate? Well, go ahead, do your damndest!"

Hypnotised, he continued to watch his waving extremities. His right hand now

turned itself over on its palm and slid along the surface of the desk to the drawers on the right and, dropping to the lowest, pulled it open to disclose the pages of another will. For a moment Price stared, and then with a start he recognised it as the next-to-last will that he had prepared for Miss Jenkins and which she had declined to execute because it had provided for two executors.

His busy right hand, now flipping the pages expertly, pulled out page eight and brought it up, with the help of his suddenly co-operating arm, to toss it beside the executed instrument. Oh, now he saw it now, of course. Page eight was identical in all respects in each will except that the earlier one appointed as executors Sylvaner Price and Standard Trust Company while the later appointed only Standard.

"But what can you do about it?" he demanded, as much now in fascination as in fear of his suddenly quiet hands. "Can you break the seal? Are you trying to put me in jail?"

For answer his right hand soared into the air and then plunged into his vest pocket to extract the gold knife at the end of his watch-chain.

His left hand moved immediately to open the first blade, and Price, transfixed, watched as the knife, held between his right forefinger and thumb, deftly and speedily scraped off the newspaper seal. Next the ribbon was cut and pulled out and a page eight removed and thrown, with the remnants of the seal, into the wastebasket. And all the while his mind kept up with his appendages explaining, anticipating, almost gloating.

"But there'll be a copy of the executed will in Miss Jenkins' apartment. Oh, no, there won't! I remember now she wouldn't keep a copy. She said the servants might pry. But if I attach a new seal, a chemical test would show that the old one has been removed. Yes, but that

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## THE SENIOR PARTNER'S GHOSTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

won't be a chemical test. That's just the point! Who would ever question the fact that Miss Jenkins wanted two executors? Had she not appointed two in thirty previous wills! How it fits! How it all fits!"

His hands appeared to be suddenly at a loss. They sank to the blotter, more like tired doves now than crabs, but the fingers continued to flutter. They seemed to be appealing to him, to be trying to communicate that they had done all they could.

"But naturally!" he cried with near hysteria. "You want ribbon and a new seal. You shall have them!"

**H**E hurried to his door, opened it, and found that Miss Ives was not at her desk. Pulling open the drawer where she kept her office supplies, he snatched the ribbon and red paper seal and returned to his room. In a few moments, with a deftness as amazing as the skill with which the first seal had been removed, Miss Jenkins' will with its new page eight had been re-ribboned and a new seal affixed carefully in the exact place of the old.

Price stared with wonder at the completed document. Nobody would have dreamed that it had been tampered with. It would be probated without a murmur from a single relative, a single legatee. And yet the work of ten minutes would operate to bring to him and his firm, by simple operation of law, a statutory commission of three hundred thousand dollars! It was the perfect crime.

The perfect . . . ! Price came at last to his old senses as he stared, with perfectly immobile body and slowly blinking eyes, at the will. The will! But it was not a will; it was no more Miss Jenkins' will than his own, lying untampered with in the office vault. It was a rank forgery, and the forger, ghost or no ghost, should be put behind bars. His forehead was pimpled with drops of sweat as he contemplated who it would be to stand in that criminal dock.

But it was absurd, macabre, unholy! Ghosts could not be allowed to administer estates according to the concealed wickedness of long-buried men. What was done could be undone. He started from his chair to reach in the basket for the removed, the desecrated, the real page eight and uttered a little shriek when he saw that he had torn it in two. He snatched up the forged will to rip it likewise in twain, but paused just in time. After all, it was, if forged, still the client's only will, and the client was dead!

Sylvaner Price raised his eyes to the ceiling and his guilty fists above his eyes and shook them as he cursed the memory of Guthrie Arnold. But the words were no sooner uttered than his chest was struck by what seemed the impact of a thousand needles, and he fell forward unconscious over his desk and the creamy-white red-ribboned parchment on which Miss Ives had so carefully typed the posthumous wishes of the late Miss Jenkins.

In the white, hygienic serenity of his hospital room, Price enjoyed a dull, doped peace. The proximity to death in which his coronary attack had briefly placed him had left him totally indifferent. He had even been capable of a small smile when Jack Keating, obviously warned to bring to his troubled mind no office news except of the most consoling character, had murmured into

his oxygen tent that Miss Jenkins' will had been admitted to probate only two days after her demise, creating what was deemed an office record.

It was all right, Price reassured himself. He would know what to do about that. If he should die, he would not have earned the commissions, and if he lived he could renounce them. If there were an afterlife, he could explain to Miss Jenkins, and if not . . . well, he did not really think he believed in anything but nothingness. The nothingness that meant absence of all need of lawyers. The nothingness of total rest.

As he recuperated he began, little by little, to resume his work on the biography, but not at all according to his original plan. Back in his apartment, seated on a couch by a window looking over a wintry Central Park, he dictated for a lengthening period each day to Miss Ives. As the doctor said he was not to exert himself, he consulted no notebooks or records. With his eyes closed and his now innocent hands folded tranquilly on his diminished abdomen, he spoke from memory.

From memory or imagination? What did it matter? There were to be no further vividnesses. He was to put Guthrie Arnold back into the legend of the firm, and for this he needed only to consult his own high principles.

"Mr. Arnold in his later years was able to delegate some of the detail of his burdensome practice to the shoulders of his younger partners and associates." Price's usual sharp, staccato voice had evened itself out into what was almost a sonorous flow. "This did not mean, however, that he shortened his hours. Whenever he saved time it was to contribute it to the many charitable enterprises on whose boards he so assiduously served. It was the function of younger men, he always maintained, to dedicate themselves wholly to their profession. Every young lawyer, he insisted, should have a hobby—law. But it was the duty of older men to begin to consider the community as a whole . . ."

When Jack Keating came to report on the administration of the Jenkins estate, Price told him that he decided to waive his commissions. Keating looked surprised, but it immediately struck Price that there was something factitious about his expression.

"I had a conversation with Miss Jenkins shortly before she died," Price explained gruffly. "She told me she had decided to have only one executor—the bank. Unfortunately, I did not have time to prepare a new will. Naturally, under the circumstances, I cannot take commissions."

"Naturally." There was something too quickly conciliatory in Keating's tone. "One wouldn't expect you to. Was it perhaps like the conversation young Smedburg saw you having one night in the reception hall with the portrait of Mr. Arnold?"

Price gave him a long, hard stare. "Perhaps."

"They're expensive, Mr. Price, your chats with spirits."

In twenty years Keating had never been so familiar. His tone was friendly, as was his rueful laugh, but they were the tone and the laugh that one used to the senile.

"You don't believe I had that talk with Miss Jenkins," he said quietly.

"I believe you believe it," Keating insisted eagerly. "All of us believe that. All your partners, I mean."

"But you think I've my mind." "Never!" Keating shook his head with a slow, irritating solemnity. "Never. We don't believe you've been unduly strained. My heavens, you're not made of iron! You've been running the firm by day and by night, in seasons, for how many years? How could you expect to crack on the surface?"

A faint smile appeared on Price's thin lips. "What must Humpty Dumpty say?"

As Keating looked down now at the floor, both on his knees, Price suddenly realised that he was embarrassed.

"Tell me," Price said in a gentler tone. "I want you to know. I will do anything you firm suggests. What do you think I should do? Resign?"

Keating looked up, his face aglow with relief. "Oh, never!" he exclaimed warmly. "We need you much too much. But would you consider . . .?" He faltered. "Would you consider seeing a psychiatrist?"

"Certainly. Whomever you wish. Whenever you wish." "There's Dr. Haven. I'm not one of your bearded philosophers. He knows what it's about. He . . ."

"Make me an appointment," Keating said. "My doctor says I may go out on Monday. I shall go to Dr. Haven."

"Thank you, sir!" Keating was a clerk again as he bowed gratefully to his partner. "I'm sure it's nothing serious."

## FROM THE BIBLE

● This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success.

—Joshua 1:8

"Very likely." He coughed. The older partner again, Keating made his way back to the door. "Oh, and Keating," he called.

"Yes, sir?" "Send me up a renunciation of commissions in the Jenkins estate. And one of the clerks who's a notary will do it. He can file it in the Supreme Court on his way back." Keating's face was pathos in its disappointment. "Would you wait, sir, until you've seen Dr. Haven?"

"Do as I say, Keating," Price said gravely, "or I shall go to court myself."

Dr. Haven made things very easy for him.

There was no idea, quickly reassured Price, any lying on couches or talking of sex.

"We're not even thinking of analysis," the doctor frankly told him. "It's not really feasible with old patients. Let's see first what we can do with a patchwork job."

Vastly reassured, Price told him, with less embarrassment than he would have believed possible, of his strange visitations. Haven seemed not at the least surprised; he nodded as understandingly as if he, too, were constantly bothered by such mischievous sprites and haunted his patient.

Yet nonetheless it came as a reassurance and not a disappointment when, after one four sessions in which the doctor had covered, with a dispassionate speed, the salient events in Sylvaner Price's life, the doctor then announced to

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 4, 1967



# SUCCESS STORY

By CONSTANCE CLARKE GREENE

Despite everything, Bud's hair refused to grow, but even so his happy disposition was unimpaired

**B**UD HOPKINS started going bald while still in college. Small wonder. He came from a long line of bald men. His mother said: "I like bald men, they're so virile."

His father said: "A regular chip off the old block." Bud Hopkins tried every remedy known to man. Salves, ointments, massage, the works. He answered every ad which promised to cure his ailment, he combed his hair carefully, trying not to notice there was getting less and less of it to comb.

Summer, winter, blizzard, teeming rain, he went without a hat. Hats cut off circulation, hastening a process already too far advanced. What with all this exposure to the elements, his color was good, his eyes clear, his blood pressure normal. He always looked as if he had just come back from Florida. He had a very happy disposition and squired a great many girls about town.

He looked older than he was, and was what his mother called "a snappy dresser," and also had a good job, so that girls just naturally expected to be taken to all the top spots. He, on the other hand, was fond of concerts in the park, museums, and, once in a great while, a nightclub. If the girls didn't like concerts or museums they never got to see the inside of a nightclub.

His father and mother had scrimped and saved to send him through college, and also, on the side, they had put away enough money to send him to Europe.

"A graduation present," they said, beaming. "You go," he said. "I've got lots of time and you've never been anywhere. Take the money and have yourselves a whirl."

Which ought to give you some idea of his selfless, sterling character.

The idea of their going was so foreign to them — they had planned it for him — that they resisted. Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins were of the ilk that automatically resisted any new idea, but he brought them around.

They discussed the project with their friends and relatives and neighbors. They had a weekly bridge club and, while they played bridge passably, they did like the coffee and cake and small talk afterwards.

"Did you ever?" their friends said, shaking their heads. "What a boy. You should be proud."

Mrs. Hopkins even had a long talk with her milkman about the situation. He had delivered two quarts daily for years, with a half pint of heavy cream if there were to be dinner guests, and Bud Hopkins "was like one of his own," as he put it. His own were seven skinny daughters, but this was beside the point.

"Go," the milkman told Mrs. Hopkins. "You want to encourage him to do things like that. You go and say 'thank you very much.' Fine boy, I tell you. Not many young people these days would be so good to the old folks, pardon the expression."

He shifted his weight from one foot to another.

"I tell my wife this tale, she'll never believe it. She thinks kids squeeze you dry. That's what she said just last night. Those girls of mine, it's gimme this, gimme that. I tell you, take your boy up on that. Wait'll I tell Shirley."

In the end, they did go. They had a grand time, and wrote to everybody they ever knew.

"Venice grand. Having grand time. Love to all," they postcarded back home. Mr. Hopkins even picked up a little Italian and a smattering of French, and Mrs. Hopkins swore she was winked at in the Louvre.

While they were there, Mr. Hopkins picked up a bottle of some stuff that was guaranteed to grow hair. The chemist told him about it with much rolling of eyes and gestures.

"You be young again, the girls, they say 'Ahhhhh!'" he said, or at least that was the way Mr. Hopkins translated it. So he bought it, not for himself, but for Bud.

Bud met them at the airport and Mrs. Hopkins kissed him, took a deep breath, and said, "It sure is good to be on the good old U.S.A. soil again. Not that it wasn't grand, every step of the way, but it's good to be home."

That night, as they unpacked their suitcases and showed Bud all the strange and wondrous things they had bought, Mr. Hopkins saved the best for last. After admiring all



the leather change purses and gloves and perfume, they sat down to a dinner of fried chicken and apple pie.

"Say what you will," Mr. Hopkins said, wiping his mouth, "and we ate in some of the best places in France and all, there's nothing like home cooking."

Mrs. Hopkins, who had drunk nothing but bottled water and no fresh fruit or vegetables and still had a bit of difficulty with her stomach, sighed deeply and said, "Travel broadens one," and they all laughed because, even with her stomach trouble, Mrs. Hopkins had gained a pound or two, as she put it.

"Bought this for you," Mr. Hopkins said casually. "Fellow in Rome told me it would grow hair. On me, if you please. Told me all the girls would flock around if I used it. Those Italians. He must've been 70 if he was a day. Thought you might like to give it a try."

Bud said, "Thanks, Dad. I'll do that."

In a week there was a slight fuzz on Bud's hitherto shiny head. He couldn't believe it, thought it was an optical illusion until his mother said, "For heaven's sake, Bud, what's that on your head?"

Bud's father said, "You can't beat those Italians," wishing he could remember where he'd bought the stuff so he could write back for more.

The fellows in the office took to teasing Bud about his new growth. They thought he had a hairpiece of sorts. Actually, there wasn't enough hair to make that much difference, but there was a noticeable fuzz. Bud took so much kidding about it that he began to regret the whole business.

I was sort of used to myself the other way, he thought. He had a date with a girl he had never taken out before. She was stunning, and he planned to give her the concert treatment to see if she measured up to better things.

The evening was fine and he suggested they walk through the park. She agreed, thereby passing the first test. He didn't like girls who didn't like to walk.

The music was good and she had the sense not to talk throughout. Bud thought she might like to go to El Chico. She suggested her apartment as her roommate was having a small party.

It turned out to be one of those things. He asked her to marry him three weeks later and, of course, she said yes.

The fuzz has pretty well disappeared. Probably because Bud started wearing a hat to protect it. But never mind. They are going to Europe on their honeymoon and Mr. Hopkins is racking his brain for directions to the chemist so he can get another bottle of the stuff.

Not for Bud. For himself.

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## RIVETS



personal disbelief in the evil spirit of Guthrie Arnold.

"The anecdotes that you dictated were all within your own conscious or subconscious memory," he pointed out. "If they were not actually said by Arnold, they could have been said about him. Or said about someone else and associated by you subconsciously with Arnold. And what happened to the Jenkins' will—well, you saw what happened to the Jenkins' will."

"You think, then, I'm a horror?" Price asked sadly.

"I think, my friend, that you've been a victim of your own deepest fears. All your life you have identified pleasure with sin. That has been very clear from what you have told me of your past. Mr. Arnold was to you a godlike figure who enjoyed a special exemption.

## THE SENIOR PARTNER'S GHOSTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

He could frolic without incurring the penalties that Sylvaner Price would have incurred. The only way you could frolic was by somehow creeping under his exemption.

"But the moment you tried this, by putting yourself as a biographer in the shoes of your subject—a clever device, I admit—well, of course, you had immediately to sin and immediately to suffer. Clever as it is, the subconscious can't escape itself."

Price considered this for a full minute. "So Mr. Arnold wasn't after all a crook."

"My dear fellow, I have no doubt that he was every bit as distinguished a member of your

profession as your great firm has always proudly claimed!"

"And do you have no doubt, by like token, that, once I have accepted your diagnosis, I may continue my book in the spirit in which it was originally conceived?"

"No doubt whatever."

Price nodded several times and then, abruptly rising, bade his doctor good-day.

The next morning, once more in his office, he told Miss Ives that he would revive his isolated biographical sessions, and he addressed himself once more to his dictaphone. Warily, with an eye occasionally cocked at the closed door that led out to the

reception hall and its portrait began to describe Mr. Arnold as an administrator.

"One of the greatest pitfalls building a large firm is accommodation business. Every thinks you can turn over minor headaches—his wife's with the department store, niece's divorce, his son's violations—to some young and have them lost in the of office overhead. But Mr. Arnold understood perfectly not only the accumulation of these but can seriously clog the operation a law firm, but that being in human spite and perversity frequently resulted, even incompetently handled, in dissatisfaction.

"And so he developed his art of referral. Never has it carried to more Olympian heights. He could make the unlikeliest lawyer to whom he entrusted a garrulous old maid with a tangled leasehold think that he getting a green shoot, the precursor of new business, and as in fact he was, a dead branch lopped off the healthy tree of Arnold roster. 'Don't forget, Price, he used to remind me with cackling laugh, 'that a referral should accomplish things: it should clean up your own yard and make a dump your neighbor's lawn!'"

## P

PRICE was on his feet now, his fists clenched, eyes closed in the old agony. Would there be no end to the hideous anecdotes? Would the fiend never let him be? What would his itching fingers lead next? Across the white sheet of his stunned mind a series of horrible slides were projected, succeeding each other with clicks. There was the locked drawer of the office files, the heavy round knob of the safe.

He had a sensation of metal on his finger tips, but why? Why the name of Beelzebub? What horrors could he be seeking there? His right hand began to move up and down, like a dog at the end of a leash, wanting to be taken out, wanting

"Miss Ives!" With a desperate effort he turned and sent the dictaphone crashing to the floor.

Pale and staring, she loomed through the door.

"Come in, come in. I've smashed that damn machine. You come in and leave my door open."

Price walked rapidly back and forth across his room as he continued his reminiscences, and at time that he reached the open door he cast his eyes suspiciously toward the great portrait at the end of the reception hall and gazed so superciliously down at small waiting clients, clutching like immigrants' bundles their small heaps of problems.

"Mr. Arnold," he dictated in his most rasping tone, "always insisted that the Code of Professional Ethics should be more strictly interpreted. Unlike so many of his contemporaries, he never held a share of stock in a corporation that he represented. He would not even allow the firm's telephone number to appear on our letter head, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that we persuaded him to enter it in the directory."

He paused to glance boldly at the portrait for a longer interval at the portrait. Innocuous again, mild, showy, even faintly vulgar, it dwindled to the more fitting proportions of a piece of interior decoration. Well, if that was the only way! Bitter, dry, determined, Price picked up his narrative.

As he intoned the names of civic institutions and civic honors, as he listed honorary degrees and quoted from testimonials, as he delivered anecdotes to illustrate the wisdom, the common sense, the humanity, the nobility of his subject, he might have been an undertaker driving in, one by one, the nails of the coffin of Guthrie Arnold—by Guthrie Arnold, Satan's Guthrie Arnold, the firm's Guthrie Arnold, anybody's Guthrie Arnold—who did it matter so long as there was peace?

(c) 1964 by Louis Auchincloss

## living dolls, play it smart...



And don't they look the part? Dolled up in play-making, sun-loving, wash-happy cottons. In sassily striped Deck Pants or stretchable Shorts... they're topped to match-mate or contrast for fun! True to the Blue, Red, White and Pink... whatever their game, these 2 to 8 year old vamps, look their brightest in Bond's!

Style 42931H. Crop Top, striped frill binding. Screen printed motif. Red/White, Royal/White. Sizes AS2-AS8. \$2.75.

Style 42018. Striped cotton/nylon knit Deck Pants to match. Tie front, elasticised waist. Sizes AS2-AS8. \$2.50.

Style 42934. Striped T-Top with "Sea-horse" motif. Royal, French Blue, Pink, Red with White. Sizes AS2-AS8. \$3.25.

Style 92007. Stretch Jamaicans, fully elasticised waist. Royal, French Blue, Pink, Red. Sizes AS2-AS8. \$2.75.

Style 42943. Blouson Top, contrast V insert. Elasticised waist. Royal, French Blue, Pink, Red with White. Sizes AS2-AS8. \$1.50.

Style 92006. Stretch Shorts, fully elasticised waist. Royal, Red, French Blue, Pink. Sizes AS2-AS8. — \$2.25.

**BOND'S**



# BUTTERICK

## PATTERNS



4163. — Empire-line after-five dress in regular or instep length has scoop neckline and sleeve variations. Optional purchased ribbon belt. Folded stole with applique trim also included. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.



4023. — Lined-to-edge, easy-to-make dress has straight hem or curved with self-ruffle, in above-the-knee- or street-length. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 60 cents includes postage.

4266. — Attractive, slightly A-line dress with funnel collar has squared armholes, button and top-stitch trim. Front and back of dress are top-stitched to side panels. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

4029. — Semi-fitted A-line dress, sleeveless, with bias braid trim. Varied necklines and sleeve lengths in pattern. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.



4023

4266

4029



4295

4358

4295. — A-line sleeveless dress with jewel neckline. Pattern also includes an A-line coat with button-loop closing and full-length sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

4358. — Overblouse with wide neckline and square armholes, straight pants darted into waistband, double-breasted jacket with martingale belt, full-length sleeves with button trim. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W.  
(N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE	PRICE
ADDRESS			

## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MAD DOG DILL takes over an airliner and forces the pilot to land him deep in Africa. Mandrake follows as far as a country ruled by Lothar's father. NOW READ ON...



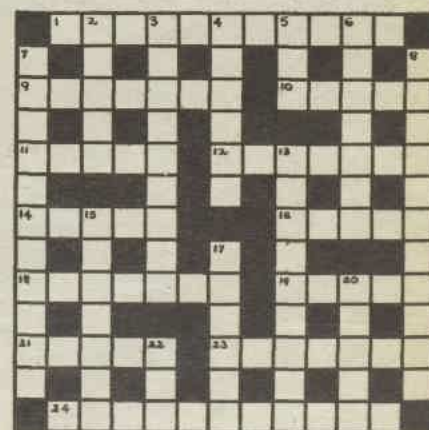
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Suitable dogs for man in operas (11).
- Hermes had these sandals (7).
- Turkish military title given with a hasp (5).
- Including all (5).
- Inauspicious and I end it with commonsense (7).
- Both the tree and its oily fruit (5).
- Difficult question in prose (5).
- The temple of Jupiter in Rome (7).
- King Arthur's knights sat at such a table (5).
- Intrude in another's preserve with a chop (5).
- Comprehend completely what lies are (7).
- Hard centre of small round fruit (6, 5).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Bird wrapped in a towel (5).
- Act of writing name on list (9).
- French poet on a rag (6).
- Devil visible in every glimpse (3).
- Old counsellors named after an old king of Pylos (7).
- Of limited use to a doctor in the case of a heartless patient (11).
- Taken from hand to hand, possibly for sleepy pussies (4-7).
- To bring in emmet is momentous (9).
- 5 down is on each to disparage (7).
- People in Holy orders (6).
- Coalition (5).
- Denotes belonging to a female (3).





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